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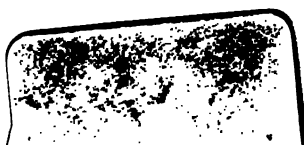
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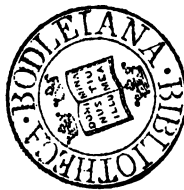
CLEMENT MAROT

AND OTHER STUDIES

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—Vol. I.



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P R E F A C E.

FOR many years I have been wishing that the truth were told about Clement Marot. Between 1851 and 1856, when rambling much among bypaths of the literature of the sixteenth century, and writing the lives of three men of that time, Bernard Palissy, Jerome Cardan, and Cornelius Agrippa, Clement Marot became known to me through the edition of Lenglet du Fresnoy. The discrepancy between Marot's life, as his work spoke for him, and his editor's interpretation of it, was another example of the fate common to many of those who, in the sixteenth century, had independent places of their own between the combatants in the great struggle of thought. Marot was not, indeed, like Cornelius Agrippa, libelled until an honest life of baulked aspiration could be sent down to posterity in form as grotesque as a mediæval legend. He has been belied as much, but with more credible fiction, slandered by one party and not defended by the other.

I wished then, and have never lost the wish, that truth were told about a character more easily to be understood, perhaps, in England than in France.

Marot's fame as a poet has been rising of late years, and he has been so far studied that the more preposterous inventions of the editor who used to be accepted as chief source of information have at last been swept aside. But no critic has attempted to replace idle imaginations or vindictive slanders with the facts that show what Clement Marot really lived for. M. d'Héricault prefixed in 1867 a careful sketch of Marot's life to a selection from his writings. He has cleared the poet's memory from Lenglet's absurd invention of amours with Diana of Poitiers and with Queen Marguerite of Navarre; but as he writes with an orthodox contempt for Marot's heresy, he is out of sympathy with all those details on which an Englishman would lay chief stress, and follows the traditional opinion of his character. Pieces which would appear to English readers nobly significant are, as heresy, left out of M. d'Héricault's selection. It even omits, though not heretical, the famous Eclogue on the death of Louise of Savoy.

M. G. Guiffrey promises an elaborate edition of Marot, the result of a long special study of his life and writings. I hope it may teach his countrymen to understand the character as well as praise the genius of the best of their old poets.

To the dozen chapters on Marot there are here added slight studies of two other men of the sixteenth century, Conrad Gesner and Vesalius, which were

contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* in January and November, 1853. The sketch of Bergerac appeared nearly as long ago in the same journal. The other papers are more recent. That upon Gabriel Harvey has appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, and, like the sketch of Marot, comes of the work of preparation for the next volume of *English Writers*. For there the course of the narrative now brings me to the side of my old sixteenth-century pleasure-ground. Spenser was a close follower of Marot in two of the twelve eclogues of his *Shepherd's Calender*. Thus there was an excuse, if not a reason, for letting the plough stand in its furrow and breaking through the hedge for one short run in the old fashion.

H. M.

University College, London,
November, 1870.

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CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

VOLUME I.

- Page 77, line 4, *for towns read town.*
„ 110, line 9, „ Blanche „ Claude.
„ 123, last line, „ Navarre „ the North.
„ 149, line 4, „ Du Plat „ Du Prat.
„ 114, line 3, „ Einfester „ Einefeste.

VOLUME II.

Page 191, *in the note, for Last read In the, and omit the hyphens.*
Add to the same note: On the 5th of November, at the end of the first month of the session, there were, in 1868, in the Medical Department 207 students; in the Faculty of Arts 162; in the School 364. In 1870 these numbers have become, by the same date, 248, 231, and 439.

CLEMENT MAROT.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD FRENCH COMMUNE.

CLEMENT MAROT, wit, poet, and church reformer, was born in or about the year 1496, at Cahors-en-Quercy. There he spent the ten earliest years of his life. Free energies had made this little southern town fit nursery of the poet who first graced his country's verse with a wholesome simplicity, and who, with gaiety of an unspoilt nature, went through the world in troublous times, armed only with jest and song, but combating with such arms not the less earnestly. On the side of what he felt to be imperilled truth and justice, he was as truly militant as any formal theologian or man at arms. He was as keenly practical in labour for the highest interests of France as any thriving burgess who is kept awake of nights by care over the interests of his own house. But his heart went with the men whose cause is won in England and was lost in France. At this day, therefore, while France blesses Clement Marot as a poet who brought truth of style into her literature, she respects orthodox curses on the life out

of which that truth came. Sympathy with the struggle of the Huguenots, which sent—as we shall find—the verse of Marot home to the heart of Edmund Spenser, caused his wit to pass with the wrath of antagonists for a licentious levity. Mate argument with anger, and they will beget lies or deformed truths worse than lies. So Marot was belied, and his character comes to us with a smear upon it. The life of a man is only what he does towards leaving the world somewhere in some small way a little better than he found it. In that sense, may not men live nobly whose work seems to be play, nay, even the worth of whose lives we can measure only by the worth of an old song?

The Lot, swift in its rush to the Garonne, twists among hills of Quercy, and lays bare their rock. One rock it strikes upon, but cannot cleave. The rock, triumphant as firm man or state, wins new strength from the peril that it fronted; round three sides of it the river winds, and fortifies the small peninsula. Upon this rock stands Cahors. It was a peopled stronghold before Cæsar came to Gaul. The Cadurci chose it as a safe site for their capital. The Romans, when they saw the strength of the position, built on it Divona. Their mark is left in remains of forum, temple, theatre, and fifteen miles of aqueduct. After the fall of Roman power the rock still was a stronghold. Ramparts were built on the side not protected by the river, and over the river there was built, in the twelfth or thirteenth century, a towered fortress bridge.

This was the Old Bridge, near which lived, before

her marriage to him in 1471, the first wife of Jean Marot, Clement's father. She was the only daughter of a deceased citizen named Rosières, had inherited her father's goods, lived in a small house near the Old Bridge, and owned a few vines in the neighbourhood. Jean Marot was a Norman, from the village of Saint Mathieu, not many miles north of Caen, where the family was numerous, and the name common under its three forms of Mares, Marot, and Desmarets. The bride being a citizen of Cahors, the stranger who married her and settled in the town was required, by custom of the Commune, to join his wife's family name to his own. Thus Jean Marot became citizen of Cahors as Jean Marot-Rosières. Jean Marot's first wife was not the mother of Clement; but the manner of the marriage illustrates the vigorous sense of citizen life in Cahors.

The strong position of the town among its fertile mountains enabled it to cherish independence, and thereby to thrive. Civic diplomacy and passive strength carried it safe through dangers when threatened from without by devastating English, or from within by a bishop with full feudal powers, who, even after Clement Marot's time, was privileged to say pontifical mass booted, with sword, helmet, and gauntlets on the altar.

Busy with trade, alive with students who thronged to its university, Cahors had conquered to itself free customs; and with the free spirit of such a town, the charm also of its position made it fit to be the birth-place of a poet. Marot's young eyes delighted in the

beauty of rock, river, hills, and vineyards. "Towards the south," he says in one poem¹—

"Towards the south the high gods gave me birth,
Where the sun's not too hot, and suffers earth
To clothe herself with honour, jubilant
In thousand fruits and many a flower and plant.
Bacchus plants there too his good vine, with skill
To draw sweet liquors from the stony hill.
Many a fountain murmurs there and flows,
And ever near the vine the laurel grows,
As on two-topt Parnass. Why come not then
More souls of noble poets from its men?
The river Lot rolls, in the place I mean,
Its turbid waters, closely pent between
Or circling many a rock, as it runs on
To join the straighter course of the Garonne.
In short of Cahors-en-Quercy I speak,
Which I left only to come here and seek
A thousand ills —."

Cahors had an old history, long in the making, but soon told, whose traditions went with its citizenship; and its citizenship was chiefly concerned, during many generations before Clement Marot's time, with conquest and maintenance of independent life of a free commune against feudal tyrannies. The story of the Commune of Cahors is an example of that active spirit in the south of France which produced Vaudois and Huguenots, and which supplied energies to all the struggle in which Marot bore a part.

Old traditions were, indeed, connected with the later contests, by continuance of Roman rights and customs, which would not be one with mediæval feudalism.

¹ *L'Enfer*, de Clément Marot.

Cahors had possessed municipal rights, as one of the eight incorporated cities of Aquitanian Gaul. The district of Quercy—Cadurcum—had been in honour at Rome for the fine flax grown in its fields, which became the choice material for veils of Roman ladies. Cahors, under Augustus, had retained its laws and magistrates ; its citizens might become citizens of Rome. Three great roads were formed by the Romans from Cahors to Toulouse, Rodez, and Bordeaux. The occupying legions were employed in time of peace upon the building at Cahors of baths, an amphitheatre, and a fine temple to Mercury. It has been said that the vine was first planted there at the close of the third century by the soldiers of Probus when they had expelled invading Germans from Auvergne and the Gevaudan. Quercy went afterwards with other lands to Eoric the Goth, whose son Alaric, tolerant and peaceful, in the first years of the sixth century, endeavoured to bring descendants of the conquering Goths or Visigoths and citizens of Gaulish or Roman race into harmony under the written Roman law. Bishops brought Clovis down upon his quiet neighbour, whom they cursed as Arian ; so by defeat and death of Alaric, at Vouillé, near Poitiers, Cahors passed under the rule of Clovis. The clergy profited more than the people by this revolution. All who could be called Arians were fettered or killed, and robbed by way of extirpating germs of heresy.

Early in the eighth century, when Eudes was the first Count of Aquitaine, Saracens overran the country,

and left their mark at Cahors, in a gate called *del Morou*. Charles Martel, hardly less a ravager, left also his mark in the town of Martel, in Quercy. During these troubles, and until about the time when Aquitaine was joined to the French monarchy under Pepin, Cahors was without a bishop; but then it had a Bishop Ambroise, who was very good; so very good that he made himself as good as none. For he went into a cavern with a deacon, who alone was in his secret, there had himself chained to the rock, caused the key of his chains to be thrown into the river, and himself to be left dependent for all needs of life upon the visits of the deacon, who was charged by the good man to tell nobody the secret of his whereabouts. The secret was told three years later by a fish. Caverns had been made hiding-places for another cause when Pepin robbed murderously Waiffier of Aquitaine, upon the plea of the clergy that he had goods of the church. Quercy and Cahors suffered especially by Pepin's sacred appetite for plunder. The people were driven into caverns, where they perished, and these caverns retain the name of Waiffier. Was it in vicarious penance for some of his brother bishops that the good Ambroise condemned himself to pine in such a cave? Charlemagne was a friend to Quercy, and Roland, it is said, gave his sword's weight in silver to the chapel of Our Lady of Rocamadour. Somebody took the silver. In its place was a rough lump of iron, said to be of the same weight, called the sword of Roland. Charlemagne established counts in Aquitaine as governors of provinces,

judges, and military chiefs. So there came to be created Counts of Quercy. In the feudal sea these small fish were the natural food of the big Counts of Toulouse.

About the year 932, Raymond, Count of Toulouse, made himself Count of Quercy, and he gave the title, Viscount of Cahors, to a subservient heir of the true line. The Counts of Toulouse were then the most powerful in Southern France. They became virtual sovereigns of Quercy; wise sovereigns, perhaps, as the times went. Two brothers, Bernard and Gerbert, disputed possession of some lands in Quercy. Raymond III. ordered that each should produce a man to represent him in combat, and that the two deputies should try the right by battle. Two men were found who fought from morning to night, neither yielding. The Count of Toulouse said, therefore, that God decided against giving the patrimony to either of the brothers; and he gave it to the abbey of Beaulieu.

After Raymond IV. went to the first Crusade, the Counts of Toulouse were preyed on by the Counts of Poitiers, who founded claims upon a marriage. Guillaume IX., Count of Poitiers, and Duke of Aquitaine, was a licentious man and famous troubadour, the first of whom any verse is extant. His son Guillaume X., who had joined Geoffrey Plantagenet in cruelties in Normandy, arranged to settle the account with Heaven for his crimes. Believing himself to be near death, he went as pilgrim to the shrine of Saint Iago of Compostella. Before leaving, he declared his daughter Eleanor his heiress, and offered her in mar-

riage to the young Louis VII., who was already King of France during the last months of his father's life. In the hot summer weather, that increased his father's dysentery, Louis married her. Almost at the same time the two fathers died. Aquitaine went, therefore, at once to France, and was held by Louis for as long as he could hold by a faithless and luxurious wife, who scorned him openly as "no king, but a monk," defiled his home, and made him feel marriage with her too shameful a price for her duchies. Louis VII. divorced her, and in 1152 she was married for her lands by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, then but nineteen years old. He, two years afterwards, became our Henry II. The duchies of Aquitaine and Gascony — Guienne — thus came into English keeping. Henry of England soon revived, on behalf of Eleanor, the claims of the now stronger Counts of Poitiers on the weaker Counts of Toulouse. A man of business then had the law at his knuckles' ends. They were the stronger Counts of Toulouse who had struck down the weaker Counts of Quercy. In 1155 King Henry II. took Cahors, and attacked, but did not take, Toulouse, Louis VII. coming into the town to help his vassal. That quarrel was not ended until 1173, when Count Raymond V. of Toulouse agreed to pay homage to Henry for his county, saving fealty to the King of France. Nine years afterwards Henry died, and Richard I., reviving the old claims, resumed forcible argument, and it is said that he also took Cahors. During Richard's friendship with Philip Augustus, Quercy

was secured to him ; but he returned it, with his sister in marriage, to Raymond VI. of Toulouse, to be held as fief of the English crown.

Meanwhile, the municipalities of Cahors and many southern towns minded their own business, held by their liberties, and looked for more. Of the clergy born among them, a large part was liberal, and their population did not consist merely of nobles and serfs. Cahors was strong in a middle class, trading, land-owning, cherishing political rights, and respected by an aristocracy that lived in contact with the widest knowledge and the brightest genius of France. Burgesses came to be called gentlemen, and towns like Cahors, which had held fast by their old municipal rights, thriven by trade, established free customs, and then got them confirmed by charters, were virtual republics, independent cockboats, with shrewd fellows at helm and sail, making every wind help to drive them on the way they were resolved to go.

Raymond VI. was placed under ban, and all the lands, of which Quercy was a part, became stained with the blood of those reformers who had long represented aspiration for a pure church among free and busy minds of Southern France. These heretics, whose teachers sought to cast idolatry and worldliness out of their spiritual life, were denounced as Vaudès¹ (or Vaudois)—

¹ 'Ilh dion qu'es Vaudès, e degne de punir.'—*La Noble Loïçon*. Vaudès meant sorcerer in the Romance tongue, and still has that sense in the patois of the Canton de Vaud.—*Histoire de l'Église Vaudoise* (2 vols., 1847), by Antoine Monastier, formerly Pastor in the Canton de Vaud.

sorcerers. An ignorant people had been told, for example,¹ that they assembled on certain nights in a certain house, each with a lamp in his hand, and called the names of demons in form of a litany, till suddenly a demon came down in the shape of a small beast. Then they put out all lights, and there was general debauchery. Of this, it was taught, came offspring which, when eight days old, was brought into the midst of the assembly, thrown into a fire, and burnt to ashes. Those ashes they were said to preserve religiously, using them for the last sacrament of their sick. Persistence in or return into the true faith was impossible to any one who had swallowed the least mote of this Manichæan devil's dust. Had Raymond VI. of Toulouse taken the Manichæan powder? He was put under ban, crusade was preached against his Vaudois. Vaudois passed as a general name, with a ring of hate in it, for Cathari, Paterins, Toulousians, Albigenses, Passagins, Arnaldists, and others.² The particular name of Raymond's heretics—derived from Albi, in Languedoc—was Albigeois. The Albigensian holy war against Raymond VI. began with a massacre of 15,000 at Beziers. Friends and foes were destroyed. "Kill them all," said Simon de Montfort, "God will know his own." Raymond's domains were, in the year 1208, devoted by the Pope to Christian scramble. The first

¹ Of reformers at Orleans in 1022. Fleury, *Hist. Eccles.*, tom. xii. p. 430 (ed. Paris, 1722).

² Their several characters were given, from his point of view, by a Dominican inquisitor, who wrote about 1254 the *Livre de Raimier, de l'ordre des précheurs, contre les hérétiques Vaudois*.

who could seize might have any town, castle, or land that belonged to him. Guillaume de Cardaillac, who happened then to be bishop of Cahors, at once seized his episcopal town, and paid feudal homage for it to Simon de Montfort in the camp before Toulouse. Afterwards, in 1211, he renewed his homage for it to the King of France, and by subsequent renewals of the homage made his countship good. In that way the Count of Toulouse ceased to be Count also of Cahors, and Guillaume de Cardaillac became the first sovereign bishop.

He coined money. He had, for transmission to his successors, all feudal supremacy that he could hold over a commune thoroughly well understanding how to take care of itself. When the master was a great lord at a distance, with other concerns than theirs to keep him busy, they had added free customs to free institutions, paid what they were required to pay, and paid it as the price of liberty. When the master was among themselves because his birthright had passed to their bishop, the citizens of Cahors had always the mess of pottage, and knew how to drive a bargain.

There was not much heresy in Cahors, but the commercial citizens kept their accounts with the church in two columns, and ruled a very straight and firm dividing line between them. Its spiritual goods were to be bartered for good lives and spiritual aspirations. Its material goods and privileges were to be bartered for good money and material considerations. Unless there was heresy in that keen sense of a dividing line

between the temporal and spiritual sovereignty of their bishop, few citizens of Cahors were heretics. Against heretics of the outlying country, their first sovereign bishop, Guillaume de Cardaillac, raised a large troop, and marched at its head, in 1212, to join De Montfort in the crusade against Raymond VI. and his subjects. The large troop cost money. The sovereign bishop, eaten up by persecuting zeal, found himself, when it took this material form, eaten up also by its expenses. The citizens of Cahors then lent him money, or ingeniously left him to mortgage house or land for money at thirty per cent. to the Lombard usurers. For many of these reapers appear to have been harvesting among combatants whom fury made free in expense, impatient of delay, and blind in bargain for the satisfactions of the hour. Sometimes the plunder of a town seems to have been made over to a speculative trader, as one might have sold to him the harvest of a growing crop. In 1208 Salvanhac, a merchant of Cahors, who had advanced money for the "crusade," was repaid with produce of the pillage of Lavaur and the castles of Pézenas and Termes, which he sold, presently, for 3000 livres to the King of France. But the Consuls of Cahors—its municipal corporation formed by a body of not less than twelve elected citizens—drove only honest bargains with their bishop. In 1211 he was induced to promise them that he would not debase the coinage. In 1212, when he was again in their debt, he agreed to fix the rate of coinage, and limit to "only once in his life" the right of changing it. While

turning to account their bishop's needs, the people of Cahors failed in due reverence for his crusading. When in 1216 Cardinal Robert of St. Étienne came to Cahors to preach a new crusade against the Albigeois, the town gates were shut against him. But the town obeyed the Pope, who charged them a high price for absolution, and gave up its gates to martyrdom. They had remained shut in the face of a cardinal ; by all means let them be burnt, as they were burnt, for sacrilege.

Howbeit their bishop still paid for his zeal. In 1217 the Consuls bought of him, for the people of Cahors, the right of re-emption. In 1219 they obtained from him a right of way by the banks of the Lot, to be always open, and free from Cahors to Fumel, with power to the Consuls and the Commune of Cahors to make convenient paths for traffic. In 1224 the Bishop sold to the Consuls and Commune of Cahors all sovereign rights of coinage, saving certain dues, for the next six years. During those six years the Commune even raised a hot dispute over the great bell of the church, which they declared to be the town bell, and of which the Consuls claimed sole government. The decision of an arbitrator was that the bell belonged to the church, but that the town had free use of it. In 1228, when Quercy and other lands were restored to Raymond, the Bishop of Cahors, who five years before had paid homage to the king for a third time, was held to have assured his right. Cahors remained, therefore, a fief of the crown, in possession of its bishop. In 1229 Raymond VI. was

reconciled to the church, and knighted by the king. But a church council met in Toulouse, and, to uproot heresy, set up a strict inquisition. A few years before, it had been at Toulouse that Dominic established his order of Preaching Friars. Dominic, then eight years dead, had connected the work of his life with the crusading in Languedoc, and his Dominicans were now made by Pope Gregory the sole inquisitors in Languedoc and in all France. Embarrassed righteousness here found new ways of raising money. The goods of the condemned were confiscated, and went chiefly to the bishop. The Bishop of Cahors thus became master of Luzech and various considerable fiefs, of a part also of Montpezat, after its owner, Arnold of Montpezat had, in the name of Christ, been buried alive by having four walls built around him. But still the bishop was built in by his four walls of debt; and in 1230, at the end of the six years for which he had sold his right of coinage, he conceded to Cahors, for two hundred silver marks, "to pay the usurer Juvenal," all his remaining rights over the coinage, all rights also over waters, mills, and roads, from Laroque-des-Arcs to Port-Bulier. That port and another he had mortgaged, with his rights over them, to the Consuls of Cahors two days before, for a hundred silver marks. In a few weeks there was another payment, made probably before it was due, to the same usurer. The bishop, "to get rid of the Lombards," and reduce his rate of interest, then borrowed of Cahors another two hundred marks, and mortgaged his seignorial rights in certain

mills. This, their first sovereign bishop, Guillaume de Cardaillac, with whom the Commune of Cahors trafficked so well for freedom, died four years afterwards, in 1234. But the Commune dealt in the same way with Bishop Geraud, his successor. In 1231 Pierre Celani, who in that year set up a Court of Inquisition in Cahors, had condemned three citizens Massip as heretics, and given their great house to Bishop Guillaume. Within three years Bishop Guillaume sought one of the mansions in Heaven which are for those of whom our Lord said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Bishop Geraud had not ruled long before the citizens of Cahors got the great house of the Massips from him, and for other great debts forced him to pledge the lands of Luzech, Montpezat, Puy-l'Évêque, Bélaye, Églantière, and wholly to alienate the fiefs of Pradines and Cessac. While they got his lands for principal and interest at ten per cent. of debts, they quietly and gradually also took to themselves as many of his powers and privileges as they could assume. They claimed for their Consuls complete temporal jurisdiction, and by the year 1245 had made them almost independent of the bishop. The Consuls had arrested the bishop's bailiff for not producing before them one of the clergy accused of coining base money, had restricted to the five great festivals the days of offerings to the church, and once had shut the bishop himself out of his town. He had really nothing left to do but curse them. So the twelve Consuls of Cahors were

excommunicated. Nobody disputed his Grace's spiritual right to excommunicate, and the citizens paid willingly the estimated value of repentance, five hundred silver marks, by a certain date. Indeed, they were so swift to be good that they got from the poor bishop a discount of fifty per cent. by paying two hundred and fifty marks in ready money. By the year 1260 the citizens of Cahors were, in fact, through their Consuls sovereign masters of the town. They struck their own coin (till 1329, when Philippe of Valois decided that only the King of France had right of coinage), levied their own taxes, regulated their own trades, judged their own causes, of whatever sort, made their own search for criminals, kept the keys of their own gates, and had exclusive guard over the town and ramparts.

Geraud's successor, Barthélemy le Rous, the third sovereign bishop, cleared the ground for himself by coming to terms with the Commune, and summing up, in a contract of 164 articles, the civil laws, usages, forms of civil and criminal procedure, penalties of crime, freedoms, rights of the Commune, rights of the Seigneur, as the "Customs of Cahors,"¹ the great charter of the place. Based on the assumed right of immemorial custom, all liberties won by the citizens, or retained by

¹ The whole document is printed in *La Commune de Cahors au Moyen Age*, par M. Émile Dufour (Cahors, 1846). For the information contained in this chapter I am chiefly indebted to M. Dufour's book, and to the *Hist. politique &c. de Querci*, by A. de Cathala Coture (Montauban, 1785). Some use has been made also of the two volumes on Guienne, by Alex. Ducourneau, in the *Histoire des Départements de France* (Paris, 1845).

them, in spite of feudalism, from the old Roman time, were here put upon record; one being that every citizen of Cahors is free and subject only to the law, may come and go at will, and, when accused, has right of bail from all imprisonment until he be found guilty. The rest is all in harmony with this, much of it showing influence of Roman law in countries from which it had never passed. Dispute over temporal rights between the bishops and the town of course continued, but changes on the larger field of politics and general decay of feudalism favoured the citizens. They kept their freedom and substantial power, but left to their lord bishop undisputed right of saying high mass in his boots.

The race of the Counts of Toulouse ended in 1249, when Raymond VII. died. He had married his daughter Jeanne to Alphonse, a brother of the King of France, and with provision that, if, dying after him, she left no heir, Toulouse and its dependencies should go to the French crown. Four-and-twenty years later Jeanne and Alphonse died, childless, within a few days of each other, and Toulouse then passed lawfully to France. But during those four-and-twenty years, in 1258, Louis IX. of France and James I. of Aragon, at a marriage between children of theirs, exchanged presentation of rights over lands possessed by neither. Among them were the King of Aragon's rights over Quercy, which existed only in the form of his Majesty's own inference from past dealings between Kings of Aragon and Counts of Toulouse. Next year King

Louis was in treaty with Henry III. of England; and while Henry renounced for ever Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitou, Louis IX. gave in exchange a sum of money, with the part of Guienne beyond the Garonne; and, on this side, the Limousin, Perigord, and Quercy. The people of Quercy passively opposed the transfer of their land to England by a sovereign to whom it did not yet belong; and afterwards, when Louis IX. was canonised, they long refused to keep his festival or take him for a saint. After the accession of Philip IV., Edward I. of England stayed his claims on Quercy with a compromise for money.

In 1316 Jacques Deuse, son of a poor cobbler of Cahors, became pope, as John XXII., and for the next eighteen years Cahors profited at Rome by the strength of local patriotism in her citizens. Jacques Deuse was over seventy by the time he had climbed up to the papacy, but he lived to be ninety, and in these his last years he was able to make, with a fierce and intolerant temper, some stir in the world. In Cahors he was on the side of the citizens to whom he had belonged, and in the first year of his papacy their count-bishop was burnt alive because complaints of his proceedings poured in on Pope Jacques from his old fellow-townsmen. In the first batch of cardinals made by Jacques Deuse, there were four Quercy men, two being from Cahors, sons of two of his sisters. In his second batch he made eight French cardinals, of whom four were from Quercy, three of these being

from Cahors or its immediate neighbourhood. The Bishop of Cahors, who behaved ill to the citizens, was burnt. The next took warning, and behaved well to them. Him Jacques Deuse canonised. He also lost no time in giving the degree of saint to a dead bishop of Toulouse, who had been good to himself at an early stage of his career. It was this pope who in 1331 developed into an importance rivalling that of Toulouse the University of Cahors, built in Cahors the Church of St. Bartholomew, and began in Cahors extensive buildings for a Collegiate Chapter, of which there was erected only a great tower, that stands yet. He is known in history as the fomentor of some cruel persecutions, and his activity has even left its mark in our church calendar, for he is the author of Trinity Sunday. Good and bad, there was much life in him for a man who began work as a pope after seventy, and worked till ninety.

English Edward III. made his son Duke of Guienne; then came the battle of Poitiers; less fortunate war; the treaty of Bretigny, and, as one of its provisions, cession to England of Guienne and adjoining lands, among them Quercy. The people of Quercy said that they had not left their king, but their king them; and the people of Cahors took refuge now behind the special sovereignty of their bishop. Their bishop appealed to Pope Innocent VI. for preservation of his rights, and appealed to treaties which, in case of alienation by the King of France, restored to the Count-Bishop of Cahors full sovereignty. The pope decided for the

bishop. The Black Prince decided for himself, and Cahors was forced to admit English officers of justice. Edward III. joined all the ceded lands, including therefore, Cahors-en-Quercy, to Guienne, which he erected into a principality in 1363. In 1364 the Black Prince, in his own person, took possession of Cahors, and lived for nine days in the house of the Deuse family. The Consuls gave him silver and wine, cheeses, horse-fodder, wood, and charcoal; but two months later he came to them again, and then they gave him nothing. He made the learned Robert Waldeby, an English Augustinian, who was doctor and professor at Toulouse, Bishop of Cahors; but Waldeby departed in two years. Afterwards he was Archbishop of Dublin, and he died Archbishop of York. It was not long before Cahors and many another stronghold in Guienne rebelled against England. Cahors, relying on its strength, and on the shrewdness of its Consuls, kept its gates well-guarded, and looked to its own affairs. In 1369 there were no battles, but many raids — *chevauchées*¹ — in which adventurous gentlemen joined for a dash on castle or town which they might pillage and burn, or on a district from which they might raise plunder, if their luck was good, and gallop home again; but if their luck was bad, many might not come home. Their bodies would but cumber their companions. In such form there was in 1369 a strong expedition of three

¹ The word we transformed long since into "Chevy Chase," and then translated as "the Hunting of the Cheviot."

thousand against Cahors. It stormed in vain for a day and night about the walls, and then retired, burning the environs and pillaging the open country. Montcuq was the only town in Quercy faithful to the English.

The King of France declared all France that England held to be his own, and the next guest of Cahors was the Duke of Anjou, who stayed there a week on his way to Toulouse, and confirmed and extended the privileges of the citizens. They gave him cheeses, wine, fish, wood, horse-fodder; and sugar-plums instead of silver. Kings' quarrels had been very bad for trade. But in all the next following time of their tribulation, the men of the Commune of Cahors were not less true to France than to themselves.

In 1388 bishop and citizens were of one mind in keeping Cahors for France with aid of a French garrison; and about this time, within Cahors itself, the colleges of Rodez and Pélégri were both founded by the liberality of townsmen. In 1407 Quercy, which had been made part of Guienne by the treaty of Bretigny, was alienated in favour of the Dauphin, who took the title of Duke of Guienne, and by his death in 1415 (the year of Agincourt) it came back to the French crown. The treaty of Troyes, in 1420, made Henry V. of England heir of France. Then Quercy, faithful to Charles VII., drove the English from the nine places they held within its borders; and they were the Consuls and Commune of Cahors who began the work by forcing English garrisons from two of those places,

the castles of Mercuès and Concorès; for the English garrisons in these castles had arrested the free movement of the citizens by having command of the open ground outside their gates. It is one sign of the wretchedness of the time that a hospital outside the walls of Cahors, which had been used as a lurking-place by the English during the siege of Mercuès, was, with the consent of its patrons, razed to the ground. Its funds were placed at the disposal of brethren of the Order of Mercy, to be spent within the town on deeds of charity. Then came the war glorified by the enthusiasm of the Maid of Orleans, but there was no immediate escape from trouble for Guienne. Jean de Castelnau, a bishop of Cahors, who died in 1460, concerted in his time a successful effort for again driving the English out of Quercy, while they yet held their own elsewhere in Guienne. But he lived to see the struggle ended, and England, after one hundred and twenty years of bloodshed, owning nothing upon French ground except Calais.

Louis XI. having given Guienne to his brother, the Duke of Berri, that duke took the title of Duke of Guienne, and went to Cahors in 1462 to take possession. Ten years later he was poisoned by a monk, and Quercy, as part of Guienne, again reverted to the crown of France. Cahors, much shattered by the storms it had outlived, retained its liberties, but not its wealth, and was fighting against its last trouble, a consequence of the preceding miseries, at or about the time of Clement Marot's birth. This trouble was pestilence.

Plague wrung the heart of Cahors when, in 1495, the Archbishop of Bourges went there to decide a two-year-old dispute on the election of a bishop, and he did not venture within the walls, but, staying at Puy-l'Évêque, there heard the cause, and confirmed the election of Antoine of Luzech. That was the bishop under whose rule, perhaps in the following year, 1496, Clement Marot was born. Charles VIII. was then near the close of his reign. In 1498 Louis XII. became King of France; Clement Marot was then a child, just able to run alone, and Cahors-en-Quercy, safe over its pestilence, was meaning to be prosperous again.

CHAPTER II.

JEAN MAROT.

JEAN MAROT, Norman, from St.-Mathieu, near Caen, who in 1471 married the citizen heiress Rosières, and became citizen of Cahors himself as Jean Marot-Rosières, was a widower in 1480, and had then, for a time, left Quercy. He was a poet, and he afterwards obtained a salary at court. Perhaps, therefore, after his first wife's death, he followed fortune ill-embodied in some courtier. But he went back to Cahors, there married again, and by his second wife became father to Clement, his only son.

Jean Marot owned in the parish of Cessac, two leagues from Cahors, some land near Saint-Clément, which is annexed to Cessac. Thus he named his son after a saint who was his neighbour. Clement, whom his church reckons third from St. Peter in the list of popes, is especially claimed for a patron by the sailors. The sea flinched from drowning him. Trajan, the legend says, ordered Clement's executioners to take him some way from the shore, and throw him out of a boat with a great stone tied to his neck. But when this order was obeyed, the tide ran out three miles, and Saint-Clément's dry body was found on the sea bottom shrouded, coffined, and hearsed under a marble shrine

built by the angels. The stone which had been tied to the neck of the saint was neatly disposed near his grave. Dedication to this saint might save a child from death by water, but Clement Marot was born to be in more danger of death by fire. Of that he lived to know such risk that after one escape he wrote:¹

“O Lord my God, this faith in me forgive,
That for Thy glory Thou hast let me live.
(The twisted serpents and the shapes men scorn
Surely are also for Thy glory born.)
Then since it hath not pleased Thee to allow
That my vile flesh pass into ashes now,
Make me to seek, while yet I write for men,
Thine honour in the service of my pen.
And if predestined this my body be
One day in flames to die, by Thy decree,
Not for a foolish cause be this, O Lord
My God, but for Thyself and for Thy Word.
And may the torture, Father, I entreat,
Not wring my soul with anguish so complete
That from its memory the pain should thrust
Thee in whom only lieth all its trust;
So that I may, when the long rest draws nigh,
Call upon Thee with the last breath I sigh.

What do I say? Where am I? Noble king,
Pardon me, for my mind was wandering.

To come back, then, to what I talked about ——”

Jean Marot called his son Clement, and his son gave the same name to a piece of his land. There are still near Saint-Clément, in the parish of Cessac, two pieces of land, one called Clement and the other called Marot, which are said to have been Clement Marot's

¹ In his poem, *Au Roy, du Temps de son Exil à Ferrare*.

property. His verse confirms the tradition, for in another poem to the king, writing playfully as a borrower who can give good security, and with an under-sense of the stability of his good name, he says :¹

“I have been building at Clement of late,
Where my expenditure was very great,
And at Marot, a little farther out :
Down will come all that no one cares about.”

But the poet did not spend his thought in vain ; care for it grows as the world quickens to a true perception of good work. Whether he ever built with lime and stone on the two fields called Clement and Marot, no one may know or care. If he did, certainly down has come all that more perishable sort of building. Nevertheless, Cahors must find in these fields something that was his. In one of them an oak is shown, and it is said : Under this oak Clement Marot used to sit. At Penshurst there is an oak sacred to Spenser.

At the date of Clement's birth his father's age was about thirty-three,² and although he knew nothing of Greek or Latin, he was well versed in conventional mythology, and ingenious in the twisting of what passed for thought among courtiers into approved forms of poetical confectionery. He could rhyme small chronicles, too, with honest adherence to the letter of

¹ *Épître au Roy.*

² He died at sixty, and it was in 1524 that his name disappeared out of the household list of Francis I., to whom he was valet of the wardrobe.

the truth, and though he was not a great poet, he was certainly a clever and an honest man. Clement Marot was about three years old when, in 1499, Louis XII., having divorced his wife Jeanne, married Anne of Brittany, the well-dowered widow of his predecessor. Six or seven years later, when Clement was ten years old, his father became valet de chambre and poet to this lady, wrote himself *poète de la magnanime Anne de Bretagne*, and settled in Paris. Doubtless he had spent much of his time in cultivation of his art and fortune where great patrons were to be found, and left his wife and child at Cahors till he felt safe footing in the capital. But in 1505, or 1506, Jean Marot, established in the queen's favour by Michelle de Saubonne, of whom hereafter, brought his wife and child to Paris.

Anne of Brittany, upon whom the Marots depended, was at that time a bright, handsome, and highly educated woman, twenty-nine or thirty years old. She had been taught Greek and Latin in her childhood. When her age was but twelve, she had been clever enough to write to Maximilian of Austria details of public affairs in Brittany, with description of a battle. Before she was thirteen, her father's death had left her mistress of one of the richest duchies in all Europe. Maximilian, whose military tastes kept his purse empty, desired greatly to marry her. Breton nationality might be maintained, and her father's wish obeyed by favouring the suit of Alain Sire d'Albret. He was a widower of five-and-forty, with eight legitimate and sundry other children, a pimply man, with

hard eyes, a rough voice, and fierce temper. Anne's governess, being patriotic, daily urged on her the suit of this middle-aged ogre. King Ferdinand sent two thousand Spanish soldiers into Brittany by way of putting in his claim to a voice in the choice of husband for the child. What could she do? Maximilian was but thirty, and had proved himself a gallant soldier; he was king of the Romans, and heir to the name of emperor. Him she chose, and to him, through a handsome young deputy, the "beau Polhain," she was very privately affianced. Knowledge of this brought Charles VIII. with a French force into Brittany. Charles was then but the agent of an over clever sister, who saw play for diplomatic sharpers in a duchy with a young girl for its mistress. Their arts had corrupted faith in many of the young duchess's subjects. Rich as she was in lands, she had to sell her jewels and plate, even the plate from her private altar, and coin base money—"black money" it was called—to eke out the payments for the little army she raised in her own defence. She made bold stand for Brittany and for the husband she had chosen. Besieged in Rennes, she replied to tempting offers that she held herself to be, while Maximilian lived, his wife. But her mercenaries, English and German, struck for a month's pay in advance. French diplomacy offered to pay all their arrears if they would leave her. It won over the members of her council. It set her uncle upon her, Jean de Châlons, Prince of Orange. It set her guardian upon her, the Marshal de Rieux. It set her governess

upon her, Françoise de Dinan, Dame de Laval; and when these needed more help, the governess set her confessor upon her, to instruct her that God and the church claimed of her a sacrifice.

The girl of fourteen gave way. Since August, 1490, she had become her father's sole heiress, by death of her younger sister. She admitted Charles to a long interview, and three days afterwards she was affianced to him. Marriage followed after a few days, in the same December, 1491, and the "beau Polhain" was cruelly asked to the wedding, in the Chateau de Langeais, near Tours, where the bride shone in a wedding-gown that had cost five thousand pounds sterling. Charles also broke plighted faith; for he had been affianced, when a boy of twelve, to a girl of three, daughter of Maximilian by his first wife. As he was only in his twenty-second year when he took Anne of Brittany to wife, the little Margaret whom he deserted was yet over young to marry. But though Charles gave up Maximilian's daughter, and Anne gave up Maximilian himself, though there was perilous excitement among high politicians throughout Europe over this new complication of affairs, the young couple weathered the storm. The French attack upon Anne's heritage had come of scheming of Louis XI., pursued by his eldest daughter, Anne of Beaujeu, on whose cleverness Louis had relied for management of her brother Charles during his youth. The Princess Anne loved plot and power. Her brother Charles was weak and good-natured; in history he is surnamed the

Affable ; and now that he was married, he took simple and direct ways to a safe deliverance from trouble. By the mysteries, to them unfathomable, of plain dealing, he baffled even those astute masters of statecraft, Henry VII. of England and Ferdinand V. of Spain. As for the Princess Anne, Queen Anne extinguished her pretensions to continued sway ; for Anne of Brittany was quick-witted and firm, had felt her rank as duchess, and claimed all rights as a queen.

At first, the young couple were always together. If Charles travelled, Anne went with him. A son was desired, and came, when Anne herself was but a child in years. The baby was left, royally cared for, whilst its parents were abroad making holiday preparations for King Charles's expedition of war into Italy. The start for Italy, in August, 1494, was the first separation of the young wife from the husband who was, in her eyes, a hero. Italy meant danger not only of war, but other risk of which there was so lively a sense that, in the directions laid down for the care of the baby, even holy old Francis of Paulo was not trusted to bring into the same room with it any monk who had been in Italy. Anne prayed daily at a mass for the well-being of her absent husband and success of his arms, paid special attention to St. Denis, gave gifts for prayers and masses, opened her heart at the sight of a sick soldier ; and soon she heard proudly from Italy of her young husband's successes, and how he had entered Rome and there maintained his sovereign rights against the pope. Letters passed almost daily between husband

and wife, and Anne of Brittany was, during all the fifteen months of her husband's absence, absent also from her baby, and with her sister-in-law, Anne of Beaujeu, at whatever place was most convenient for the quick getting of news. The news turned presently from good to bad. What had been swiftly won was swiftly lost. The French army was thinned by camp diseases. . The French king's Italian allies turned against him, joined the Venetians, joined Maximilian's Germans, Ferdinand's Spaniards, in a league to crush all that was left of his invading force. On the 6th of July, 1495, they opposed thirty-five thousand men to the nine thousand with whom Charles came down the Apennines. Then the pale little man, with timid hesitating speech, ill-looking except for his good eyes, climbed to the top of his great black one-eyed horse, Savoye, showed colour in his cheek, and boldness in his speech, dashed his men straight at the enemy as they stood banded nearly four to one against him, and won at Fornova such a victory as brought him proudly back with flying colours into France. He had failed utterly, and only bad news followed his return. But Anne of Brittany got back her husband, of whom it was said that he never spoke rude word to any one; and he had made failure glorious, had proved that gallant soldiers are not to be measured by their inches, and that a bold spirit may be mild and even shy of speech.

Husband and wife were reunited, but in his fourth

year their boy, a bold little fellow, died of small-pox. New sports and mummeries were devised to turn the minds of the parents from their grief. At one of them Louis of Orleans, whom the dauphin's death made heir to the throne, danced so gaily that the lively displeasure of Anne of Brittany, roughly expressed to him, obliged him to retire from court.

In each of the three years following the death of the dauphin, a child was born, and two of these children were boys; but each died in its first infancy. Six serpent's tongues—two large, two of middling size, two small—tied in a purse of cloth of gold, failed as a charm to save any one of them, and they all lie under one white marble tomb in the cathedral of Tours.

Charles, made serious by sorrow, while planning another expedition into *Italy*, was taking thought for his kingdom, and chiefly for its poor. He established a public audience, at which his ear was to be open to all, to the poor especially, and had given two hours to the first of them. Eight days afterwards, in April, 1498, the court being at Amboise, when he was going with the queen out of her chamber to look on at tennis-playing in the fosse of the chateau, he forgot to stoop at the low entrance to the Galerie Hacquelafac, and, short though he was, he struck his head against the stone. But he went on, looked at the players, and talked to some of them, till at a time when he chanced to be saying, "I hope I may commit no sin mortal or venial," he fell. He was planning against *Italy*. The accidental blow

may not have been the cause of death.¹ He was laid on a mattress, and, except fragments of prayer, spoke no more. Death came before midnight. This happened when Clement Marot had begun to run alone, and Jean, his father, was in search of fortune.

King Charles had died very suddenly, aged twenty-eight, and was mourned passionately by a young widow of hardly twenty-one, who had lost father, mother, sister, all her little ones, and now the husband whom she loved. This was the great lady by whom the house of Marot was presently to be sustained. She was visited by the new king, the same Louis who had danced too gaily across the grave of her first-born, but she was now seeking no other distraction from grief than in devotion to the business of her duchy. She was Duchess of Brittany in earnest; writing letters daily, and scattering messengers abroad during the four months of her stay in Paris. Brittany parted with her from the French crown, and it needed much activity for Anne to separate again fully and clearly all those rights of hers as duchess which, while she was the king's wife, had become blended with rights of the King of France. Louis XII. was to be seen upon such

¹ The sketch here given of Anne of Brittany is founded upon the careful study by M. Le Roux de Lincy, in his *Vie de la Reine Anne de Bretagne, . . . suivie des lettres inédites et de documents originaux* (4 vols., Paris, 1860). M. de Lincy refers, in a note, to letters on the archives of the old Venetian republic, published in the *National*, in 1848, by M. Paul de Musset. One of them cites documents which inculcate the senate of Venice as the poisoners of Charles VIII.

business, and he behaved well in it, having his own reason for taking pains to please the Duchess Anne. He had been married against his will, in obedience to threats of Louis XI., and he steadily disliked a good wife thus forced on him. Union of Brittany with the crown was a part of French policy. Marriage to the young widowed duchess was by no means a distasteful condition of the union of territory. The duchess, who, on her part, valued rank, and was yet young, neither desired a lifelong widowhood nor a husband of less dignity than king. She had not long been widow before her policy justified the words ascribed to her by Brantôme, "I have faith in my star that I shall be twice Queen of France."

Four months after the death of King Charles, Anne went to Brittany, knowing that his successor would obtain divorce from Jeanne of France, and that within a year she would be queen again. She mourned royally, in black instead of white, which had been formerly the colour of the grief of queens; made stately entrances into the chief towns of Brittany, received condolences, saw much dark velvet, established for herself a gallant body-guard of a hundred Breton gentlemen. This royal company, as of Lear's hundred knights, she maintained afterwards at court, taking a lively pleasure in the friendship of her countrymen. She increased also the staff of her household, and added to the pay of her retainers. Clever men had a ready welcome, she appreciated them, and sought their company. Surely the gates of her court were the gates of fortune for a man like Jean

Marot, and it was not hard for him to cross their threshold.

Louis soon obtained the divorce from his wife Jeanne. She had an ill-formed body and an ugly face, but in her soul she was fair, kind, and true, and had been his good friend in adversity, although he lived as much apart from her as possible. The divorced wife had rich material compensation for the loss of an unfriendly husband, and she spent her wealth in deeds of mercy at the head of an order of nuns of her own founding. She died beloved of many, in 1505, about the time when the boy Clement Marot was brought by his father to Paris, and was joined to the brilliant court of Anne of Brittany.

Nine months after the death of Charles VIII., Louis XII. was married to Charles's widow. Of the dowry bestowed on her by Charles, she was left in possession, Louis adding to it as rich a dower of his own, and the marriage contract left her Duchess of Brittany, with sole right to its revenues and all independent rights of her own duchy secured. If she died childless, Louis surviving, her husband might be duke for his life; but after that Brittany was to revert to its own order of succession, no following King of France having a right in it. In fact, Brittany was not joined to France till after the death of Louis XII., when Claude of France made to her husband, on his becoming King Francis I., a free gift of the duchy, and annulled the restrictive clause inserted in the marriage contract of Louis XII. and her mother, Anne of Brittany. Anne, then, dowered by two kings, and drawing also the revenues

of her duchy, could afford to be all royal in her tastes. She had married to be queen, and queen she was, her husband first among her subjects. He yielded to her will, and she had not only her own way at court, but very much of her own way in the kingdom. When court players dealt with public affairs in satire that hit himself pretty hard, the king laughed; but when they touched his queen, he punished them, and forbade their performances. Anne had graces and charms, her private character was irreproachable, and she loved rule. It was pleasure to King Louis, who was eight years older than her first husband, to let her rule him. If she was something Welsh in obstinacy, why, then he could call her "ma Bretonne." She took active part in the Italian enterprises of her husband, which began in 1499 with the conquest of the Milanese in twenty days, and ended after twelve years' struggle in the evacuation of all Italy by the French. Incidents of this struggle were celebrated in verse by her command, the poet being her retainer, Jean Marot. There were four children of Anne's second marriage, two boys and two girls, but only the girls lived. The eldest of these was Claude, born in October, 1499, the same Claude who was the wife of François d'Angoulême when he succeeded Louis XII. upon the throne of France. "Madame Claude," aged six or seven, was the only child of Queen Anne, when Jean Marot and his son Clement settled in Paris. A son had died at birth.

Anne of Brittany had much of her own way, and followed her inclinations as became a rich, handsome,

and clever woman, with a fair measure of honest obstinacy and warmth of temper, who found it good to be a queen in the days of the new birth of arts and letters. She surrounded herself, in those days when genius depended for reward upon the patronage of few, with scholars, poets, artists, and artificers. A Breton poet, upon whom posterity's broad back is turned, Jean Meschinot, was an old and honoured servant of hers, and one of her *maitres d'hôtel*. She made his son one of her pages. Jean Perréal, a painter of mark, who sketched what he saw of towns, rivers, mountains, battles, in Italy, as a follower of Louis XII., wrote himself historiographer to the very high and very excellent princess, Madam Anne of Brittany. It was he who in 1514 painted her when she was dead. Her secretary was a rhyming chronicler, André de Lavigne. Her confessor and chaplain in ordinary was Antoine Dufour, who translated for her the Bible into French, and wrote a history of illustrious ladies. She had in her pay also David of Italy, a geometrician; the Italian Conti, who presented to her a Latin poem on the city of Paris; and Faustus Andrelinus, a native of Forli, who, after being crowned at Rome, became a professor of belles-lettres and mathematics in the University of Paris, and found at once a patroness in Anne of Brittany, who made him one of her secretaries. Charles VIII. brought artists from Italy, who helped forward the renaissance in France. These Anne retained in her pay. She gathered, indeed, about the French court a school of painters and sculptors, gave encouragement to

artistic work in gold, wood carving, and tapestry. She lavished gifts of such things freely on her visitors, and had a cabinet of precious stones for presents to the wives of captains and heroes who had distinguished themselves in her husband's wars. Louis, as father of his people, would not tax them for means to be liberal; and yet his foreign policy is said to have embellished European civilisation with the new notion of heavy taxes on a people for the cost of government. Anne of Brittany was also a collector of books. So had been her first husband, Charles VIII. Although no scholar—perhaps because no scholar—when he took Naples, he carried off its public library to add it to his own much smaller collection in the château of Blois. This plunder, of eleven hundred and forty volumes in MS. or formed by the newly discovered method of print, all passed into the possession of Queen Anne. Among the volumes produced specially for her is her famous *Livre d'Heures*, now preserved in the *Musée des Souverains* in the Louvre, of all prayer-books the one most glorified by art. The hand of its illustrator appears in the decoration of another manuscript, a little vellum folio, containing the poem addressed to her by Jean Marot on the revolt of Genoa. This is adorned with eleven beautiful miniatures, of which eight are by the decorator of the *Livre d'Heures*. The miniature attached to the dedication of his work by Jean Marot represents Anne herself, seated, receiving the book from the hands of her poet. Anne has her maids of honour standing by her chair. Her gentlemen, who wear long robes with wide sleeves, like

those of the ladies, stand at the other end of the room. Between the maids of honour and the men of honour sits, like another sovereign, one of the four-and-twenty pet dogs of her majesty. Jean Marot, on one knee before his mistress, and unhappily obliged to turn his back upon my lord the dog, is presenting the book, and lifts up his eyes to her from a face with features which look mobile and sensitive. There is plenty of nose, with its wings wide and thin; plenty of mouth, not heavy in the lips; no whisker or beard, but close thatch of dark hair in a curly shag that falls in mass over the nape of the neck, not spreading to the shoulder. The book he is presenting contains one of the two most important of his works, and they are both metrical records of trustworthy character.

Louis XII. doubled the claim of Charles VIII. upon Italy. Charles revived the pretensions, which had been made over to Louis XI., of the house of Anjou to the throne of Naples. They dated from the year 1266, when Charles, Count of Anjou, brother of Louis IX., accepted from Pope Urban IV. the gift of Naples, and defeated Manfred at Benevento. In those days Pedro III., King of Aragon, who had married a daughter of Manfred, disputed the conquest by Charles of Anjou. After a war he separated for himself and his heirs Sicily from Naples. In later years, in 1442, an Alfonso of Aragon got more. He rejoined for himself Naples to Sicily, and a René of Anjou went back to France. "*Le bon roi René*" made one fruitless attempt to recover his kingdom; then he ceded to his son claims on Lorraine

and claims on Naples, settled in Provence, and rose in the world, for he took to rhyming. He was the father of our English Henry VI.'s wife Margaret. This is the skeleton of the story of the transferred right that Charles VIII. claimed to have inherited.

Louis XII. added another claim. When Philip Visconti died, in 1447, the Visconti, as bishops and dukes, had ruled Milan for a hundred and seventy years. Four claims were then put in for the vacant succession. One of the four was that of the Duke of Orleans, whose mother had been Valentina Visconti, Philip's eldest sister. The same Valentina was Louis XII.'s grandmother. Hence the new claims of a King of France, by virtue of his grandmother, to rule in Milan.

Louis treated with Venice for the conquest of the Milanese. Venice was to be paid for her help with Cremona and the frontier of the Adda. Aid of Savoy was also bought. In September, 1499, a victorious French army entered Milan. Genoa had, of its own accord, hoisted French colours. Milan presently revolted, but was again reduced. Louis, at home father of his people, in Italy trusted to all mean forms of diplomacy, with Cæsar Borgia for a friend, and Cardinal d'Amboise, aspiring to be pope, for minister and guide.

France and Spain became sharers of Naples, quarrelled, fought. Spain drove France out of Naples, and Louis complained to Ferdinand, who had been humouring him with despatches, that he had now deceived him for a second time. "Ay," said Ferdinand, "it is the tenth time that I have tricked him." This was in 1503, the

year in which the pope and his son Caesar Borgia took by mistake the poison they had mixed for certain cardinals, and the pope died. Ambitious cardinals, then taken by surprise, to gain time, put a weak old man, who was near death, into the papal chair. This was Pope Pius III., who died as soon as could be wished, and then the ambitious and energetic Cardinal Julian Rovere was able to outwit the ambitious and energetic minister of Louis XII., Cardinal George d'Amboise. The Italian cardinal became Pope Julius II., and the French cardinal, who had been handling the foreign policy of France for his own ends, despised his holiness as a successful rival.

We come now to the piece of history illustrated by the chronicle poems of Jean Marot, a story of events petty in origin, but great in effect, if it be right to say that they first led to a general habit of combination among states of Europe, advanced civilisation to the stage of quarrelling about Balance of Power, and taught subjects how heavily they might be taxed for the ambition of their sovereigns. Armies were not what they had been under the feudal system. Out of the struggle with the English in France, Charles VII. had drawn the idea of a standing army. Troops of foreign mercenaries and the new body of native professional soldiers had blended to form a costly machine which must not stand idle. It must pay for its keep. What could it earn? In Italy there were small isolated states, often at feud one with another. Commerce had filled with wealth some of the great cities. Old plundering expeditions

which had been invited by Italian feuds established claims that could be called rights by new plunderers. Wealthy and disunited Italy offered material for the new royal machine to work upon.

When Charles VIII. marched into Italy, the expenses of his army had eaten up all his means before he had reached the Italian frontier. The art of taxing was then in its infancy, and Charles borrowed of Genoa the money necessary to enable him to move his troops. Lean ambition sought to break into a larder. The king of France borrowed at forty-three per cent. Five per cent. was the price of money to commercial Venice.

The new Pope Julius II. would have had Italy for the Italians, if at the same time he could have had everything that Julius II. wanted for Julius II. His own predominance in Italy was best secured by help of the barbarian; the barbarian must, therefore, be used before he was expelled. Mean actions may lead to large results; whatever the results, the motives of the policy which led to those events of which we have from Jean Marot some lively impressions of an eye-witness were despicably mean, and worse than mean. The Pope and Venice had been allies of France against Naples. Failure of France in Naples had been due chiefly to delays at Rome which suited the personal ends of Cardinal d'Amboise, then intriguing for the papacy: but the blame for it was laid upon Venice. France had not forgotten or forgiven what she owed to Venice for the peril out of which Charles VIII. dashed, a victorious

loser, at the battle of Fornova. Whatever might be the last new form of the Italian alliances, to the French people, above all mists of policy, this cause of offence rose clear. The sense of an old grudge was quickened by the irritation of new disappointment, and was sweetened by the hope of plunder.

Italian disunion again tempted foreign greed. Florence sent Machiavel to urge upon the King of France danger from Venice. At Milan, on his way to France, Machiavel urged this upon Chaumont, the French governor, and Chaumont replied that he hoped soon to see the Venetians living only by their fish. Cardinal d'Amboise and his king met in the same spirit the ambassador from Florence.

Pope Julius disliked all intruders on Italian soil, but he disliked more the possession by Venice of some places which, with help of foreigners, he might get for himself in the Romagna. At the death of Alexander VI., Venice, on plea of a cession by Pandolfo Malatesta, made out claims upon certain towns which had been seized by Cæsar Borgia in the Romagna; and aid that Venice gave to Julius before his election was designed to make of him a friend when he was pope. But Pope Julius II. foraged for himself, arrested Cæsar Borgia, by threatening and wheedling got from him the reversion of his remaining rights, and so set up claims of his own against the claims of Venice. Thus, in disunited Italy, the pope also cherished his private reason for hostility to Venice; and this was why he resolved to use, on his own behalf, the force of the

barbarian French and Germans before he endeavoured to expel them from Italian soil.

The French king and the German emperor happened both to be in ill humour with Venice. Maximilian's grudge was for the help given by Venice to France in the conquest of the Milanese. Louis had also a motive for allying himself with Maximilian. If he did so, he might forestal dreaded alliance between Maximilian and the King of Aragon for the purpose of taking from him and parting between themselves his Milanese possessions.

Maximilian warmly joined the pope against Venice in the affair of Cæsar Borgia's towns in the Romagna, and promised to send an army into Italy. That army, thought Louis, threatens Milan more than Venice, unless I make Maximilian my ally. Therefore he signed with Maximilian, at Blois in September, 1504, a secret offensive league against Venice, distributing beforehand into shares among the imperial, royal, and episcopal freebooters the Italian possessions; which highway robbery was thus concerted against the prosperous republic:—Brescia, Bergamo, Cremona, Crema, and the country between the Oglio and Adda were to be taken by the King of France for union with his Duchy of Milan. All the Romagna was to be the Pope's. Friuli, Trevisa, Vicenza, Verona, and Padua, were to be the Emperor's share of the plunder. Neighbours of the republic, the Florentines, the Marquis of Mantua, the Duke of Ferrara, and the King of Hungary (who had pretensions on Dalmatia), were to be invited to join; and Venice was to be reduced to her lagunes. *Le Voyage*

de Venise, the chief poem of Jean Marot, shows what was seen by an eye-witness of the attack thus planned.

To keep the plot—or treaty—secret, Cardinal d'Amboise lied freely to the ambassadors of Venice. But there arose new complications of untruth. It had suited Louis to engage, with free promise of dower, his little daughter, Claude, to a son of Maximilian. Anne of Brittany, remembering how she had once held by her own betrothal to Maximilian himself, had, probably, a woman's reason for being pleased with the engagement. But King Louis fell sick; his death seemed probable, and, if he died, the marriage of Claude to the son of Maximilian, with the dowry he had been ready enough to promise as long as he was alive to break faith when convenient, meant loss to France of Brittany, Burgundy, part of Flanders, the county of Blois, and the ultramontane possessions. As a patriotic king, could he leave France so crippled? Considering this on what might be his death-bed, Louis XII., aided by d'Amboise, repented of his bond, and made a will, which he signed without his wife's knowledge, providing that his daughter Claude should be affianced to Francis, Count of Angoulême—the future Francis I.—son of the dissolute Louise of Savoy, whom Anne detested. This charge involved Louis first in a domestic quarrel with his Bretonne. He was firm against her. "I will only match my mice," he said, "with rats of my own barn." When she was very troublesome, he told her good-humouredly the fable of the doe to whom God gave horns, which had to be taken away again because she

butted at the stag. She left the stag, went to Brittany, and, in anger, delayed her return, but yielded at last to her husband's unexpected firmness, and perhaps assented to his policy. There was no more strife between them, and Jean Marot, in describing for his mistress the Italian expedition, knew no reason why he might not speak slightly of Maximilian.

Anne's heart was as warm as her temper. She bade her confessor always refuse absolution till she made amends for acts of passion. If the two pages who rode the horse in front and horse behind that bore her litter did not keep the horses pacing evenly together, and so gave her a jolt, out came her head, with the sure promise of a whipping to them both. But she was generous to all the sick among her people, buried their dead, was a friend to their widows and orphans. M. de Grignaux was a pleasant gentleman at court when jests were rude. Anne liked to accost foreigners in their own tongue, but, being ignorant of Spanish, asked M. de Grignaux to teach her a sentence of polite accost in his own language, wherewith to welcome an ambassador from Spain. M. de Grignaux amused himself by teaching her a coarse sentence, and privately preparing the king for the joke. Anne, when she found her dignity as woman as well as queen so played upon, was in high anger, and for a week M. de Grignaux had to absent himself from court. But she forgave him at last, on the king's entreaty, and it was for her much to forgive. Jean Marot had a good mistress, think what we may of the exploits it became his duty to recount to her. But

she had reason for a livelier remembrance of Fornova than even that which made a French war against Venice welcome to the people. And it was woman's duty in her time to smile upon the pomp and chivalry of war.

Knowing that he was about to offend Maximilian, Louis XII., on recovering from sickness, formed an alliance with the King of Aragon. Then followed the espousals of Francis and Claude in May, 1506. The league of Blois was at an end, and some new combinations would be necessary before Louis XII. could strike at Venice as he was resolved to strike. But at this time, while French prospects in Italy were dark, and Pope Julius saw no immediate chance of profit to himself from union between Louis and Maximilian, his holiness had leisure to be patriotic, and to look on the French as barbarians. He therefore encouraged privately a chance that offered of expelling them from Genoa.

This chance was in a revolt of the Genoese against their nobles. The nobles had been oppressors by help of the French. The people, therefore, drove the nobles out, and the French with them. The Genoese leagued against France with pope and emperor, and Louis himself, at the head of fifty thousand men, Bayard among his knights, marched upon Genoa. To this expedition Jean Marot was attached by command of his mistress, Anne of Brittany. Her poet was to be her chronicler, and celebrate in verse the great deeds of the expedition. The insurgents, who had chosen for their doge Paul de Novi, a dyer, were forced to surrender, and Louis entered Genoa on the 29th of March, 1507. The story

of this expedition is the *Voyage de Gènes*, which precedes in the works of Jean Marot the *Voyage de Venise*, these two being the most important of his writings. Of the two poems the less important is that on the revolt of Genoa, not only because it is shorter than the other, and deals with a smaller incident in history, but because it draws only a sheaf or two of truth on heavy wheels of allegory. The other poem brings us more upon a lighter waggon.

But Jean Marot's account of the king's expedition against Genoa might have been less allegorical if he had been born near the hem of the purple, instead of coming to court out of the citizen life of the Commune of Cahors. The Genoese had expelled the French. A good Frenchman, of course, would wish to see the town reconquered. But the citizens of Genoa had expelled the nobles who infringed upon what men of Cahors would have called their rights. Jean Marot had been citizen of Cahors, and had a certain fellow-feeling with the Genoese. There was no natural place for this in a book written for Anne of Brittany. The poet must content himself with vague expression of it in his allegory. He personifies the revolted city, and makes the account of its reconquest a long plaint. But in his record of strife against Venice, nothing abates the joyous sense of victory except his frequent glance of pity upon those who felt the sharpest cruelties of war. Clement Marot's father was not a great poet, but he was a liberal, reliable, and kindly man, with a poet's interest in the realities of life, and much skill as a versifier. It

is true that in the best parts of his best work, the *Voyage de Venise*, he is essentially a chronicler. It was his business to be a chronicler. Jean Marot was to write the descriptions, and Jean Perréal to paint the pictures which would realise to Anne of Brittany the chief incidents of her husband's expedition. What Jean Marot did for his mistress to satisfy her living interest, he has done for us, and tells what we also care most to know. His verse, too, often serves to produce lively and condensed expression, the metrical form adding colour and force to his pictures, although he is clumsy enough in his classical references to Cæsar, Dido, Hercules, and Phœbus, and in his handling of other poetical conventionalities of his time, which were not true to him, and which Clement, his son, cast to the winds. From the honest, literal, and half-poetical father, came the honest, natural, and all poetical son, born and bred in the commune of Cahors, but trained at the court of Anne of Brittany; as a boy welcoming his father home from Genoa and Venice, hearing his father's verses on those expeditions before they became known even to Anne herself, and growing up into the brisk thoughtfulness of youth, while the events he touched upon entered in various shapes throughout France into the daily life of court and country.

Jean Marot knew no Latin and Greek, but the French verse he knew was rich in classical allusions. Taking this at second hand and following the fashion, he begins the *Voyage de Genes* by telling his mistress how Mars, in discontent at cessation of the noise of

arms and furling of standards, was advised by Bellona to see whether he could not stir up strife in Italy. Know-little, his grand ambassador, accompanied by Deluded Presumption, soon sowed discord among the people of Genoa; rascals ran about the city—one might think them beast without head or beast with many heads. The people pillaged and killed nobles; nobles sought help of the king, as head of nobility and its Achilles. The king said to them “You, call me your lord and master, and yet will not be subject; foolishly you would give yourselves and belong to yourselves. Louis XI. was wise, who would not take you as a gift, knowing what trouble he might find with mutinous children who have no fear of the rod. But though you fail of your duty, I will not omit mine. This people shall feel the strong lordship of the king of France.” Hereupon Mars put himself in communication with Neptune, Æolus, Vulcan, Cacus, Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, and the Centaurs. The genius of the city of Genoa, seeing fury stirred, condemned the domestic strife among her children, and pronounced an admonition to her merchants, people, and especially to her nobility. This forms the second section of the poem.¹

“Some of you, my children,” said Genoa, “are noble, and some not, but you all descend from Adam and Eve; wherefore there should be brotherly love between you. You, Nobility, have maltreated your brother Merchandise, who has turned on you like the trodden worm;

¹ *Comment Gènes parle à Marchandise et au Peuple, principalement à Noblesse.*

whereupon you, humbling your pride, have taken refuge under the shadow of the strong sceptre of France. You tell the king what you please, where there are none to contradict, and provoke him to take vengeance upon me. But you would have got small credit if he could have heard the truth. He believes you, and comes over the mountains to spoil me. A prince ought not to love false witnesses. You seek my hurt through your own, like the envious traveller who was willing to lose one eye that his comrade might lose both. You call yourself noble, and act the villain. Every gentle heart, says the law of humanity, charges the lance home in defence of country. Where are the roots of your gentility but in merchandise? That has engendered wealth; and of wealth, not virtue, your nobility has come. Daily you buy and sell. Look at the nobles of France: do they trade? Surely not. Their pleasure is all in virtue, knowledge, valour, as becomes the children of a true nobility."

After this address of Genoa to her children the author speaks in his own person through a *rondeau*,¹ to tell how in saying these words Genoa's heart failed, but somewhat revived by the People and Merchandise, she fell on a bed, saying these words:—"I am a poor lost lady, whose death is plotted by those of her own household for no crime or fault of hers." Then her face paled again, and she cried in despair to them, saying these words.

Before she speaks, let it be said that a *rondeau* is a

¹ *L'Auteur en Rondeau.*

small poem of thirteen lines and two half-lines. The first words, forming usually four syllables of the first ten-syllabled line, are the refrain, which must be repeated again as a detached phrase after the eighth line of the poem as well as at the end. Throughout the rondeau change has to be rung upon two rhymes, which are interwoven in fixed order thus, *a* and *b* representing the two rhymes and (*x*) the place of the refrain which rhymes with neither of them :—

xa a b b a a a b (x) a a b b a (x).

This form of poem, common in the works of both the Marots and of other poets of their day, is of the same length as the sonnet, and one among many ingenious forms traceable to Provençal and Sicilian song, of which only the sonnet now remains. There is no particular merit in Jean Marot's first rondeau ; a translation may serve, therefore, all the better for example of the mechanism of this kind of poem :—

“ Saying these words, her face of white and red
 Began to pale, wet with the tears she shed ;
 A swoon came on, her heart no longer beat ;
 And had her People not come to her feet,
 And Merchandise, she would have fallen dead ;
 But seeing them, she lifted up her head.
 Yet was she so much worse, that on a bed
 Loosely she fell, and lay in grief complete,
 Saying these words :
 ‘ Poor lady that I am, from peace misled,
 Plots for my death from my own house I dread,
 Yet by no crime have stirred this cruel heat !’
 Then once again she turned, them to entreat,
 With face all pale, as one whose hope had fled,
 Saying these words :”

Then follows another little section of the poem, wherein Genoa speaks to this effect :—"O Merchandise and People, take pity upon her who made you rich. See the king coming! We have strength if we will use it. Upon his own hearth one has the strength of four. A man should be ready to die for his country. It is a long way from France hither, and the bold may flinch in the presence of a town like ours. I have arms, money, and a hundred thousand men. Seeing my strength, men call me in proverb the Proud Genoa. Alps, rocks, and mountains are my defenders. Kings and dukes have earned more shame than glory in attack upon me. My wide mansions have been open to twenty thousand men and their captains. Take heart. I am Queen of the Sea, can arm a hundred vessels and can build them in a hundred days. I have sworn allies. The Pope has promised to maintain my cause. I am in close alliance with the Emperor, and there is between me and Venice a good understanding."

Then the author relates briefly how the people of Genoa declared themselves ready to fight in the cause of their mother.

The following section¹ tells how Reason then fled from the Genoese; Rage took possession of their breasts; up went their banners; down went from wall and pale the *fleur de lis* of France. The French were attacked in the fort of the Castelletto; twenty-eight thousand Genoese against three women and eighteen Frenchmen, who were killed—shamefully, since four things

¹ *Mutinations des Genevoys avec la Prinse du Chastellat.*

are always to be spared in war, priest, herald, page, and woman.

A rondeau is given to the tender mercies of a mob and the love of the Genoese for God after gold. The poet proceeds then to tell how the insurgents raised on lances bloody shirts and handkerchiefs stained with the blood of the slain Frenchmen, to daunt those who held under Captain Alabre the place of Saint Francis, for the king of France. He met the insurgents with a cannonade, which they fiercely returned. The air was foul with corpses of the Genoese killed in that siege. They mined. A woman contrived to inform the French; they were countermined, and their mines at a certain point destroyed by the Seigneur du Las, French governor of the castle. They threw insulting notes into the fort, which comforted the French, who knew that only the weak take to scolding. So the French held firm, waiting for "The Messiah of France," as Jean Marot here calls Louis XII. The people put the cap of honour on a dyer whom they made their doge. The king came over the mountains, promptly, as did never a king before, staying nowhere upon the way except at Asti; and in a month gave the assault, well knowing that the iron should be struck while it is hot.

Jean Marot's way of capping a paragraph with a proverb, noticeable in the *Voyage de Gènes* and yet more noticeable in the *Voyage de Venise*, is not simply a mark of his own extraction from the people, or sign of the homely sense that in his writings is at odds with

courtly imitations of the classicism of the Renaissance. In these respects he represents more than himself. Rabelais was of the same age as his son Clement, and the natural grace of Clement Marot's style came of courtly training in a man who represented that very large part of the literature of his day which drew its vigour from the people. The best French poet of Jean Marot's time was the wild *enfant de Paris*, François Villon, of whom more in due place. It is not a fact without significance that Clement Marot became his editor. The mind of the people might even infect the thoughts of kings. Jean Marot's liking for a homely phrase was shared by his master Louis XII.

The king and his artillery crossed the mountains with an advance guard of adventurers. After a pause of eight days at Asti, Louis XII. went on like Cæsar, with Bourbon after him like Scipio, young Vendôme like Jason, Calabre like Sir Lancelot, the Seigneur de Nevres like Troilus, the Duke of Ferrara like Pompey, the Marquis of Montferrat like Hercules, and Mantua like Achilles; compliments, doubtless, which to all those gentlemen seemed very neat. They marched to Bosco, next day to Gavi, and next day to Ronco, then came, flags flying, before the rock-defended Bastillon. The German mercenaries thought the rock inaccessible; but to the stout hearts of the French nothing is impossible. Soon they were at the gates; Genoese out; French after them, and Swiss as merciful as foxes to the poultry. In less than a day the fort, supposed to be impregnable, was taken to the cry of

"France!" Then Jean Marot dwells on the royal pomp of arms which gives to old French chroniclers of every form the liveliness deficient in their English brethren, who want ears for drums, eyes for the flutter of flags and capering of horses. Our homespun wits, it must be owned, care more about the waving of Jack Upland's corn or the recurrent curvet of Nick Bottom's shuttle.

The Genoese held council with their Duke, whose experience of scarlet dye did not include the battlefield. The king lodged at a monastery. Before supper alarm was sounded, and the French drove the Genoese back to their very gates. The duke yielded, as Pompey to Cæsar; but his head was cut off, and he was not a Pompey. The Genoese, all dressed in black, sought mercy. The king set guards to protect the town from pillage, and entered Genoa in state, while the people cried in the streets, "France!" more from their lips than from their hearts. The king went in pomp to church, with soft harmonious sound of trumpets, bells, and bagpipes, to hear chants of victory sung to the organ. Next day the Genoese were required to bring all their arms to the ducal palace, and at sound of their great bell they came to entreat mercy of the victorious king of France. He pardoned them, received their homage, burnt their laws and customs, changed to white the red cross of their dyers, and then marched on towards his Duchy of Milan. He was triumphantly received at Pavia, where he stayed five days, then resumed his royal progress, and entered in state Milan, where every man, woman, and child cried "France!" Never was

seen such pomp. And as for the ladies,—I have seen, says Jean Marot, the fair at Lyons, Antwerp, Longwy Gevrey, and divers other places, but never anything like the show at Milan of ladies, each set high on a chair, the better to display herself. Better repast of the eyes there cannot be until one sees what is celestial. It was part of the triumph at Milan to show the story of the victory at Genoa in a pomp near the gate. The king was under a cloth of gold borne by four burgesses. Then followed the French, with their eyes on the ladies. The cannons played their music. Eight days afterwards, before the king and the ladies, was the best of jousting.

Having delivered himself of this metrical chronicle, Jean Marot resumes his allegory with the complaint of Genoa,¹ which he prefaces with a paragraph in prose telling how conquered Genoa, her face pitifully bedewed with tears, looked compassionately upon two of her children, Merchandise and the People, between whom was a woman, with bowed head, named Shame, who held them, and when they would console their mother, silenced them by placing her hand on their mouths. The reader of old English literature will observe the affinity between a passage like this and the bit of prose which describes the allegorical dumb-show before each of the acts of “*Ferrex and Porrex*,” our first English tragedy. Genoa proceeds to lament her lot. God, who of old cast Luciabel from heaven, must have willed to show that pride is as ashes, or the sand that runs away

¹ *La Complaincte de Gènes.*

between the fingers. For the first time she, who was thought invincible, had seen a living man enter her gates in triumph, her children upon gallows, her book of Customs burnt, new laws imposed.

"You," she says, "Venice, who betrayed me with your sacred promises of succour, I have strong reason to think shall suffer one day worse than this. You know how falsely you betrayed France at Fornova. Remembering that, you should have used your force in my defence. The castle lost, the town will soon be taken.

"You, Holy Father, born within my bounds, sent men to succour me from whom I looked for valiant help. They were Roman lechers, who fled like lean cats.

"You, King of the Romans, do not promise like the Gospel. Little help comes of a light will without power. You should carry a sour pippin, not the golden apple of the emperors. You can never again claim tutelage of me by right of a forerunner whose power was null against me. Now I am conquered in three days by one to whom I must pay homage for his prowess."

A rondeau tells how, "After this plaint," Genoa looked to heaven, and then spoke again. "Effeminate children," she said, "do you not remember how Priam, with his sons strong as elephants (a stock simile with Jean Marot), defended their possessions? If they were defeated, yet they died more gloriously than you have saved your lives. Brute beasts with tooth and nail defend their caves; birds fight for their nests; even the coward dog is brave on his own dunghill. Beasts themselves bid us battle for free homes, and prefer death

to servitude. Frenchmen were not to be driven like stags by your shouting ' *O pople, pople, accorre, ammasse, ammasse.*' Threats give them courage; against them it is of small use to believe, like Vaudois, in words and cries. You said once, armed in my palace, that if the king came over the mountains you would take him, spite of all his men. Cowards boast by the fireside; but a king in an army gives strength to the weak. A king in the camp is worth a thousand men. No wonder that I weep."

A rondeau interposed describes again the state of the speaker, upon whose mantle the red crosses are turned white. Then she proceeds with her lament, beginning again with the execution of the dyer Doge, who had worn, certainly against his will, her ducal cap. Seeing herself fallen into slavery, she exalts the prowess of King Louis, who had strength to humble Genoa the Proud; once proud, now with a dying name. She has been commanded by a serf of a dyer. It is condemnade¹ ill played when a king comes at a knave's call.

A piece of prose describes how Genoa, being overwhelmed with grief, cast herself on a bed in a dark chamber, hung with black tapestry embroidered with white tears. In a chair near her couch sat an old man, terrible to see, with long beard, face and hands covered, form more monstrous than human, draped in a cloak

¹ An old game, like lansquenet, played by three hands, and won by the turning up of a named card. It was at condemnade that Clement Marot staked a letter in verse against a lady's ribbons.

painted over with shapes of men who had ropes round their necks or swords in their stomachs, or were tearing out their hair. But a gracious lady with mild face, named Reason, in a splendid purple robe, came and perceived at once that there were too many griefs in the place. She approached the bed, dismissed the old man, who was named Despair, so showing her power and authority; then spoke to Genoa, as the next section of the poem¹ tells.

The despairing city is bidden to lift her head. Her power lives. She can disperse her sails as far as the Levant; none daring to molest her, for dread of the power to whom she belongs. Fear me, fear my dog. What better freedom could she seek than life in peace under a lord whose power leaves her none to fear? Pride has completely ruined Thebes, Rome, Argos, Carthage. But the pride of Genoa has only suffered check. Let her return to God, and thenceforth be humble. Better late than never. Let her consolation be that she has none to fear. Under a good shepherd the sheep are safe.

The author tells then in prose, how Genoa, with joined hands, thanked Reason; changed her mourning for a mantle of blue satin powdered with *fleurs de lis*, saying with her lips, and, as it seemed, with her heart, "Under this mantle I will live and die." Then she went out of that dolorous place into the chamber of True Knowledge, by whose persuasion she resolved to grieve no more. Speaking, therefore, in the form of a

¹ *Raison parlant à Gènes.*

rondeau,¹ which concludes the poem, she thanked God that clear knowledge had brought her out of distress, since the divine grace had given her for conqueror so high a king as that of France, who had not pillaged or destroyed, and by whose victory her power was augmented.

In its main outline this poem belongs, with its companion the *Voyage de Venise*, to the same allegorical school of which the *Roman de la Rose* had been a famous example; to which afterwards such poems as Chaucer's *Complaint of the Black Knight* and *Book of the Duchess* were related; which remained vigorous in many forms of courtly entertainment, gave birth to polite masques and popular mummeries, and had in Stephen Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure* a representative in English literature of about the same date as this writing of Jean Marot's. It was a form of poetry, born centuries before in courts and monasteries of Southern Europe, subject during its growth to many a modifying influence, and drawing near to its grand close in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Chief of the modifying influences was that strong life of the people which spoke even through the *Roman de la Rose* by its second author, Jean de Meung, which had bred the Flemish Reinaert, given substance to the Nibelungenlied, animated in Spain songs of the Cid Campeador, and in Jean Marot's time was the germ of growth to come. But there is an amusing difference between the homely terms of speech and thought in the body of Jean Marot's

¹ *Gènes parlant, en forme de rondeau.*

work for his mistress, and the exalted classical style with which he pays homage in his dedication to an outward fashion of the Renaissance. This leaves us no ground for wonder that Ronsard sighed to enrich his native tongue with such a word as *oligochronien*. In his prologue to the "Queen incomparable, twice divinely consecrated Anne, Duchess of Brittany," written for both the poems, which tell in his rustic and maternal language the very prompt and quasi-ineestimable conquests obtained primarily by the assentment of the immense and indivisible eternity, he apologises for the barbarous squabrosity with which he records the debellatory effects of the very glorious and very triumphant victory over Genoa, in a work which she has yet commanded to be placed in the receptacle or gazophile of her other books. In adding, by her benign command, the *Voyage de Venise*, at which he presentially assisted, he asks of her accustomed mansuetude not to reject the quotidian labours of his inscience, detailing the very magnanimous executions of her very victorious husband, to whom and to herself may the Deific Sublimity give very long and very prosperous life, and afterwards fruition of eternal and perpetual glory. Although he knew no Latin and Greek, Jean Marot could creak in mighty boots with high-heeled words of ceremony when he believed he must. But he took off those boots before he passed into his poem, and in this dedication they stand, as it were, outside the door. Within, he is at ease, but mindful of his work, too, as a faithful chronicler.

King Louis went to Genoa while he and his minister

George d'Amboise were still plotting against Venice. Venice sent Louis felicitations upon his success at Genoa. The Pope, alarmed at a success which foiled his own diplomacy, fostered division between Louis and Maximilian; he leagued also with Maximilian against Louis, including plunder of Venice in the plan of that league, as its profitable part. Louis then leagued with Ferdinand of Aragon, including also in that league plunder of Venice as its profitable part. At the same time Louis and Maximilian, as rival powers, each claimed Venice as an ally against the other. Maximilian asked leave to pass with an army through the states of Venice, because he was going to be crowned at Rome. Venice, believing herself to be threatened by Maximilian's army, refused passage, allied herself with France, and undertook to defend for France the Milanese. Maximilian dismissed the Venetian ambassador, sent troops to the frontier of Friuli, was met there by a Venetian and French force. His usual want of money caused the Emperor to fail here and elsewhere. A vigorous defensive war became offensive. The power of the empire yielded. France owed success to the fidelity of Venice her ally, and Venice was still showing herself a friend to France in the negotiations for a truce, when she gave offence by not thrusting upon Maximilian a truce also with the Duke of Guelders, in whose affairs Venetians had no concern. Venice, therefore, in April, 1508, concluded on her own part a separate truce with the Emperor for three years, and as victor retained what had been won. Thus Louis XII.

owed to the help of Venice his continued rule in Milan. He owed more, for Maximilian proposed to the Venetians that the truce should be made into a peace, with offensive alliance against Louis for conquest and division of all that he held in Italy. Venice not only refused, but frankly reported to King Louis the proposal of the Emperor; a piece of honesty which made the Emperor again her enemy, and the French King no better friend. Maximilian was stung also by report of the jokes current against him in the triumphal shows of the Venetians.

The meaner passions of two priests who hated each other, the Pope and Cardinal d'Amboise, then brought them together for a season as fellow conspirators. Pope Julius quarrelled with Venice over the nomination of a Bishop of Vicenza. George d'Amboise knew that Venice had helped powerfully to keep him out of the Pontificate. Therefore, when his holiness Julius II. communicated to King Louis XII. his scheme of a general league for spoiling Venice of all her possessions, and dividing profits, Louis communicated the idea to Maximilian, who did not report again to Venice but was highly delighted, and to the King of Aragon, who was cautious. The Emperor sent Margaret of Austria to Cambray. There d'Amboise met her, ostensibly to settle the dispute about the Duke of Guelders. He took with him the Pope's nuncio and the ambassador of Ferdinand of Aragon. These gentlemen said that they had no power to conclude a treaty; but d'Amboise and Margaret settled the bad business between them, he

signing for the nuncio by virtue of his office as legate *a latere*, and the ambassador from Aragon being held to have bound Ferdinand sufficiently by signing, for himself certainly, and for his master as far as he could tell. The Venetian ambassador had followed to Cambray to watch the interests of his republic; but he was reassured completely by the Cardinal's dexterity in lying, and wrote home that Venice might now count more than ever upon the alliance of the King of France. And so the old plot of Blois came to a head in the League of Cambray, which had for its first result that expedition to Venice which has Jean Marot among its chroniclers.

It was agreed that the Pope should have, for his share of the plunder, Faenza, Rimini, Cervia, Ravenna, and those parts of Cesena and Imola, which were still held by Venice. Maximilian, as chief of the House of Austria, was to take the marches of Treviso, Istria, Friuli, and what had belonged to the patriarch of Aquileja; while as Emperor he took to himself Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and Roveredo. The King of Aragon and Naples was to have the five ports occupied by Venice on his Italian coasts—Trani, Brindisi, Otranto, Polignano, and Gallipoli—without restoration of the two hundred thousand gold dollars which Venice had paid for them. The King of France was to have and he did take, though he did not keep them long, Bergamo, Brescia, Crema, a conquest of Venice from former Dukes of Milan, Cremona and the country between the Adda, Oglio, and Po, which he had with his own hand ceded to the Republic in 1499. But with what pretext could

pope, cardinals, emperor, and king, associate the statement [upon] paper of the objects of this infamous confederation? Their sole object, according to the preamble to the treaty, was war on the infidels and the deliverance of Christianity, a pious enterprise impeded by Venetian occupation of lands claimed by the church for its own. The League of Cambray involved those who were parties to it in glaring violations of faith; the emperor, bound by his three years' truce, was guilty of flat perjury. But the pope issued a bull absolving everybody from all pledges and ties to Venice, unless within forty days Venice surrendered without struggle whatever it had been resolved to take from her by force. That she would not do. Ferdinand was still cautious. Promptitude in war cost money, and that Maximilian wanted. But Louis XII. was a strong king, and in the spring of 1509 he proceeded to seize without delay his own share of the plunder. His wife, Anne, sent with him her poet Jean Marot to chronicle his glorious achievements.

Jean Marot opens his rhymed history of the *Voyage de Venise* with thanks of Mars to Jupiter, Neptune, Æolus, Bacchus, Ceres, Pallas, and Venus, for their various forms of help to his triumph by the arms of Louis XII. During this joy and authentic triumph—Jean Marot delights often in a supposed superlative force of that adjective authentic—Dame Peace enters, complains of the growing name of Mars, and of the feigned peaces, that are but treasons, which have driven her from earth. For she cannot dwell with the double-

faced; whoever would have the true benefit of peace needs love, justice, and truth. Now here is a king of France who loves peace, has the required virtues, and is merciful in war. At last, let me descend again to earth and live somewhere in his dominions. To the gods this appeared reasonable. Mars with a raging noise folded his banners and departed. Peace descended with such heavenly brightness that in a moment the whole age was lighter for her presence. She turned from Rome lamenting—turned to the Adriatic, and saw there five frightful chimæras, mothers of all vices, Treason, Injustice, Rapine, Usury, and Avarice their mother—who, when they found Peace approaching, scared her away with their cries. Leaving Venice she went to France, where all was as it should be. The king carried war abroad; but cherished at home peace and security. Then she came to Cambray, where there were high sovereigns and lords delicately feasting, and they asked Peace why she came among them. She had come down, she said, by command of all the gods, to govern Christendom. Nothing opposed her but five monsters which she had seen in Venice; and the high authorities, at peace among themselves, resolved to secure the complete reign of justice and truth by driving away those hell-dogs.

Now follows an allegorical exhortation to the Christian princes, Louis figured as the Porcupine, Maximilian as the Eagle, Ferdinand as the Spaniel, who are resolved to check the ravages of the Venetian Lion. That Lion's doctrine is that to seize is glorious, but let

him die who says Restore. Holy Father he has eaten the acorns of your oak. Sound the alarm in Rome, and drive this Lion out of your inclosure! Lion? No, a cruel chimera who devours his mother the Church, who for gain puts vile barbarians, Turks, Tartars, Mamelukes, Mahometans, where Christians ought to be; wherefore, prelates, turning your faces God-ward, change your rochets into cuirasses. Sacred emperor of Germany sound trumpets and fifes! Roll forward the artillery against those thieves who have held Vicenza, Padua, and Verona, those last eighty years! Very-Christian, virtuous King of France, bearing the lilies of celestial growth, strong Hercules, come and vanquish this Nemean lion, who by setting his claws upon Pope, King, and Turk, robs alike God, the World, and the Devil! In a rondeau Venice is advised to yield betimes. Then follows a section on the past history of Venice,¹ designed to show that from its origin that city had lived by the doctrines, He who takes does well, but he sins who restores. The city had grown by this policy, for ill weeds grow apace. Its citizens thought to be as the old Romans, but had no Cæsars and Pompeys of their own; their good military chiefs were Hungarian, Lombard, German. Iniquitous power will fall like the tower that is not upright. God has inspired the hearts of just rulers who are at peace together to take vengeance on Venice, and Louis XII. has condescended to be first in attack.

Jean Marot then chronicles the division of the pos-

¹ *De la fondation de Venise, et des Loix et Meurs des Veniciens.*

sessions of Venice, as arranged among the several parties to the League of Cambray, and pays honour to the courage of his king who goes alone to battle. He describes the arming of the rough soldier adventurers, and puts into the mouths of Picard, Norman, and Gascon, a few words in the dialect of each, expressive of awakened lust for pillage. The chiefs are named, and the troops marshalled; the king is equipped for war. Marot tells of the grief of the ladies, and especially of Anne of Brittany, at leave-taking from husbands and friends, whose going is more sure than their return. The queen did not leave her husband at Lyons, but went with him as he proceeded to Grenoble with his Princes and Dukes, Alençon, Bourbon, Fouez, and Dunois, Vendôme and Calabre, whose talk was incessantly of chargers, battle-axes, barbs, and armour. Then Montjoy, first king-at-arms, was sent to Venice. He entered Cremona on the 14th of April, 1509; was received in the palace where¹ he asked surrender of the city on peril of mortal war. The words of his speech Jean Marot proceeds to insert in his poem. A few lines of verse then introduce the reply of the city,² all such speeches being reported, in prose, as they were delivered. Cremona was unwilling to be forced to war, but must defend her own. Montjoy proceeded then to Venice, and Jean Marot gives the text of his speech to the Signory. A rondeau introduces the reply from the

¹ *Harangue de Montjoye à ceulx de Venise estans dedans Cremonne.*

² *Responce de ceulx de Venise à Montjoye.*

Republic. "The author" then proceeds to tell in his verse how the herald quitted Venice without staying to incur a risk of poison, and how certain ominous events happened in Venice at that time. The king left Grenoble in the month of April with a holy joy on his face, but Queen Anne was as Dido at loss of Æneas, or Hypsipyle parting from Jason. A rondeau is given to her sorrow. The record dwells again on parting laments and kisses, then tells of the departure of the French force, and places first in the thoughts of Frenchmen the memory of Fornova as a wound that yet bleeds in their hearts.

Citizens, traders, peaceful labourers, pray for your king, who with just reason has taken arms. You, Anne, very Christian queen, need no incitement to your prayers. The verse changes to a sort of Sapphic measure, in stanzas of three rhyming lines, each followed by a cho-riambus, showing how the French march over the mountains, the Venetians to Treviso. Here were the first skirmishes; but Louis XII. marched forward, and on the 1st of May, 1509, arrived at Milan. Then there was great rejoicing and gun-firing. But the bursting of one cannon killed a gentleman and a page; "as the saying is, at every feast there is somebody who don't dine well." There was a fairyland of flags, and armour new from the forge. But in array of war "the heart gives strength," says the next rondeau.

The summary of the campaign, described by Jean Marot in much detail, is that the French army, with more than two thousand lances, six thousand Swiss, and

a greater number of French archers, were joined in the Milanese by some Italian allies. The Venetians were less numerous and weakened by a double command, Bartolomea d'Alviano, their general for offence, being coupled with Petigliano, who was to provide for defence of towns on the Adige. The senate ordered their advance to the Adda, near which they re-took Treviglio. Louis hastened from Milan, crossed the Adda, where he dined on the bridge, says Jean Marot, to see his troops go by, and the Greek kings before Troy had no such host. He then posted himself within a mile of the Venetians, who were in an entrenched camp too strong to be taken. To force them out, the French operated to cut them off from their base of operations at Crema and Cremona. Jean Marot, who in varied metres had described the movements of the army and glanced back to the suspense, the prayers and the alms-deeds of Queen Anne in France, changes his measure into Alexandrine verse when, with all pomp of war, he brings the French troops into battle array. He does not forget to record the day of the month and week, even the hour — about four o'clock on Saturday morning, the 11th of May, when the trumpets sounded to horse and the French army took the field before the camp of the Venetians. He tells of the deliberations between the Venetian generals, of whom D'Alviano desired to give battle, Petigliano counselled a safe maintenance of their position. The king then sent to Rivolta two thousand adventurers, with five or six great cannon and five hundred pioneers, delivering it up to sack and pillage by those who should take it.

They were to spare women and children, but with the men do what they would. Before ten volleys of cannon had been fired, five or six pioneers swam the ditch, attacked the wall with their pickaxes, made a hole they could creep through on hands and knees. By two or three such holes adventurers crept into the town, who soon spread terror. Normans, Gascons, pioneers, rushed into wardrobes, chambers, storerooms. God knows, says Jean Marot, how the Swiss move house. In this way Rivolta had been taken in an hour, without breach made by the artillery or any way of entrance for the cavalry. Among those foot soldiers who had crept in, the Germans raised a feud over the plunder. The king outside then sounding to arms, the plunderers crept out by the holes through which they had entered and made off with their booty. But they set fire to the town before they left it, and at the same time a thunderstorm broke over the scene, with heavy rain. During the next days, as the Venetians remained in camp, King Louis diverted the course of the stream by which they were supplied with water. This obliged them to break up their entrenchments; and on Monday, the 14th of May, they quitted their fort, while the French had marched round to cut off the supply of their provisions. So the Venetians, with flags flying, cannons, mortars, culverins rolling, sixty thousand men (less the number added to adorn the record of French victory), incited by their chiefs to valour, braved the shock of arms.

The two forces met near the village of Agnadello. The French, after they had traversed a mile or two of

good ground, had been tramping for two miles in great disorder among marshes, vineyards, and fields ringed with wet ditches; then they found open land. Meanwhile the Venetians marched under cover of small woods that were between the two armies, and among meadows, vineyards, and marshes. Each army seeks to lodge in Agnadello; but, says Jean Marot, sixteen thousand and more are to rest there who will never leave their lodging.

The first meeting was between the French van, under Chaumont, and the Venetian rearguard, under D'Alviano. The French attack was repulsed by the Venetians. The flowers of the spring wood were trampled into mud as the battle raged and the rain poured down. Thunder joined its roar to that of the cannon. The storm of rain was driven in the faces of the French, who were forced to retreat, Chaumont sending to King Louis for instant succour. Bourbon obtained the king's leave to dash with his people to the rescue. The retreating vanguard of the French took heart. Then Jean Marot changes to his light measure in triple rhyme and sings the tumult of the battle, which he saw and which decided the whole fate of the campaign. He dwells on the horror it was to see the poor soldiers murdered, one calling upon Jesus and another on Saint Mary. D'Alviano sent for support to Petigliano, who endeavoured to come to his aid. But then are seen in the air the banners of the king of France, who brings among the struggling squadrons a strong force, led by himself, many in number, firm in rank. The coming of this new force strikes terror among

the Venetian soldiery. They throw their arms down, turn and fly. Petigliano flies with Count Bernardin. D'Alviano seeks bravely to rally his men; but the French soldiers, hardened to slaughter, kill as they pursue, each crying "France!" Venetian knights throw shield and spear away that they may fly the faster. Flags of St. Mark are cast under foot; it is a chase as of wolves after the sheep. D'Alviano is struck down by a common soldier:

"Over his body adventurers close,
Darken his senses with terrible blows,
Some one says, 'Gentlemen, no more of those,
This is Messire
Barthelemy.' But when that they hear say,
One threatens, another will drag him away,
One takes his parole, and another will slay;
Horror to see."

D'Alviano, with loss of an eye, was taken prisoner. For three miles the woods and meadows were covered with dead; and the artillery of the Venetian army was left to the French. After a rondeau to King Louis, Jean Marot describes incidents of the slaughter, and speaks with a shudder of one broad hill of slain, six or seven feet high, in which the dead buried the living. It was at a place where some desperate Venetian foot-soldiers had turned at bay on their pursuers, closed shoulder to shoulder, were hemmed in, slaughtered, and cast one upon another. Then there were rejoicings, cries of "France!" and some took pleasure in looking on the slain. There, says the kindly poet, I remember well, one might see at a glance three thousand bodies

sullied and dabbled with blood, rain and mud, stretched naked, stripped even of their shirts. But France had won glory. And there follows next a rondeau to the victory "At Aignadel."

Result of this battle was the surrender to France of all towns between the Adda and the Mincio. Bergamo, Brescia, Cremona, surrendered. Peschiera was carried by assault, and its commander hanged. Jean Marot, giving exact dates as he proceeds with his metrical diary, describes pomps, triumphs, hanging of two Swiss who were guilty of unpermitted plunder; tells how the noise of the cannonade at Peschiera so terrified the king's fool Triboulet—upon whom Rabelais drew for a name—that he crept under a bed; and here we get a sketch of the poor jester:

"Triboulet was a fool, with no strength in his horn,
At thirty as wise as the day he was born;
Little forehead, great eyes, a big nose, figure bent,
Long, flat stomach, hunched back, to bear weight as he went;
He mimicked all people, could sing, dance, and preach,
Always pleasant, none ever resented his speech."

Poor pleasant Triboulet! Wiser the fool who shrank under his bed and shivered at the sound of war, than those sons of glory who, when they were putting all to the sword after the capture of Peschiera, found, as Jean Marot tells, a dead man with a ducat dropping from his mouth, then cried that the Venetians had been swallowing their money, and began horribly to slit open the corpses for the gold they might find in their stomachs.

Jean Marot has next a rondeau in praise of Louis XII.,

with the refrain, "To keep his faith." Treachery enough had prepared the way for his attack on the Venetians; but being alone on the ground, victorious and for the time irresistible, he kept faith with his fellow conspirators of Cambray and seized no more than his assigned share of the spoil of the Republic. So far the League prospered. Verona, Vicenza, and Padua submitted. Only Treviso held out, a shoemaker there animating the people to be true to the banner of St. Mark. The pope's armies took Faenza and Ravenna. Venice surrendered to Ferdinand the five seaports in the kingdom of Naples. The *Voyage de Venise* ended in triumph, which Jean Marot labours his best to celebrate. When he tells of the triumphal entry into Milan—Scipios, Pompeys, and Cæsars in the street, ladies looking down from the balconies—he alternates heroic verse with a light dance measure of four or five syllabled lines as he tells, now of the heroic march of the procession, now of the festive graces that environed or adorned it. When all is done he brings his hero home to Anne of Brittany, still dating the stages of his travel; blesses the re-union of king and queen; and closes all with a summary in rondeau,¹ pointing to the fact that the great deeds of this Italian campaign were all achieved, as the refrain says, "Within a month":—

"L'an mil cinq cens et neuf, au mois de May."

Clement Marot was about fourteen years old when, in August, his father returned with the French troops and

¹ *Rondeau comprenant tout ce qui est escript au Livre precedent.*

set himself to complete the celebration of what proved to be but a shortlived success. Louis XII., who had taxed Florentines and Milanese for the costs of his expedition, left the people of every surrendered towns eager to come again under the rule of Venice. In July, while he was yet journeying home to his wife, the people of Padua had again received a Venetian garrison, and this was the chief fortress of Venice on the mainland. Petigliano took the command of it. Maximilian, to whose share it had gone, besieged it, and after a fortnight of attack with German, French, and Italian troops, withdrew repulsed. The emperor's repulse quickened re-action. Vicenza was recovered next to Venice, then Brescia and Friuli. At the same time Mars got leave from Jupiter to set by the ears the very virtuous and very Christian personages who were in peace together over the League of Cambray. Ferdinand objected to the interposition of French conquests between Naples and Germany. Pope Julius II. having got the towns of the Romagna which Julius II. wanted, sought, as a good Italian, to take from the French barbarian his sovereignty of Genoa and the alliance of Florence. Mars had, in fact, much business on his hands again; and Peace seemed now to be of opinion that, for her sake, he must now drive out of Milan some French chimæras.

Jean Marot returned to the service of his mistress. He wrote two dozen rondeaux for her, called *The Doctrinal of Princesses*, honouring in each rondeau one of the virtues wherewith a great lady should be adorned,

such as honesty, prudence, liberality, abiding by a promise, friendship, distrust of evil speakers, patronage of men of letters, avoidance of idleness, seeking of peace, prayer in the spirit of truth, love toward one God and one man. He praised, in an acrostic balade, Anne, de, br|etaigne, r|oyne, de, fr|ance.

Hymen had been busy as well as Mars, and when, in 1507, Jean Marot began to follow and to celebrate the king's Italian adventures, Michelle de Saubonne, Anne's best beloved maid of honour, by whose good offices Jean Marot was first introduced to Anne of Brittany,¹ married Jean de Parthenay, Seigneur de Soubise. We are not left to infer the character of her opinions from her marriage into a house soon to become distinguished for its firmness in maintaining the cause of a reformed religion, whereby she became the mother of a great Huguenot captain. In the year after the Venetian expedition, there was born at Blois on the 25th of October, 1510, to Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany, another daughter, who survived. She became known as Renée of France, a hearty friend to the Huguenots. Anne's faith in the high character of Michelle de Saubonne caused her, after she had become Madame de Soubise, to be appointed the child's first instructress, and in Madame de Soubise Renée found a close and constant friend. That

¹ "tu fuz premiere source
De bon recueil à mon pere vivant
Quand à la court du Roy fut arrivant,
Ou tu estois adoncq la mieux aimée
D'Anne, par tout Royne tant renommée."

Clement Marot, *Epître à Madame du Soubise* (1536).

it was this lady who held her hand out to lift Jean Marot into his place near Anne of Brittany fairly indicates that in Clement Marot the religious temper and the liberality of mind came partly by inheritance and by example from his father Jean. Jean Marot had an honest nature's reverence for womanhood. The loose manner of the time appears among his later pieces only in a few animal touches, his general tone being in bright harmony with his praise of women in a collection of metres dedicated to Anne of Brittany as *The Truth Speaking Advocate of Women*.¹ "Men," he says, speaking as in person of a woman, "whom women have nursed at their breasts, tended in childhood, loved in their manhood, nursed in sickness, consoled in poverty, should not be their defamers. It is a bad heart that returns evil for good." Clement, the only son of his father, saw therefore, in his boyhood, the best side of the Court, with women like Anne of Brittany and Michelle de Saubonne for gracious mistress and for elder friend. He had household acquaintance with Madame Claude, the child-wife of the future king; was a boy of fourteen or fifteen when Renée was born, and was at home with her in her first childhood. He was seventeen or eighteen when Pope Julius II. died, after forming what, please the Devil, he had called a "Holy League" between himself, the King of Aragon and Venice against France, and drawing into it Henry VIII. and Maximilian. When Pope Julius died in February, 1513, Genoa was inde-

¹ *La Vray-Disante Advocate des Dames.*

pendent, the Medici ruled in Florence, and a Sforza in Milan.

Clement Marot was eighteen or nineteen years old when he mourned with France for the death of Anne of Brittany. Again an infant son had not survived; again the mother's health had failed; but this time it failed finally. The queen died early in 1514, and King Louis XII. a year later. After Anne's death he sought extrication from his foreign troubles; reconciled himself to the new pope, Leo X., and to Henry VIII. of England; married, indeed, for more perfect reconciliation, Henry's young sister Mary; but his broken health did not survive the excitement of wedding festivities. He died on the 1st of January, 1515. Then Francis I., aged twenty-one, was King of France, and Clement Marot, aged twenty, ready to win rank as the great poet of his reign.

But Jean Marot still lived and wrote. Queen Anne's poet was received into the new king's household as valet de chambre, and held that office till his death in 1523. He died with his hand in the hand of his son Clement, speaking thus, as Clement records, father to son, poet to poet:

“ And I remember when his death was near
That, holding me by the right hand, he said :
Son, since God by his gracious will has made
You the true heir of my small gift of wit,
Seek the good I have ever found in it;
Use it according to its right intent.
It is an art so pure and innocent
That it can not do any creature wrong.

By preachings one may lead astray the throng ;
 By merchandise one may learn how to cheat ;
 By pleader's art his substance one may eat ;
 By medicine one may know how to kill :
 But your fair art has no such evil skill,
 The work you give your name to may be better.
 You may give cadence to a lay or letter,
 And then may dedicate it to your friends,
 Making it labour towards loving ends.
 You may translate the volumes writ of old
 By Divine pens of men of noble mould,
 Old Latins, of whom there is so much mention.
 Afterwards, turning to your own invention,
 Some of your own work you may bring to light,
 On the first page whereof, within it write
 Your invocation of the ALMIGHTY name.
 Then you may paint the spreading of the fame
 Of king or prince, whose height assurance gives
 That by its theme your work for ever lives ;
 Which may perhaps give such weight to your lays
 That profit shall be added to your praise."

We have not yet come to the death of Jean Marot ;
 but these lines may be quoted here as his own sketch
 of what he meant when he encouraged his son's genius
 for poetry. Often, said Clement afterwards, my father
 gave me a lesson to make me understand the sweetness
 of poetry and teach me the art of verse as he then prac-
 tised it. And so of evenings the good old man worked
 by my side and remained awake at his lamp, taking
 pains with my instruction. But the pains he took
 filled him with pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLEMENTINE ADOLESCENCE.

L'ADOLESCENCE CLEMENTINE is the name given by Clement Marot to the first gathering of his verse into a printed volume.

Study by lamplight with his father, frequent access to the court, familiar hearing of public events, and common influences of the life about him, were not all the schooling received by young Clement Marot. His father, little taught in his own youth, and perhaps a little bored by the necessity of paying in his own person great respect to those "old Latins, of whom there is so much mention," took care not to neglect the education of his son, and Clement's boyhood and youth in Paris were duly occupied with school and college work. The student life of Paris was then partly pedantic, partly wild; there would have been less wildness had there been less formalism; but the wilder life was a life of freedom, although freedom in excess, and a youth of bright natural genius, who had a wholesome home to keep him true to God and man, might get more profit from excess of liveliness in his associates than from the barren doctrine of his teachers.

François Villon, already mentioned, was, in some respects, no creditable type of what might come out of

the undisciplined student life of Paris. Half a century lay between the days of Villon and the days of Clement Marot in the University of Paris. He was born in 1431, the son, probably, of a poor shoemaker in Paris. His genius made him a student, and he became one of the poor scholars of the University. Vivacity and want of guidance, added to want of means, threw him among a class of idle scholars, who lived loosely by their wits and scandalised the blind authority which for so many centuries has beaten with a staff the child it might have led. A damsel jilted him; he plagued her with comic attacks; she reported to the high ecclesiastical authorities, which cared for morals and religion, some of his light words; he was condemned, stripped, and whipped. It was in 1456, the year of his satiric *Petit Testament*. That sort of discipline can only add heat to the blood; Villon at once became bitterly defiant, and next year he was in the prisons of the Châtelet for an offence that seems to have brought some of his companions in it to the gallows. But we must not forget how many offences, widely differing in their degrees of criminality, were then punished with death. Villon in prison was subjected to torture and condemned to be hanged. By intercession of Charles of Orleans, himself a poet, on occasion of the birth of a daughter, Villon's sentence was commuted to banishment. His verse shows that he felt his escape deeply, and then one hears no more of Villon till 1461, when at Meung on the Loire, he was again in prison by episcopal authority, which seems to have been used oppressively. He was pining

in a close dungeon upon bread and water when set free by the arrival in the town of Louis XI. soon after his accession. That was the time of the writing of the *Grand Testament*, and Villon died about ten years before the birth of Clement Marot. Rabelais says that he died in Poitou under the protection of the abbé of Saint-Maixent, and wrote there for the people, in their own dialect, a miracle play of the death of Christ. François Villon loved and revered his illiterate mother, loved his country and his friends; his heart rose to the sense of noble deeds, his nature was open and his word was true. Quick wit and frank speech, despair and bad companionship, would bring him into many troubles; but he disdained hypocrisy, and, good and bad, his heart speaks in his verses. Clement Marot, at the age of about five and thirty, edited the works of Villon, his object, he said, being to free from confusion and misprint the verse of one whom he declared to be the best of the poets Paris had produced. He said: "I am (certes) neighbour to him in nothing; but for love of his fine intelligence, and in recompense for what I may have learnt of him in reading his works, I have done to them what I would wish done to my own if they met with a like accident." And Clement Marot advised young poets not to be servile copyists of what was obsolete in Villon, but to study his genius, learn from him truth of description, and never doubt that he would have excelled all poets of his time if he had been bred at court, where judgment is corrected, language polished. Clearly, then, François Villon, with all his sins upon

his head, was young Clement Marot's favourite poet. However reprobate, there was the grace of nature in his style; a dealing with real thoughts and feelings in plain words that gave them a real utterance, and an abandonment of all the dull machinery of artificial verse.

From the freedom, then, of student life, as from the freedom of Villon's verse, Clement Marot drew strength. He, too, was of a lively wit, but bred under the guidance of a father who could work and feel with him. He was in contact with a court that had a good warm-hearted woman for its centre, a woman, too, who gathered good women about her and made men of genius her friends. Thus his judgment and his language had that higher training of which he felt the absence in Villon. Villon began the reform which Marot perfected, when in his verse bright thoughts were uttered in the simplest language with a grace that came from the court of Anne of Brittany, and left him strong enough to keep an uncorrupted mind in the foul air of the court of Francis I. Even the good Jean Marot gives us a glimmering reflection from his later verse—verse written for the court of Francis I., of the avowed sensualism of the new court school. We find traces of it in his *Letter of the Paris Ladies to the Courtiers in Italy*. The change to a young dissolute monarch from the rule of the elderly Louis XII., tall, lean, dry, not ungenial, and strictly true to a wife whom he had reason to honour, was, in its influence on decencies of speech, not unlike the change, a few years earlier, in England from the shrewd, dry, frugal Henry VII. to young Henry VIII.,

lavish and sensual, fair match for Francis in his predilections for all that is animal in life, although no match for him in profligacy. But there was a form of truth, not out of harmony with the new spiritual life of the time, in the habit which spread rapidly in France and England, under Francis I. and Henry VIII., of calling everything by its real name, no matter what. Wise men who were profoundly earnest did not flinch from it. In England Skelton, whom Erasmus called the light and ornament of British letters, was, during the first years of the reign of Francis I., risking his life by denunciation of Wolsey. He was so earnest a reformer that the religious Spenser took his own poetical name from a work of his exposing the wrongs of the people, and he mixed his religious satire with such plain adoption of the taste of the time for plain-spoken jests drawn from our animal life (and this also God gave) as we find in Rabelais, who, some twelve years younger than Luther, and of about the same age as Clement Marot, was gathering strength from the world he saw to create a satire keen in wit, earnestly dealing with religion of his time, rich in wisdom as well as scholarship, and carrying a sound mind in a cheery mass of flesh.

Energies of the people were reviving. Europe had been able to turn to account even Lorenzo de' Medici, and now gave to the names of Leo X. and Francis I. a good odour which history does not find to have proceeded from their virtues, their attainments, or their policy. For history has at last ceased to ascribe to sovereigns the vigour of the nations over whom they

rule. In the days of Clement Marot's youth, as in all days, and with good reason, ideas of the past were honoured after they had done their work in the world's education. In many of its time-honoured forms the University of Paris differed greatly from the life within, and that strong inner life was not confined to lawlessness of students. It had its chief and best expression among leaders of thought like those who long before had, in the discussion of such questions as that of the pope's subordination to the councils of the church, given to orthodoxy its most liberal interpretation. The University of Paris often had represented the free intellect of France; while that of Toulouse, established by Pope Gregory IX. during the Albigensian crusade as barrier against heresy, was doggedly opposed to the advance of thought. The old forms and restrictions were, no doubt, in Paris too, and many were there who passed narrow censorious judgments upon all who were less narrow than themselves. But for generations intellect had been yet more active in the University life of Paris among bright teachers who sought to define law, than among bright students who joined a mob of the rebelliously stupid in defying it. There were still taught by old rules the Trivium and Quadrivium which led up to theology; the degree in theology being a last assurance of having mounted all steps in the tower of doctrine. A superstitious reverence for Aristotle still made the name of the most independent of scholars, one who advanced with eager curiosity into new regions of knowledge, a battle cry for those who would not budge

farther than he had gone. Men hated research in the name of Aristotle, as they have hated one another in the name of Christ.

Analogy was close between the formalism of the poets and the theologians. Each, born to speak to the heart with words of power, wasted ingenuity upon dead forms. Erasmus, a few years before Clement Marot became a student, had been forcing himself into a knowledge of what took the place of religion in the schools of Paris, passing thence into the pulpits. He pitied the youths who went through enormous labour to obtain waste knowledge. And he pitied the congregations of whom such youths afterwards became instructors.¹ "How often," he says, "have I been ashamed of them, and pitied the poor people when I saw them in church eager and thirsting for a wholesome nourishment that they could take home with them, and then such a theologaster got up and, full of gravity, set forth the solution of a question out of Scotus or Occam, to show us how much he had learnt in the Sorbonne. Then the greater number of the hearers went home as they came; a few admired the young preacher's oratory; and none got any good, least of all those who, already ailing with such follies, now had got stuff for a quarrel with their friends."

¹ Enchiridion. Melancthon tells of a professor of theology, who, preaching from the text in Genesis, "*Melchizedek King of Salem brought forth bread and wine:—Rex Salem panem et vinum obtulit;*" preached on the theological virtues of salt. A magistrate is said to have been justified in not paving the road before his house with the text from the Psalms, "*paveant illi, non paveam ego,*" which showed that King David said he wouldn't pave. A professor lecturing upon

In truth they were poor mice
 Who taught in days of old,
 And as I hope for Paradise
 They made my youth run cold.¹

To that effect sang Marot afterwards of College regents, under whom he suffered. But in the great congregation of the people ran the life-blood of the time. If their poets and philosophers and preachers gave them words without thoughts, or without thoughts worth following, they who dealt simply and truly fastened every man upon the natural desires and aspirations of mankind. And among the poets Clement Marot, whether he sang of human or divine love, whether in jest or prayer, when he had passed through the merely imitative period which belongs to the training time of a young artist, always expressed in simple and fit words thoughts natural to the occasion; he wrote like a good Frenchman, social, generous, and courteous, gay, loving France, fame and fair ladies, but God more than all.

Houses and streets of the capital of Louis XII. have almost all disappeared. Paris was divided into the

Aristotle, found in his commentator "The soul is *ἄνλος*," meaning immaterial, printed The soul is *αἰλός*, meaning a pipe. As the original authority could not be wrong, he discovered and communicated to his class fifteen reasons why the soul is a pipe.

¹ *Seconde Epistre du Coq à l'Asne*. The translation is a little loose, and a profound critic might object that "mice" are not "great beasts," but there are mice and mice. This is the mouse in office. Marot writes:—

- *En effect, c'estoyent de grans bestes
 Que les regens du temps jadis,
 Jamais je n'entre en Paradis,
 S'ils ne m'ont perdu ma jeunesse.*

City, the Town, and the University. The whole district on the left bank of the Seine, from the *Porte de la Tornelle* to the Tower of Nesle, was the quarter of the University, entered by six gates, and it contained, besides its abbeys, forty-two colleges, as *Montaigu*, *Cluny*, *Harcourt*, *Bayeux*, *Justice*, *des Cholets*, *du Cardinal Lemoine*, founded chiefly by rich ecclesiastics, with many endowments for free education of poor scholars.

Among these colleges was the Sorbonne, founded by Robert Sorbon, a poor scholar who became a famous doctor of theology, and in 1252 established the college called by his name as a community of secular ecclesiastics devoted to study, and giving gratuitous instruction in theology. The University had from the sovereign many privileges, and a syndic whose especial business it was to watch over them. They were well watched over. Students themselves undertook the vindication of a right to eat grapes at discretion in the vineyards about *Vauvert* and the *Chartreux*, a right, they said, traceable by tradition up to Charlemagne. Gregory IX. had given to the University the right of shutting its own vineyard, by suspending lectures at discretion; and when contest arose between the King and University upon a point of privilege, the University would conquer by a strike. The last of these academical strikes occurred in the time of Louis XII. At first the only faculties were those of Arts and Theology, but Medicine was added in 1469; Law later. Six years of study preceded attainment, at the age of one-and-twenty, of the Bachelor's degree. Then two more years

of study under a doctor or master of arts raised the student to the rank of a licentiate. Jean Marot probably had been out of employ during the months that intervened between the death of Anne of Brittany and the accession of Francis I. Louis XII. did not continue to maintain the gentlemen and ladies of her costly household. In sign that there was no longer open house the Grand Master of Brittany had broken the staff over her grave, saying, "The very Christian Queen and Duchess, our Sovereign Lady and Mistress is dead. Let each provide for himself." Jean Marot had to provide for himself and for his son. Clement had been placed in the household of a very rich man, Nicolas de Neuville, Seigneur de Villeroi, as page. This was then a common way of establishing relations of patron and client, and a friend certainly was made in this manner by Jean Marot for his son. Clement wrote a poem when about seventeen years old, and living as page with M. de Villeroi. He added to it at M. de Villeroi's desire a *Queste de Ferme Amour*, dedicating the work at first to King Francis. But more than twenty years later he showed the abiding of friendship by dedicating it afresh to M. de Villeroi, whom he calls his "first master, and the only one (except the princes) whom I have ever served."

The poem is one of a school then more than four centuries old. Cupid came down in the spring-time to look at his subject lovers. He found emperors, princesses, nations, in subjection, but not the poet. Against

him therefore he shot a dart that caused much torment. But as his mistress was not to be softened, he resolved to seek forgetfulness in far travel, and go as knight-errant in search of a high goddess named Firm Love, who for a long time had not been seen in this world. Failing to hear of her, he determined to look for her in the Temple of Cupid. He describes the road to it and the Temple, and throned Cupid, in pleasant imitation of many a poem of the school of the *Romaunt of the Rose*. In the Heart of the Temple he found Firm Love, having for companions and followers a great prince and a lady, identified by lilies of France and the ducal ermine as King Francis and Queen Claude. Then he concludes that Firm Love is in the Heart. He may say so, for there he himself has found it. But King Francis proved himself one of the worst enemies of "Firme Amour."

The Seigneur de Villeroi, whom Clement Marot served as page till, at the age of about eighteen, he had outgrown such service, was owner of that country-house of the Tuileries which, in 1518, he sold to the mother of King Francis, starting-point of the great building works upon which Catherine de Medicis afterwards employed Philibert Delorme. This Nicholas de Neuville, founder of a family which first became, through a second Nicholas, conspicuous in history, had been a financial secretary in 1507. He became enormously rich by his dealing with the money of the nation, had a grave slow manner, married in 1511, and in the year

of his sale of the house at the Tuileries to Louise of Savoy, was chevalier, financial secretary, and auditor to the French chancellerie.

Anne of Brittany being dead, and young Clement having outgrown the office of a page, his father seems to have made him, in the last days of Louis XII., a law clerk, Bazochian, in the palace which is now known as the Palace of Justice, but of which the law-court was associated with the usual residence of the Kings of France, until Francis I. removed from it to the Hôtel de St. Paul.

The law clerks of the Palais distinguished themselves so greatly by obtrusive gaiety, that Bazochian became another word for reveller; but Bazoche was the original name of the jurisdiction of a serio-comic guild established in the Palace in 1303 by Philip the Fair, for judgment of suits and disputes between clerks of procureurs, or between them and other people. Philip named its chief the King of the Bazoche, supplied him with a court of officials, great in name, and gave him a royal robe of office. There was a solemn opening of his court at Martinmas; there were days for sitting to hear causes in the Palace, and there was an annual parade of the clerks of the Palace and the Châtelet to sound of drum and trumpet, which ended with the planting of a may-tree in the Palace court. The clerks of the Bazoche acted farces before the King, on a marble table at the end of the great hall of the palace built by St. Louis, and burnt down in 1618. In its place is now the *Salle des Pas Perdus*. The Bazochians

had not only a burlesque king to put good humour into the execution of a useful office, but an ally who bore the title of "the Prince of Fools." He was the Prince of the players, the "Enfants sans Souci." The Bazoche was in full vigour when young Clement became one of its clerks. Philip le Bel had set up a Bazoche for the clerks of the notaries and procureurs of Orleans, and given to their chief the name of Emperor. Louis XII. himself established, in 1499, the Bazoche of the Parliament of Rouen, styling its head a Regent, and giving it a royal charter in burlesque rhyme.¹

But young Clement Marot, who, as he went out into the fields, could sing love-songs to the fair damsel who dwelt by the Porte Barbette, and play his part with the Bazochians, was blending soberly his Latin studies with his studies in his father's art. Earliest of his pieces, and written, as he tells us, when yet very young, is a translation of the first Eclogue of the Bucolics of Virgil into verse, with a cadence like that of Waller's lines for a saraband. In the preface to *L'Adolescence Clementine*, a preface written at the age of about six and thirty, Marot speaks of that work as containing evidence of its early place among its writings, in a neglect of the *e* feminine, a fault, to which Jean le Maire called his attention, and which, by Le Maire's teaching, he learnt to correct.

¹ The king of the Bazoche and the chief privileges of the corporation were abolished in Paris by Henry III., but even later than that time (as late as 1596) a bazoche was established in Marseilles, and the law clerks of Paris associated as Bazochians, and had a battalion of Bazochians, down to the year 1789.

Jean le Maire, who is named by Clement Marot as one of those whom the liberal mind and purse of Anne of Brittany brought to her court, was a Belgian historian and poet born at Bavai, in Hainault. He was ten years younger than his friend Jean Marot, and some twenty-two years older than Clement, whom we find thankfully taking a lesson from him in the art of versifying. Jean le Maire had for his own chief teacher his uncle Molinet, who was in his time a famous chronicler, and he became skilled not only in Latin, but also in French, Spanish, and Italian. He was in the service of various persons of rank and wealth before 1504. In that year he was with Margaret of Austria, for whom he wrote his *Green Lover*, the complaints of a pet parrot who died of grief after Margaret had left for Germany. The recent discovery of the New World had brought these bright parrots for ornament into houses of the rich, and thence into literature. They were among the first articles bartered by the natives, and appear promptly in European literature as Court Birds; witness Lindsay's *Testament of the Papingo*, Skelton's *Speke Parrot*, and Le Maire's *Green Lover*. Afterwards Jean le Maire succeeded his uncle in the office of librarian to Margaret of Austria, and in the first volume of his *Illustrations of Belgic Gaul*, published in 1509, after a residence in Italy, he wrote himself her Judiciary and Historiographer. Among his various writings one was on behalf of Louis XII. when Pope Julius had formed the "Holy League" against him. This caused Le Maire to obtain the post

of historiographer to the court of France, which he held till the death of Louis in 1515. Thus he was fixed at Paris in the days when Clement Marot was a bright student, translating into verse the dialogue between Melibæus and Tityrus as exercise in his art; looking up to his father and his father's friends and associates in poetry as masters and, keen in his young artistic relish of the stir of life, honouring in one of his balades the "Enfants sans Souci," gay guardians of the childhood of the modern drama. Among Jean le Maire's verses written at this time was a *Letter from Louis XII. to Hector of Troy*, in which Louis is made to tell the story of the victory at Agnadel, and complains of the perfidy of Julius II. Clement Marot retained his respect for Jean le Maire when he had far surpassed him both in skill and fame. Clement's good will and good word held steadily by all his fellow-labourers, and he claimed as "brothers" the "sons of Apollo" who could take delight in song. But the verse of Jean le Maire was of the old conventional school, which Clement Marot more than any other, by the grace of his own genius, drove out of fashion. In the time of Francis I. the world with its good gifts and honours had swept by the place where Jean le Maire stood fixed, and left him to feel hunger and neglect. Clement Marot remained his friend, but in the life also of Clement Marot there was more peril than prosperity. Jean le Maire, owing no thanks to the "Father of Letters," despaired, drank, became mad, and died obscurely in a hospital.

Offices left vacant by Louis XII. were filled by his free-handed young successor. Jean Marot had again an appointment in the palace, which he may have owed to the goodwill of Anne's daughter Claude, married when in mourning for her mother, in May, 1514, to Francis, she being only in her fifteenth year. Jean Marot got his post in the palace, not as poet, but as valet de chambre. Soon afterwards, his son Clement forsook the company of the law-clerks of the Palace, said farewell to a hard-hearted damsel by the *Porte Barbette*, and followed the army to the wars:

Silvery musical warblers of song,
Henceforth, as one who is much trouble-tost,
I'll chant above the trumpet in the throng:
Ah, that I let my sunny time be lost!
Since in the craving I had I am crost,
This is my song, for sorrow suits me most,
Now, I'll go see, does the war smite our host—
Is it all prickles like a hedgehog ball?
Adieu, I bid you, master mine, John Scrawl.
Adieu the Palace and the gate Barbette,
Where I've sung many a delicate fall
For the delight of a little coquette.¹

So begins a balade which chronicles young Clement Marot's farewell to his desk at the Palais and his love in idleness. As he did not go with the main army from Grenoble, but followed to the wars, he could not have

¹ *Ballade de soy mesmes du Temps qu'il apprenoit à escrire au Palais à Paris.* This is the first stanza with its refrain modified by the sense of the second. Marot writes "Pour le plaisir d'une jeune fille," in which line, of course "une" and "jeune" are dissyllables, the poet having learnt of Jean le Maire the respect due to an e feminine.

been at the battle of Marignano, which was the chief incident in the king's first campaign.

Francis I. on coming to the throne, took for counsellor his tutor Artus Gouffier, Sire de Boisy ; indeed, Gouffier's room was the king's council-chamber. The new king's first labour was to be the re-conquest of Milan, for which he found a force already collected. Against him were Ferdinand of Aragon, the emperor, the Pope, the Duke of Milan, and the Swiss. His troops were his mounted nobility and gentry ; the people of central France had in those days no arms put in their hands. Only Gascons and Picards served as infantry, and in this expedition the infantry was supplied chiefly by Basques and the German mercenaries. They passed the Alps and the Po, took Villafranca by surprise, and bore the shock of the Swiss at Marignano, where King Francis, after fighting from four in the afternoon till midnight, waited for morning upon a gun-carriage, with nothing to eat, and nothing to drink but blood and water. In the morning, after four more hours of battle, victory was assured to the French by the arrival of an army of Venetians to their aid. Francis, knighted by Bayard upon his first field, by this battle recovered Milan in October, 1515. It led also to a firm peace with the Swiss and to a concordat with Pope Leo X., by which Francis made free for himself with the liberties of the French people, and for the pope made equally free with their money. Parliament for a time refused to register this sovereign deed, and France, in this reign and in later reigns, protested.

King Francis, having won back the Milanese, cast a longing glance towards Naples; but, reassured by the fact that Ferdinand, who had been sinking in health since 1513, was likely to die soon, and that a pounce on Naples might be more conveniently made after his death, came back to France. Very soon after his return, he heard of the death of Ferdinand and the accession of young Charles of Austria to the Spanish throne. Ferdinand V., the Catholic, died king of Spain, at the age of sixty-four. By his marriage with Isabella of Castile, he had joined Castile to Aragon. By conquest of Granada, he had expelled the Moors and added to his dominions, which he farther enlarged by the conquest of Navarre. He had become, by conquest and treachery, through his general, Gonsalvo de Cordova, king of Naples as well as of Sicily; and, through Columbus, his rule had extended to a new-found world. This was a large inheritance for his grandson Charles, son of his daughter Joanna, whose marriage with Maximilian's son, Archduke Philip of Austria, gave her boy the inheritance of Austria, with fair chance of succession to the German Empire. By the death of Ferdinand, his mother became Queen of Spain, and he could only style himself Prince; but his ambition to be king at once, his mother's name preceding his as that of Queen, overbore doubts, and he came to the Spanish throne as Charles I. when sixteen years old, a year after the accession of King Francis, who was six years his senior, to the throne of France. Afterwards, by the death of Maximilian in 1520, Charles, then aged twenty, became

also Emperor of the West, as Charles V. But in 1516, when he became Charles I. of Spain, his advisers led him to make peace in all his borders. At the end of 1516 all wars arisen from the League of Cambray were at an end, and Jean Marot's allegorical Peace found western Europe free from all Chimæras. There was no more fighting till the death of Maximilian, and then a very dangerous Chimæra threatened her from Paris. King Francis aspired to be elected Emperor. At one time there was a fair chance of success; but on the 5th of July the vote fell to young Charles. Great was the wrath of Francis, and up came the coward's plea of the balance of power, newly drawn from the Italian wars of rapine and based on acceptance of the axiom that kings and high diplomatists are sharks and sharpers. Charles the First of Spain and Fifth of Germany might knit his realms into a power that would surpass France in its strength and influence. The strong feed on the weak. Occasion must be found for crippling any neighbour whose good health becomes a just cause of alarm.

From Francis the First we turn to Clement Marot. They were young Frenchmen of like age—Francis about a year older than Clement; and while Francis, just after his accession, was gone with his first army into Italy to recover Milan, Clement, as we have seen, bade farewell to his desk at the Palace, and followed to the war. Fighting was at an end, and he was soon in Paris again, where it was his ambition to be recognized as a court poet. He wrote, on the birth of Queen

Claude's first child, the Dauphin, born in 1517, a balade in the old style, wherein, the little prince being allegorically speaking, fish, Neptune and the sea monsters figure, on occasion of "the birth of the fair Dolphin so much desired in France." Clement seems early to have written himself "Facteur de la Royne," Maker (that is, poet) to the Queen; and young Claude, queen at sixteen and dead at five and twenty, victim to the debauched life of her husband—Claude, whom her subjects called "the good Queen," whom even her husband half respected, although she was hated and persecuted by his licentious mother—Claude had known Clement Marot in her mother's household, and her mother's memory was dear. While Anne lived, Louis had deferred the actual marriage between Francis and Claude; for to the last the good Bretonne remained averse. She had shrunk from union of a daughter trained to her own sense of right with a son of Louise of Savoy. "He is bad," she had said; but Louis had argued "Although she wants beauty, he will respect the virtues of our child." The mother's love had reasoned better than the father's policy, but it had not prevailed; and after the death of Anne a young girl's heart and life were sacrificed to maintain the integrity of a great kingdom. Little to give for a large gain, perhaps, but it was Claude's all; and in the ten years of her queenship the best happiness for her was in the memory of the love of her dead mother and in the nurture of her young children. After her death poor Frenchmen invoked her as a saint. Remembering

old days, Claude looked. probably with goodwill on Clement Marot's verse. But at court, Louise of Savoy, dominated over the young queen; and Clement, struggling for a position that would save him from dependence on the small means of his father, who had but his little place at the court as valet de chambre, sought it in the goodwill of Marguerite of Alençon, who became his patroness in the year 1519, through the kind offices of a Seigneur Pothon. Marguerite was not quite two years and a half older than her brother Francis. Her age was twenty-seven in the year 1519, and she had been for ten years the wife of Charles, Duke of Alençon, first Prince of the Blood and afterwards Constable of France. She had liberality of mind, with genius, vivacity, and interest, like that of Marot, in the growing demand for a Church that really gathered to itself and quickened with true wisdom the sympathies and aspirations of the people.

Clement Marot must have thought that if any one could be to him a little like what Queen Anne, Duchess of Brittany, was to his father, it must be Marguerite, Duchess of Alençon. There is a rondeau of his addressed to one who was at this time an active friend of the Marots, Monsieur de Pothon,¹ in which Clement refers to his ill-fortune, says that he has good will to become wise, but that he cannot without help succeed "you know where," the phrase "*la où sçavez*" serving as refrain. Would M. de Pothon speak to

¹ *A Monsieur de Pothon pour le prier de parler au Roy pour luy.*

the king for him? M. de Pothon helped Clement so far as to obtain for him the king's good word with his sister, and he enabled the young poet to recommend himself to the duchess by presenting her with a letter in verse, wherein he offered himself to her as one who was unprovided for, "Le Despourveu."

In this letter Clement Marot trusts the gentleness of Duchess Marguerite to pardon his simplicity of youth in writing to her, and telling her his case. He tells it in due form by bringing down from the skies Mercury, who turns his heavenly face on the author with an expression of blended love and anger, and then addresses him in a *rondeau*¹ with "Thousand of Griefs" for its burden. Mercury tells him that he will suffer if he diligently train his wit to poetry, and that he will suffer fifty times more if he quench his aspiration. But if he desire to go the way of honour and well-being, let him turn to the excellent Duchess of Alençon, who will save him from a thousand griefs; and let him show her what he can do. Then "the author" tells that the eloquent god having delivered his advice went back to heaven, but left him filled, as it seemed, with all the pleasure of the world, in happy ideas, good matter whereof to make verse for a lady bright with virtues. The joyous temper and the subtle vein were there, that he might write in sovereign style; but then there came a lean, hideous, cold-hearted old woman, whose name was Fear. She caused him to throw his pen aside, and spoke her mind upon his over-boldness in a *rondeau*

¹ No. 3, of the nine letters in the *Adolescence Clementine*.

very unlike that of Mercury. He is too young to speak before the perfect orators who themselves fear to address the duchess over boldly. After this, "the author" tells how he was left triste, trembling, and otherwise touched with trouble in *t*; sombre and otherwise sad with syllables in *s*; melancholy and with much more misery in *m*; pale, pensive, painfully perplexed in *p*; feeble, fluttered, and further afflicted in *f*; confounded, &c., in *c*. But when he had, because of fear, abandoned his over-bold enterprise, a cheery old man, whose name was Good Hope, came to comfort him. Fear, the friend of Care, sought to drive this old man away, but he banned her with a balade, and encouraged the youth to put faith in Mercury, and make good use of his five senses. "Away," he said, "with fear and care and doubt. For she, whom you think of addressing, is full of the liquor of humanity, clear virtue that no vice ever subdued; also she is the lady who is most indulgent towards writers of innocent wit, and is most ready to nonsuit their miseries. Therefore away with fear and care and doubt. Is it possible that there should be in one body the three fair gifts of Juno, Pallas, and Venus? Yes; for I know that she has prudence, beauty, sweetness—and five hundred virtues more. Therefore, my friend, if your verses are proper you will know, never doubt it, to what honour a youth comes who can banish fear and care and doubt. It will fare ill with the man who rents his estate of the Muses, if he go down into the Vale of Fear. Take my advice, therefore, and away with fear and care and doubt." Then speaks The Unprovided

For, and tells how he sprang out of his dream a little while before the coming of Aurora; and he says to the duchess that his dream was not all dream, because she has the virtues which Good Hope ascribed to her. And for this reason he has done according to the will of Mercury. "Good Hope," he says, "has been feeding me in the Forest of Long Waiting. But will the duchess now extend her grace to me, and suffer me to be the least of little servants in her house? Not for my own prayer, but for love of her only brother the king, who has sent me, and who presents me through Pothon, that honourable gentleman." If she will do this, the unhappy pilgrim will be saved, in spite of the winds, by the opportune boat, out of the Unfortunate Sea, and taken into the Island of Honour. He will spend his wit in her service, writing works that it shall please her to command. So finally he prays that God will maintain her in prosperity, and, after a hundred years, take her soul to His mercy, parting it from the body without pain or care.

Such are the lines upon which Clement Marot built a court poem of the old conventional fashion to win footing in the household of the Duchess of Alençon. To the same time of his life belongs also a rondeau in honour of the duchess. It was in 1518 that Clement Marot was received into her establishment; and he remained in her service during the next sixteen years. His recognition had been obtained from her when, in the year 1520, Charles I. of Spain became Charles V.

of Germany, and Francis I. of France resolved stupidly that he must pick a quarrel with him and abate his power. Clement Marot's age was then four or five-and-twenty. Thus far, what had been the fruits of *The Clementine Adolescence*?

There is much evidence that he was studying his art, and, as a youth, learning by imitation as a youth must. The translation of an Eclogue of Virgil's has been already mentioned. There was also a translation into heroic couplet of Lucian's *Judgment of Minos*, made at the age of eighteen or nineteen. A translation into like measure of some Latin verses upon Holy Thursday by Philip Beroaldus, the elder, dead in 1505; a translation, also from Latin, of a prayer on the Crucifixion; bear also early witness to the religious element in the young poet's character. In imitation of the school to which *The Romaunt of the Rose* belonged, there were the *Temple of Cupid* and the *Quest of Firm Love*, with the letter to the Duchess d'Alençon, and some other pieces. There was a free rendering into verse of the letter of Maguelonne to Pierre, from the romance of *The Fair Maguelonne and Pierre of Provence*. There were also rondeaux, balades, chansons, dizains, and other pieces modelled upon forms then fashionable. Sometimes they simply imitated the rhetorical formalists of the old school, and sometimes Marot breathed into their forms a new life quickened by the breath of François Villon and refined by his own genius. There is no lack of the natural vivacity of youth, and the

individuality of a true poet soon becomes well marked. There is simple honesty in the rondeau to a creditor,¹ which asks for time, and promises to pay when money comes, without a trace of the scoff already fashionable against men who had been dealt with dishonestly. Clement's wit has worthier aims. His sympathy with the rising demand for church reform is shown already by scorn of the vicious idleness² of monks in the balade of *Brother Lubin* with the witty double sense in its transition from the fact that he preached as a theologian, but as for drinking good spring-water—you may give it to your dog—he never could do that. Lubin was the satirical name by which idle monks went among satirists, a name sometimes supposed to have been first applied to the Grey Friars, of whose head, Saint Francis, tradition said that he had called a wolf his brother. But in fact the word is akin to our lubber, a lumpish fellow who lobs, that is, hangs or dangles about, and has not strength to support himself;³ describing the monks, as Marot's contemporary, John Fryth did when he called them persons who "would not work themselves, though they were sturdye lubbers, but lived on other men's charitie." From the free life of Cahors, from the life and thought of his father, from the friendship of Michelle Saubonne, from the bright and generous

¹ *A un creancier.* No. 2 in the Rondeaux of the *Adolescence Clementine*.

² *De frère Lubin.* No. 3 in the *Balades* of the *Adolescence Clementine*.

³ The b has become p in lop-eared and lop-sided.

instincts of his own mind looking out upon the world, Clement Marot drew strength even in the light days of his youth, which made him one with those who sought to make religion a reality. He had no more love than Rabelais for Lubins of the church, and one of the earliest of his balades is that in which he speaks his mind about them :

To run as a post to the town,
 Ten times, score times, don't know how many,
 To fetch his own character down,
 Brother Lubin's as clever as any.
 But the way of the upright to go,
 Or be wholesome and keep down his fat,
 That is what a good Christian may do,
 Brother Lubin can not do that.

To mix up, as able contriver,
 His own and another man's penny,
 And leave you without cross or stiver,
 Brother Lubin's as clever as any.
 You may ask for the money you lack,
 And say, settle he shall, that is flat.
 He will not give you anything back,
 Brother Lubin can not do that.

To misguide with a supple address
 Some true-hearted, innocent Jenny,
 There's no want of gray subtleness,
 Brother Lubin's as clever as any.
 He can preach as a great theologue,
 But to drink from the well—caveat—
 Give it as drink to your dog—
 Brother Lubin can not do that.

ENVOY.

At mercies few and mischiefs many
 Brother Lubin's as clever as any.
 And when there's good work to be at,
 Brother Lubin can not do that.

CHAPTER IV.

COURT, CAMP, AND PRISON.

THE year is 1520. Clement's age is about twenty-four. His father is still living, and is Valet of the Wardrobe to King Francis I. For himself he has just obtained, what appears to be a settlement in life, as valet in the household of Marguerite, Duchess of Alençon.

Brantôme tells us that a gallant Neapolitan cavalier who had come to the coast of France, finding this lady absent at the baths—perhaps at Cauterets in the Pyrenees, wherewith she connects the framework of her *Heptameron*—waited two months for her return, and then said to him: “The Princess of Salerno had such a reputation for her beauty in our town of Naples, that if any one had been to Naples and not seen that Princess, he was told that he had not seen Naples. If any one had asked me whether I had seen France and its court, I must have said no, if I had not seen the Lady Marguerite. But, now that I have seen her, I may say that I have seen the beauty of the world. Happy are those Frenchmen who may approach her daily!” Happy, then, among such Frenchmen was Clement Marot.

Brantôme himself was enthusiastic on the subject of

- her beauty. Seeing the troubles of her life, Fortune, he thought, owed Nature a grudge for making her so fair that beauties of past, present, and future must be ill favoured in comparison with her. "Is there," he said, "any unbeliever who doubts the divine miracles, let him but look on her; her form as superb as her face is lovely. In short," says the eulogist, whose enthusiasm, so far as it rests on personal acquaintance, can only refer to a time when Marguerite's age exceeded half a century—for he was but two and twenty when she died at the age of fifty-seven—"to make room, in short, for the publication of her beauty and worth, God must widen the earth and lift up the heavens." And then her majesty, her modesty, her rich attire! Men came to France for the express purpose of seeing her. When some Polish ambassadors had been presented to her, one said in departing, "I'll see nothing more. I would gladly do as those pilgrims to Mecca, who burn out their eyes, that the last impression left upon their sight—a memory for life—may be the glory of the prophet's tomb." Ronsard, who was a youth of eighteen when Marguerite was a woman of fifty, has celebrated her as one more fair than Venus. If she was that at fifty, what had she been at twenty-five? She had wit to invent poems, tales, robes, petticoats. Indeed, there was one particular dress of crimson velvet loaded with tinsel, capped with a head-dress of the same velvet, trimmed with plumes and precious stones, designed by her, and worn at a certain entertainment at the Tuileries, which — But ah! this is beyond words, this

red velvet and tinsel. Even Brantôme gasps at it. Let us turn to lesser things.

Marguerite was but three or four years older than Clement Marot, her age being six and twenty when he became one of the valets in her household. Both Ronsard and Brantôme were then unborn. Her father, Charles of Orleans, Count of Angoulême, had died when Marguerite was a child of four. Her mother, Louise of Savoy, had caused her to be taught Spanish, Italian, and Latin. Her own thirst for knowledge caused her afterwards to learn Greek and Hebrew. But she was none the less lively for being capable of active study and of earnest thought. Intelligent vivacity and sweetness of expression seem to have formed a large part of the charm of her beauty. She was tall, and, like her handsome brother Francis, large featured. Five or six years after her marriage to the Duke of Alençon—years quietly spent in her husband's duchy—her brother Francis became king. Then she took rank as Marguerite of France, or of Valois, or of Angoulême, and in 1517 she was made by her brother Duchess of Berry. That was the year in which Martin Luther opposed Tetzel's sale of indulgences in aid of Leo the Tenth's fund for the building of St. Peter's; the year in which Luther affixed his ninety-five Propositions to the church-door by the castle of Wittenberg. The pope's indulgences, said Tetzel, are so powerful that they will absolve a man, though he had ravished the mother of God. The pope's pardons are so valid that, as the money clinks into the box, the soul flies out of Pur-

gatory. But there was more power in the words of the monk who then, in the first vigour of manhood, thirty-four years old, began to speak for the new life of Europe.

The liberal and cultivated mind of Marguerite of France took strong interest in the movement of thought quickened by Luther. In 1518 Luther went, poor and on foot, to justify himself as a good Churchman before Cardinal Cajetan, the pope's legate, at Augsburg. No ear was given to the arguments by which he supported protestations that he had not opposed himself to the authority of the Church, but would obey the Church in all things. The violence of Cajetan caused Luther to withdraw from Augsburg, and appeal from the legate to the pope himself. Luther against Tetzl was but the spiritual voice of the Church against those who were misrepresenting it for greed of gain. On points of doctrine Luther would then have paid respect to the decision of the pope, had not authority at Rome fought passionately on the side of Mammon. The clamour of antagonists was at first more powerful than his own words to spread through Europe the discussions begun by the vigorous young divinity professor of a university much younger than himself. In 1519 Erasmus wrote to Luther from Louvain that his books had there raised such an uproar as it was not possible for him to describe; he should not have thought that divines could be such madmen, if he had not seen with his own eyes. The divines of Louvain and Cologne in that year formally censured Luther's books, and, in June, 1520, Pope Leo X. condemned him by a bull, in which he cited

forty-one Lutheran opinions, which all Christians were forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to hold or defend. Sixty days were allowed to Luther, in which he was to consider whether he would repent and burn his books. If he did not recant within that time he should suffer for his heresy. Luther did not recant, and was at open war thenceforward with the spirit of the papacy. He did not burn his books, but, in December, 1520, in the presence of the students of Wittenberg, he burnt that composition of the pope's against himself, which he had lost no time in denouncing as "the execrable bull of Antichrist." Clement Marot, in 1520, served a mistress who took an interest, as lively as his own, in this part of the life of their own time.

Her brother, the king, although not without some generous instincts, was little capable of deep thought or deep feeling; and their mother, Louise of Savoy, may have been of the class of those whom Marguerite defined afterwards as "carnal persons who, enveloped in too much fat, know not whether they have a soul or not." But mother and brother were at first disposed to share her good will to the Church reformers. In December, 1521, Marguerite wrote to Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, that the king and Madame were more than ever well disposed to the reformation of the church, and resolved to make it known that the truth of God is not heresy.

But to this resolve Madame Louise and King Francis may have been inclined chiefly by antagonism to Charles V. For Charles had held the Diet of Worms in the beginning of that year, 1521, where Luther, as

he approached the town, stood up, it is said, in the carriage that was taking him, and chanted the noble hymn of his, "Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott," which has been called the Marseillaise of the Reformation. Before the Diet Luther had refused to submit his conscience to anything but Scripture or evident reason, and young Charles had declared that he should proceed against him as a notorious heretic. During the rest of the year Luther, kidnapped by his friends, was in safe keeping in the castle of Wartburg. Francis of France, being, as we shall presently find, at that time not disposed to agree with Charles in anything, was well inclined to believe that he shared his sister Marguerite's opinions upon Church reform.

But the story of Marot now stands at the year 1520, when Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. of England were three young men, aged 19, 26, and 30, by whose lives the lives of nations were to be determined. Charles was sallow, slow, but sure, master of races as ill-harmonized as those of Spain and the Low Countries; Henry and Francis were handsome, sensual, and headstrong; Henry the abler man, king also of the richer people; Francis, absolute master of a well knit kingdom, then rated above England in the politics of Europe, and of a standing army that beguiled him into hope of carving out new fortune on Italian battle-grounds. All three had been candidates for the Empire, the traditional headship of Christendom; but Henry had been a secret candidate professing to support the claim of Francis. The King of France knew that his

neighbour played a double part ; but in the face of the new power of Charles, with which a weak and shiftY pope (Leo X.) might think it prudent to ally himself, Francis took care to make the best of all friendly professions from the King of England. His own subjects suffered much by the exactions which had been made necessary by his most lavish court and lavish outlay upon bribes to the electors of the empire. For this cause the Venetian ambassador Giustiniani reported the French king and his mother, Louise, to be more unpopular all over France than words could express. One remonstrant had been whipped, two had been put to death. Meanwhile Henry's policy was to be friends with both Charles and Francis, and at the same time promote mutual distrust between those rivals.

Desire to meet each other was said to be warm in the breasts of the kings of France and England. Each vowed that he would not shave till they met, but Henry did shave—and when Henry was known furthermore to be treating with Charles, King Francis became doubly anxious for a meeting. There was much duplicity at this time in the counsels of Henry, or rather of Wolsey, who worked for him.¹ As for Pope Leo X., the English cardinal made little account of him. Blind men, said Wolsey, need a guide, and I shall lead him. And as for the King of France, Henry was putting off the French interview in expectation of

¹ Professor Brewer's excellent preface to the third volume of his *Calendar of State Papers for the Reign of Henry VIII.* is my authority in this part of the narrative.

previous meeting with the emperor at Sandwich. Francis, on his part, made every possible concession, and even agreed to a certain sacrifice of dignity by meeting the King of England upon ground within the English pale. The interview had been deferred until the end of May, and the grand tourney, that was to associate it with a revival of the utmost pomp of chivalry, until the 4th of June. Henry asked more delay; but Queen Blanche was within a month of being again a mother, and it was replied that more delay would make the Queen's presence impossible. So the two kings met between Guines and Ardres, and Clement Marot, who was there as part of the French Court, wrote both a balade and a rondeau on the occasion. With the splendour that gave to the place of meeting the name of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, there was interwoven rhyming, rebusing, and riddling. On the English side there were inscribed posies by Alexander Barclay, author of "The Ship of Fools."

When Henry was on the point of starting to meet Francis, Charles landed at Dover, and the King of England rode in confabulation with the emperor from Dover to Canterbury. Charles departed, and on the same day Henry sailed for Calais. Then on the green before Guines Castle he built a summer palace brilliant with glass, and silk, and gold, and tapestry, and "images of sore and terrible countenances;" before its gate was a gilt drinking fountain with a statue of Bacchus that poured claret, hippocras, and water, from three runlets

into its three silver cups. The pavilions of the King of France were set up at Ardres, and the pursuing crowd of sightseers—representative of poor work-a-day France that paid for all the pomp—was forbidden to come within two leagues of the king's train on pain of the halter. In glitter of military pomp the two kings rode to their meeting. "Sir," said Lord Abergavenny to King Henry, "the French are double our number." "Sir," said the Earl of Shrewsbury, "the French fear you more than your men fear them, wherefore I would say Forward." "So we intend, my lord; On afore, my masters," said the king. And the kings met, and the lists were made ready for the tourney; and on Sunday, while the French king dined with the Queen of England, Henry VIII. dined with the Queen of France and Clement Marot's mistress, the Duchess of Alençon, where he kissed first the queen, then the king's mother, then the Duchess Marguerite, then all the other ladies. On Midsummer Day of 1520 the two kings parted, as it seemed, firm friends. But Henry had already arranged to meet Charles at Gravelines and settle terms of a convention unfriendly to France.

Marot's balade on the pomps of the royal meeting¹ says that "To the camp of kings, the fairest in the world, three standards were brought, one by Love white, one by Triumph with soldiers painted in the blue of heaven, one by Beauty vermilion. There came to see the cohorts of the kings, Love, Triumph, and sovereign

¹ *Du triumphe d'Ardres et Guignes, par les Rois de France et d'Angleterre.*

Beauty. Love came from heaven, swift as a swallow, bringing a clear wave that quenched the fury of Mars, and shed light over both France and England, saying, "In this camp I must rule." Then she set good watch at the gate that Discord should not enter with the golden apple which stirs up inhuman war, and that none should proceed thence but Love, Triumph, and sovereign Beauty. "It is not for my pen," says Marot, "to tell the fashions of the triumph, for it excelled those of the warlike Cæsars. What shall I say more? Such riches declare to all the world the great power on both sides. In short there is no heart in this land which it does not comfort to see reigning after deadly rancour, Love, Triumph, and sovereign Beauty."

Marot felt worthily. But under the power indicated by that show of wealth lay heavy mortgage by Francis of his royal demesnes, pillage of church plate, loans, and benevolences wrung out of the wealth of the nobility and gentry, sharp taxation of the poor. And as for the love professed in it, the day of mean rivalry between two great nations misled by statecraft and low personal ambitions, had not yet come to its end. Just then also the chief sovereigns of Europe were under full influence of the new doctrine of a balance of power, which had come in with the strengthening of great centres of rule and the establishment of standing armies. States plotted to form alliances, each seeking not an even balance but excess in strength for plunder of its neighbour. Civilization has not even at this day

raised throughout Europe the ethics of diplomacy to a condition of honesty below which it is infamous to fall in private life. No wonder, then, if in the time of Francis I. that theory of the balance of power was based naturally on the predatory character of kings.

Even while Henry and Charles were resuming counsel together at Gravelines, upon Henry's return from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, a revolt of Charles's Spanish subjects under Don Juan Padilla called away his energies to Spain. So now, thought Francis, he cannot defend himself in Italy. Taking advantage, therefore, of his trouble, into Italy I march. What Francis said in reply to a protest from England against breach of the peace of Europe was, that he should march into Italy for the satisfaction of his subjects and the reform of justice.

Emperor Charles, distracted between troubles of Spain and menace of Italy, made short work of the Diet of Worms, which was to have settled all troubles of Germany, and they were many, besides the question of Luther. Luther, made stronger by his condemnation, went to his stronghold of the Wartburg, and Francis and his mother were inclined, as we have seen, to stand by his cause, because it was by Charles that he stood now condemned.

Francis, meanwhile, was actively preparing men and guns. There was activity in the French dockyards; troops were raised, bands of adventurers were formed, and the young titular king of Navarre, Henry d'Albret, hereafter to be, as the second husband of Marguerite of

France, in close relation with Clement Marot, was encouraged to make a dash, as on his own account, for the re-conquest of his kingdom. The kingdom of Navarre had long been distracted by domestic feuds. In 1464 Princess Blanche was murdered in her prison at Orthes, the victim of her own sister Leonora, wife of the fourth Gaston Count of Foix. In 1479 Leonora, then a widow, became sovereign in Navarre, but died a few weeks afterwards, leaving the throne of a land torn by civil war between the houses of Beaumont and Gramont, to a child aged ten, her grandson François-Phœbus, whom she placed under the protection of the King of France. The boy king died three years after his coronation, and was succeeded by his sister Catherine. Thereupon the factions of Navarre disputed hotly as to whether little Catherine, thirteen years old, should have a French or a Castilian husband. François-Phœbus and this Catherine were of the blood of the French kings, children of Madeleine, sister of Louis XI. She had married a Gaston de Foix, Leonora's eldest son, who would have become Gaston V. if he had not been accidentally killed in a tournament two years before the death of his father. A year after little Catherine had become Queen of Navarre, the King of France, Charles VIII., himself a boy new to his throne, settled dispute as to the choice of husband for her. He married her, aged fourteen, to Jean d'Albret, son of that pimply, gruff, and middle-aged Alain sire d'Albret, who had competed for the hand of Anne of Brittany. Estates of the d'Albrets in Bordeaux

adjoined to those of the counts of Foix. Jean d'Albret, wanting in all energy, and troubled with rule over men whom perhaps no energy could have brought to reason, found himself in Navarre, placed inconveniently between the pikes of France and Spain; for Ferdinand of Aragon and Louis XII. each called on him for assistance. He went to Ferdinand, who gave him a magnificent reception in Seville, at the same time that he was planning the stroke which he soon delivered. In 1510 King Ferdinand II. of Aragon, and V. of Spain claimed for his troops not only passage through Navarre, but also the surrender of some of its fortresses. Jean d'Albret was thus driven to declare himself upon the side of France. Then Ferdinand took his own way, aided by Pope Julius II., who kindly excommunicated Jean d'Albret. The Duke of Alba came to Navarre with a Spanish army, and had aid there from the Beaumont faction. Queen Catherine of Navarre was stout of heart, but her husband, Jean d'Albret, fled to Bayonne, and the queen was obliged to follow him with her four children, a son Henry and three little girls. So it had happened that, in the summer-time of 1512, Navarre was joined again to Castile after four hundred and sixty-eight years of separation. Jean d'Albret made, with French troops, a weak attempt to recover the kingdom, and then died, in 1516, a mere titular king. His wife Catherine, who had said to him, "If we had been born, I Jean, you Catherine, we never should have lost Navarre," survived him but eight months, and their son Henry inherited a nominal rank

as Henry II., King of Navarre. This rank, of course, French policy was scrupulous to give him.

Now, therefore, French war being in preparation against Charles, Henry d'Albret, with three hundred horsemen and six thousand Gascons, led by L'Esparre, made, in 1521, his dash for the reconquest of Navarre. The venture began well. Pampeluna was taken. But L'Esparre, by an advance to Logrono, roused the Castilians. He was defeated by them and slain. Henry d'Albret then came back as he went, king of seven letters of the alphabet.

Clement Marot, as an able-bodied courtier, must go also to the wars, and his verse shows him at this time active in the stir of arms. After the failure in Navarre, Francis was ready to draw back and accept English mediation; for Charles had succeeded also in crushing the rebellion in Spain, which had tempted Francis with the opportunity for an attack on Italy. But Charles now was less placable, and hostility was the sole motive of his assent to the mediation of Henry; for there was treachery to France at the root of Henry's mediation. Before the conference at Calais the emperor's ambassadors were, in June, 1521, received by Henry VIII. at Windsor, and then Henry advised that Charles should remain on the defensive until they two had consulted together, and fixed on the time and manner of a combined attack, which might easily be settled at the ensuing conference. Wolsey should be sent to Calais under pretence of hearing the grievances of Francis and the emperor, and as soon as he saw that it was

impossible to bring the two parties to agreement, he should withdraw, and discuss and conclude with the emperor the matters and propositions aforesaid; which was a thing, he said, he most desired.¹ Clement Marot's mistress, the Duchess of Alençon, who had keener perceptions than her brother, roundly taxed Sir William Fitzwilliam,² the English ambassador at the French court, with the treacheries afoot at Calais. The king, she said, is gone—he had gone to raise the siege of Mezières—"and I doubt not, by God's help, but he shall have good speed, for he goeth upon a good quarrel, and dealeth justly with every prince, and yet all princes go about to deceive him." "My master, madam," answered the ambassador, "is in the number of all princes, but I trust you think that *he* goeth not about to deceive him." Marguerite answered, "See ye not how the cardinal is ever treating of peace, almost to the day of battle? Our enemies come still upon us; and Ardres, which the king forebore to fortify, at your master's request, Englishmen now have been present at the winning thereof, and helped to raze it. What say ye to that? And as for trust, that is past. The king will make himself strong and trust in God!" Such questions were astir about Marot. Francis had made indirect war upon Charles, not only in Navarre, through Henry d'Albret, but in Navarre through Robert de la Marck, the lord of

¹ The Bishop of Elna and Haneton to Charles V., July 6, 1521.—*State Papers of Henry VIII.* (No. 1395.)

² Fitzwilliam to Wolsey, Sept. 15, 1521. MS. in the British Museum, inserted by Professor Brewer among *State Papers of Henry VIII.* (No. 1581.)

Bouillon; this had brought reply from Charles by twenty thousand men under the Count of Nassau. Bayard had turned them from the siege of Mezières, and then Francis retook Mousson and went into the Low Countries with a force in which Clement Marot made one, the command of the van of the army—a post of honour due to the Constable Bourbon—having been intrusted to the Duke D'Alençon.

When Francis sent his brother-in-law to the frontier he was himself at Rheims. The start was sudden, and many attendants on the court who had anticipated, like Marot, the next instalment of their slender pay, had not wherewith to settle accounts for the lodgings they had been obliged to take. Marot appealed to the king for himself and others in like case with a lively rondeau.¹ On setting out he tells his majesty that he really does not know how to get out of the town, for his horse is faster bound than if one held it by mane and tail; his landlord is rude, and says he must leave behind bit, boss, and bridle, or the devil will be away with it on setting out. Therefore he begs of the prince, whom he loves and dreads, to work a miracle with a few grains and put life into him, otherwise he must stop at the gate with others who are in like bondage on setting out.

Such help to the young men of slender means who travelled with the court would be a necessary part of the expenses of the war. Marot set out and sang a martial rondeau, of which the refrain is "To the

¹ *Au Roy, pour avoir argent au desloger de Reims.*

Camp,"¹ as they marched to the camp of Attigny, near Mezières.

Henry Count of Nassau having retaliated upon Robert de la Marck for his inroads upon territory of the emperor when he had captured Mousson, would have been master of Champagne if he had also taken Mezières. Chevalier Bayard undertook the defence, and was supplied by the Duke d'Alençon, governor of the province, with men, guns, and victual. But he made the townspeople swear that they would not speak of surrender, but die rather. "If we want provisions," he said, "we will eat our horses and our boots." Two days after he had entered the place siege was laid, by the Lord of Sickengen, on one side, with fifteen thousand, and by the Count of Nassau, on the other side, with twenty thousand men. Bayard saved the town by lying as well as fighting. He invented a letter which he sent out, so that the bearer of it should be seized by Sickengen's party, and the Lord of Sickengen should read it, and believe the Count of Nassau guilty of foul treachery against him. When he had read the letter Sickengen beat drums and changed his quarters. The quarrel thus produced between the chiefs broke up the siege, after Bayard had defended the place for three weeks. During that time King Francis was bringing troops towards the frontier, resolved on a campaign in Hainault. A camp was formed at Attigny of troops intended for the Hainault expedition. From the camp of Attigny Marot wrote a letter in verse to his mistress,

¹ *De ceux, qui alloient sur Mule au Camp d'Attigny.*

Marguerite, Duchess of Alençon. He tells her that the duke, who for his loyal valour had been made chief of the royal army, was flourishing in honour and conquering the hearts of gentlemen. He tells of the rough ways of the Adventurers, those bands of combatants who had no pay, but lived on plunder of the enemy; they were a cruel part of the French force in the Italian wars of Louis XII., as Jean Marot has shown us. Francis I. gave them a master by placing them under the Colonel-General of Infantry, but it was not easy to subject them to discipline, and the attempt to bring rascality of France into the battle-field as part of the French army was abandoned in or after the time of Henry IV. Clement Marot, sketching the camp, passes to his experience of the Adventurers in abrupt transition from the honour of a chief who wins the hearts of gentlemen :—

“ And there one has seen in high frolic of strife
Adventurers tussling in peril of life,
Delighted to find small excuse for a fight,
To pull out the swords and to put out the lights.
Each other with strangest of fury they wound,
And with hearts set so high that if one's on the ground
He will rather be killed than escape to the list.
But his Highness, determined to make them desist,
Against drawing of swords has now issued command
That if any offend they shall cut off his hand.”

So these poor footmen may not draw on one another, and, since fight they must, are reduced to the use of their fists. Marot goes on to praise the stout forms and hearts of soldiers in camp, the German merce-

naries, the band of gentleman adventurers under one of the noble Picard house of Mouy; the careful drill of the thousand under Boucal, who loved wars more than the husbandman loves peace upon his land; there were the well-armed and corsleted foot-soldiers under François de Montgomery, Seigneur de Lorges, and there was not a man in the camp who did not seek by prowess in war to win the love of the king, Marguerite's brother. Marot sketches the green fields of Attigny, covered with men-at-arms, fifing, drumming, exercising, cannonading in mock battles, and eager for true battle with the enemy. He lauds the liberality and justice of the Duke d'Alençon, and reports that he is lauded of all, while the nobles about him talk only of axes, lances, armour, standards, saltpetre, fire, bombards, and cannons, so that to hear them talk one would think they had no memory of dancing. Then, with a courteous close, the letter ends.

But Clement Marot saw more than the holiday life of the camp in which he was a soldier. There is a letter of his, written to the Duchess d'Alençon from the scene of war in Hainault, and it is written in hard prose, as if its matter were too serious for argument after the fashion of court poetry. Clement Marot carried a sensitive mind and a warm heart among miseries of war, miseries of which very many wanted the alleviation even of such glory as is supposed to attend suffering through battles and sieges.

On the 9th of October, 1521, Sir William Fitzwilliam wrote to Wolsey that the French king said he should

go into Hainault when he had all his army together. The army went into Hainault in wet autumn weather. Little was understood in those days of conditions necessary to the health of troops, and for the common soldiers used as instruments in the ambitious rivalry between Francis and Charles, that was a terrible autumn. There was a great plague even in England. Wolsey, in writing to his king, spoke of "the plague of mortality which daily increaseth more and more;"¹ and, on the 20th of October, the king's secretary wrote to Wolsey, "In London the sickness increases, so that if you are returning soon I should advise you not to go to Westminster, but rather to Hampton Court. We are expecting either a great conflict, a peace, or a truce;"² that is to say, between Francis and Charles. On the preceding day Sir Richard Wingfield, who was with Emperor Charles, had written to Wolsey from Valenciennes: "The emperor's army is much diminished by sickness, so that if a truce be not made shortly the emperor is likely to be much disgraced by abandoning this frontier. We have great compassion to see the perplexity wherein the gentle prince is." The emperor at Valenciennes found that he had lost two-thirds of his German foot-soldiers, only 8000 remaining, and that there were but three thousand horse out of eight or nine thousand, and that of all who remained many were sick.³ He retired therefore. Francis heard that Charles had left six thousand lans-

¹ *State Papers of Henry VIII.*, No. 1675.

² *Ibid.*, No. 1691. ³ *Ibid.*, No. 1699.

quenets in the suburbs of Valenciennes, whom he was "resolved to drive out or hew in pieces;" but on the same day when Sir Richard Wingfield was reporting the disasters of the emperor, Sir William Fitzwilliam wrote of the King of France,¹ that if he kept his camp forty days longer the army would be weaker by ten thousand men, "for their horses waste sorely away for stabling without, and men wax weary and sick very fast, and for my part I had never worse journey in all the wars that ever I had been in."

From among the silken crowd of courtiers into this view of the raw material of glory Clement Marot passed when he went as one of the force under the Duke of Alençon into Hainault. He saw no great battle, but many wretched little fights. King Francis had missed the one chance fortune gave him of an easy victory, whereof the echoes would have rumbled through all corners of Europe. On the 22nd of October, Francis, with part of his army, came up with the Count of Nassau as he was retreating upon Valenciennes, where Charles then lay, with his case desperate. As far as fallible foresight could tell, the King of France then had the Emperor in his hands, and might have dealt against him a decisive blow; but in the critical moment he hung back, in spite of the strong urging of La Trémouille and the Marshal de Chabannis that he should seize his opportunity. He refused to charge the retreating enemy until the rest of his army should have crossed the Selle. After the next sunset Charles for-

¹ *State Papers of Henry VIII.*, No. 1698.

sook his army, and escaped from Valenciennes to Flanders with a hundred horsemen.

Clement Marot's prose letter from the army in Hainault to the Duchess of Alençon begins with the gay boast of victory, and then suddenly turns to a truth that underlies the pomp of war. "Here one sees," he writes, "most illustrious Princess, the triumphant army of the king, which, as you know, one Wednesday, expecting battle, had its heart so raised to a force of will by words persuading to good service, that they would not only have fought, but struck with thunderbolts the rest of the world for that day; when was to be seen how high of heart were the strong knights, who, by their burning desire, would force their enemies into a rout when they had turned to shameful flight, leaving the greater number of them in the fields overthrown by the impetuous storm of artillery, which struck the bastard d'Aimery so to the quick that, on the next day, he ended his days in Valenciennes. There might also be seen the practised arts of the veteran captains, the military discipline observed by their troops; the ardour of the Adventurers, the order of the Swiss, with the general triumph of the honour of Hainault, as the basilisk first finding that man is mortal. Other sights than these, my sovereign lady, we see none but what are lamentable; as poor desolate women, wandering, with their children about their necks, across a country despoiled of its green by the winter's frost that begins already to bite, who go then to warm themselves by their towns, villages, and castles, delivered up to

fire, combustion, and complete ruin, by reciprocal vengeance; vengeance, that is to say, so confused and universal that our very enemies bring mists of pity to our eyes. In such miserable fashion has this pitiless serpent, War, obscured the pure clear air by dry dust of the earth, by saltpetre, and artificial powder, by smoke of woods that burn without blessing of water in inextinguishable fire. But our hope therein is that the prayers from among your noble princesses will rise to the chambers of heaven, and that by means of them the most holy daughter of Jesus Christ, named Peace, will descend, brighter than sunshine, to give light to these regions of Gaul. And then will your noble blood be free from the risk of being poured out on these mortal plains. Into the hearts also of the young dames and damsels there will enter certain hope of the desired return of their husbands. And poor labouring men will live as securely in their habitations as the prelates do in their matted chambers. Let us hope, therefore, fortunate princess, the not too sudden advent of Peace” (negotiations for a peace or truce by the intervention of Wolsey had been slowly dragging through this period of war), “which, at any rate, may come finally in despite of cruel war; to which Minfant bears witness in his comedy of *Fatal Destiny*, saying:—

‘Peace begets Prosperity:
 Prosperity breeds Wealth:
 Of Wealth come Pride and Luxury:
 Pride with Contention swell’th:
 Contention looks to War for health:

War begets Poverty :
Poverty breeds Humility :
Humility brings Peace again :
So turn our deeds in endless chain'.

See how (at the worst, from which God keep us!) there may return that precious lady, often called for by the French nation as it sings in the temples of God, 'Give Peace, O Lord : ' which may that Lord and Redeemer Jesus send us soon, and may he give you happiness in the transitory life, and afterwards life eternal."

Here is evidence not only of what was in the heart of Clement Marot, but also of his faith in the character of the Duchess Marguerite, his mistress, to whom he could write thus like a true man from the fulness of his heart.

The truce discussed was a hollow one. Wolsey concluded a secret treaty with Charles, according to which the promise of the hand of the English Princess Mary was transferred from the French king to the emperor, and Charles and Henry agreed to join in attack on Francis. They were to take from France all that had ever belonged to England or the empire. This treaty was not acted upon until the spring of 1523, but it was made in 1521, and Wolsey came from making it to delude Francis at Calais with questions of a truce, in his mock character of representative of England, as impartial arbiter. It was in this time of treachery that Clement Marot asked in a balade¹ what high and

¹ *De Paix et de Victoire.*

happy wish must be accomplished to subdue his sorrow.
 Possession of fair lady, kingdom, empire? No, indeed;
 his worship is ill paid who seeks but his own good.
 For the solace of his grief his wish was that God would
 shortly send a happy peace or crowning victory.

“Famine lays hold of labour in the field,
 The arm seeks sudden ruin of the head,
 And many a lady's grief shall be unhealed
 For worthy men who in their graves lie dead.
 From my lips too must lamentation spread,
 From my sad heart come tears before the sight,
 And my weak sense has lost the skill to write
 Save pitiful and grievous history.
 But Hope has promised all this to requite
 With happy Peace or crowning Victory.

Such time will give me cause, and leisure yield
 For frolic in some lay to pleasure bred;
 France shall take then the good times for her shield,
 And labour laugh where now its tears are shed.
 O, but those words are easy to be said!
 From God I cannot know they will descend.
 Hard hearts, alas, it is for you to bend;
 Amend, thou Realm not of eternity,
 Thy sins may make us miss our sorrow's end
 In happy Peace or crowning Victory.

ENVOY.

Prince Francis, let the day of Discord go:
 Prince of the Spaniards, cease to be our foe:
 Prince of the English, guard what looks to thee:
 And Prince of Heaven, on France deign to bestow
 A happy Peace or crowning Victory.”

Such utterances show that Clement Marot took a
 Christian mind into the wars. Peace was not yet, and
 more disasters were impending; but as we have now

seen how Marot fought and felt with his countrymen, and earnestly took part in the life of the nation during the years 1520 and 1521, we must turn to that part of his writings which exhibits his less serious relation as a poet to the court of France.

In his good will to what then stood in the place of the unborn drama, Marot, under Francis I., was intercessor with the court for one form of the literature of the people. We have just found him quoting what he calls Minfant's comedy of the *Fatal Destiny*, dignifying as comedy one of those farces or *sottises* answering to the English interludes of Henry VIII's reign. The history of the French regular drama dates from the *Cleopatra* of Etienne Jodelle, first acted in 1552; and that originated like our English *Ferrex and Porrex*, in the revived study of Latin and Greek, and was a direct imitation of the ancients. In the days of Francis I. of France and Henry VIII. of England, there were miracle plays, moralities, and farces or interludes, which have a distinct place of their own in literature.

To the court of France and the people of Paris there were known, in the days of the strife between Francis I. and Charles V., three companies of players. These were the Fraternity of the Passion (*confrères de la Passion*), citizen traders, who were first organized in 1402 with the sole right to play in Paris mystery and miracle plays; the Bazoche, already described, which played moralities and farces on some set occasions; and the fraternity of the Careless Children, *Enfants sans Souci*. These were young men of good family and lively temper,

who amused themselves with acting satires on the world about them. Fools, they said, have predominated in the race of man since Adam; the name given by them to all humanity was therefore Folly, *Sottise*. They called their chief the *Prince de la Sottise*, or *des Sots*, the Prince of Fools; and as the Fraternity of the Passion had its patent only for the acting of mysteries, Charles VI. gave to the *Enfants sans Souci* the privilege of acting their little jests upon society in public places within Paris. They were close allies to the Bazoche, and bandied jests with the Bazochians. The King of the Bazoche in royal style permitted the Prince of Fools to play his Farces. The Prince of Fools permitted his royal brother, the King of the Bazoche, to act Follies. Louis XI., sour and suspicious, dreaded the free speech of these young men, and stopped their plays; but Louis XII. encouraged them. They might laugh at himself and his policy to their heart's content; he should learn something more from them than courtiers would tell of what the people said. It was he who indulged the young men of the Bazoche by giving them, as before mentioned, the marble table in the hall of the Palace to act on when their festival days came. They and the Careless Children might abuse him to his face for his economies; better, he said, that my people should laugh at my stinginess than cry for my waste. Only they were to respect women in their jesting, and especially to break no jest against Queen Anne of Brittany.

With Louis XII. the good days of these light satirists departed. Francis I. was in no right sympathy with

his people. Earnest thought was astir in Europe, and what was in the hearts of the nation would be spoken openly and vigorously through the dramatic jests of men like Pierre Gringoire. Gringoire's politics were no doubt those of the court for the time being. He and Clement Marot were contemporaries; they both died in the same year, but Pierre Gringoire was by some sixteen years the older man. His best work as writer of political follies and farces, had been done in the days of Louis XII., when the court policy was popular, and France was as well disposed as Louis to give the pope a cudgelling. Gringoire, in the days of Louis XII., had, under his high style of *Mere Sotte*, or Mother Foolish, attacked Julius II. heartily in his jest of *The Prince of Fools and Mother Foolish*, representing himself on the frontispiece of the book of the words as Foolish Mother, in a monk's robe, with asses ears to its hood. Jestings like this belonged only to a passing phase of politics, but it prepared the way for an advance to new views of the papacy.

Francis I. at his accession placed the Bazoche and the *Enfants sans Souci* under many restrictions. Clement Marot pleaded for his old friends of the Bazoche by writing the rhymes in which they asked for his majesty's good will, and begged that, like the kings before him, he would preserve to them their liberties and laws. Let him be a father to the Bazoche, and make the reign of its king prosperous. The more it thrives, said Marot, the brighter will it be for Paris.¹ But Francis was as much father to the Bazoche as he was father of Letters

¹ *Épître au Roy : pour la Bazoche.*

generally. At the beginning of his reign the Bazochians were forbidden to speak of princes and princesses of the court. More sweeping restrictions, and severer penalties for the infraction of them, followed, but had not yet come in the years 1521 and 1522. In 1521 Pierre Gringoire still wrote as Mother Foolish, but he was retiring from his business as a farce writer, and shaping his satire into monologue. His *Testament of the Devil* supposes him to have seen at Nancy, in 1521, Lucifer upon his death-bed, bequeathing to each of his servants one of his daughters, Pride, Boasting, Larceny, &c. In the same year he wrote the *Small Talk of Mother Foolish* (*Menus propos de Mere Sotte*), but the good Mother herself was becoming small; and Gringoire, affecting more and more the courtier, wrote under the more dignified name of Vaudemont.

Clement Marot's court training did not spoil him, and he held by the players. There are some kindly lines by him upon the death of a farce actor, Jean Serre,¹ who played much—not skittles or dice, but pleasant farces, and always won by his play, fame, credit, love, and esteem of the people, which I take, says Marot, to be better than dollars. He was so dexterous that when he played the fool or drunkard you would think him to be what he seemed. But I firmly believe that he never so really looked like a fool or drunkard as he looks now like a corpse. His skill was not vile but good, for he turned sorrow from the sad, and kept the contented happy. When he entered in a dirty shirt, his forehead,

¹ *Épilogue de Jean Serre, excellent joueur de Farces.*

cheeks, and nose covered with flour, in a child's cap and high triumphant bonnet trimmed with poultry feathers, the grace of his trifling made one feel as if there were not more gaiety in the Elysian fields. O, human Parisians, you cannot repay him with tears, for with the memory of what he used to do and say comes laughter. What do I say? No tears? One laughs till the tears come, and so weeps in laughter. Weep, then, or laugh your fill, he is not cheered by it; you would do much better to pray to God for the poor man. That is the sense of the verses, with their wholesome recognition of the worth of merry nonsense, and their glance at a man's soul under the floured face of his Yorick.

We have seen that one characteristic of the verse of Clement Marot is its union of the free thought of the nation with the method of a poet trained at court. He was born citizen of Cahors. There,¹ he says of himself, he was "made, spun, and woven." He continued that form of the life of France which was represented by the life of the old commune, but, placed early at court and mastering all court fashions of verse, vigour of independent thought assumed in him many courtly graces of expression. He could laugh with Jean Serre, worship with Luther, and write *vers équivoques* against Crétin himself.

Guillaume Crétin was a colleague and friend of Clement Marot's, a poet of great mark in his time, and historiographer to King Francis I. His real name was Dubois, but his friends, for some ingenious reason best

¹ *Fait, filé, tissé.*

known to themselves, gave him the name of Crétin, which meant small basket. He had been treasurer to the Sainte Chapelle at Vincennes, and afterwards precentor to that of Paris. He had written in the time of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. Francis I. made him his secretary and historiographer, and charged him to write in verse a history of France. He planned it in twelve books of chronicles, but died in 1525, when he had only completed five, whereof the manuscript is now in the imperial library at Paris. Book I., in six and twenty chapters, extends from the fall of Troy to the death of Childebert I. Book II., in thirty-four chapters, contains the reign of Clothaire. Book III., in thirty-three chapters, extends from the reign of Clothaire II. to the death of Pepin. Book IV. gives its thirty-four chapters to Charlemagne; and Book V., containing five and twenty chapters, brings the history down to the end of the Carlovingian empire. When Crétin died, in 1525, King Francis chose René Macé, a Benedictine of Vendôme, to succeed him in the office of historiographer, and Macé added two more books to Crétin's history of France. The commission implied faith in Crétin's judgment and gravity of character. Clement Marot showed thorough respect for him, and it certainly was not grounded upon Crétin's skill in puerilities of versification which then pleased the polite, and in which Marot showed that he, too, could be ingenious. Crétin wrote balades, rondeaux, letters, epigrams, after the manner of court poets of his day; and shone in *Chants royaux*, which was the name

given to balades of extra length and high religious strain, Royal Songs—God being the king they celebrated; indeed, when his lighter work was collected in 1527, two years after his death, by his friend François Charbonnier, and dedicated to the common friend of Crétin and Marot, the Duchess of Alençon, *Chants royaux and Prayers* were the distinctive words upon the title-page.¹ Also in the separate publication of one of his pieces, the *Debate between Two Ladies upon Sport with Dogs and Birds*, it is said to have been composed “by the late venerable and discreet person, Master Guillaume Crétin.” His poems confirm this character. Crétin had not the light grace and vivacity of Clement Marot, but the tone of his mind was soberly religious; he was Clement’s elder, high in repute for skill in the knack of versifying, and the young poet respected him. In 1520 Crétin was forming a collection of *Chants Royaux* on the conception of the Virgin. Clement Marot, at his request, contributed two, and sent with them a complimentary epigram of a few lines, turned with some of his friend’s favourite equivocal verse.² The poems are as allegorical as fashion of the day desired. One is of a king and a tent, with a couch in it whereon the king reposed. The tent is St. Anne, the king is God, the couch is the Virgin Mary.

¹ *Chants royaux, Oraisons et autres petits traictés.*

² *A Monsieur maistre Guillaume Cretin, souverain Poëte François, luy envoyant son Chant Royal de la Conception de la vierge Marie, qu’il lui avoit demandé.*

The taste for these equivocal verses, in which Crétin excelled many, and Marot now and then amused himself by excelling Crétin, had come down, like the balades and rondeaux, from the old days of the troubadours. In the time of Francis I., we have much of the new life of the world amusing itself still with the old forms which represent orthodoxy of good literature among all who are men with genius for imitation only. We must disconnect from the Provençal *vers équivoques* the later English sense of the term, which gives the name of equivocal verses to short lines in parallel columns, having one sense when read down the columns, and an opposite sense by cross reading.¹ The word is strictly used in its first sense of equal sounding, and the object of the ingenious writer is to multiply at the ends of lines diversities of sense in sounds that are alike upon the voice, identical, or nearly so. Thus, one might end a line by speaking of "his sound," or "your tone," as "son son," and "ton ton," which would be considered clever, if that sort of echo to the sound, with change of sense, could be kept up throughout a poem. Such rhyming had been often accidental in the verses of the troubadours, but it was also recognised as a part of their art called "consonant rhyme," with use here of the word consonant in its first sense of a sounding

¹ Like these lines on the Jacobites and Hanoverians:—

"I love with all my heart	The Tory party here
The Hanoverian part	Most hateful do appear,
And for that settlement	I ever have deny'd
My conscience gives consent.	To be on James's side."

together; and there was sub-division into *rim consonan leyal*, like “resent” and “sent;” *rims perfeytz leonismes*, like “lady” and “malady,” and *consonansa contrafacha*, with a counterfeit consonance in which for one of the rhymes more than one word was pressed into service, as in “lady” and “laid he.” To this class belonged the *rims equivocz* of the troubadours, still fashionable as the *vers équivoques* of court poetry in the days of Francis I. The simplest form of these among Clement Marot’s contemporaries may be represented by a rhyme or two from Crétin’s *Debate between Two Ladies upon Sport with Birds and Dogs*, in lines which describe the plan of the poem:—

“Le débat fut que l’une *maintenoit*
 Et devant tous très fort la *main tenoit*
 Que le desduyct d’oyseaux *prisoit plus chier*
 Et mieulx valoit a bien tous *esplucher*
 Que ne faisoit celuy des chiens.”¹

That we may call simple equivocation, and this compound—it is a sample taken from a poem of Crétin’s to Honorat de la Jaille, squire to the Duke d’Alençon:—

“Au monde n’a se *semble, ame sans blame*
 Nemo *sine labe, s’il n’est l’Abbé*
 De Patigny, qui *sans basme s’embasme*,
 Et pour au jeu *bée au jubé*

¹ Literal translation is impossible, but—if I may take liberty—

“The cause of debate was that one of them argued,
 And held very firmly that hawks, indeed, are good,
 And more to her mind in the way of amusement
 Than hounds whose eulogium must be for a Muse meant
 That doesn’t mind howling.”

Lettre ne sçait si n'ay *gabe que A B*
 C D non, car bien eust *Castel cas tel*
 ABBÉ CEDÉ sans resine mortel."

Man's powers of translation sink, and 's lay shuns ink and pens and paper. Tickle her, pay particular attention to the convulsions into which our good mother tongue may be thrown by a good tickling after the manner of Crétin, and the result, in a very clever operation, may be something like Marot's letter to the king, written after the manner of the master whom he calls *Le bon Crétin au vers equivoqué*. He wrote this letter before he had any place about the court, and said in it, as he might have said always, except when he was marching with troops, that he would be without bread if it were not for his rhyming. In another piece he amused his readers with a balade on Christmas, in which every line ends with the letter *c*; and in a balade of his on Lent every line ends with an *e* in singular or plural. He did not often indulge in these feats of an idle ingenuity, but justified his reputation among small wits of the court by thus showing himself master of what they would consider the chief difficulties in the art of verse. But the chief thought and action of Marot's life in these years was associated with the larger interests of France. The court poet, gentleman of the household of the Duchess d'Alençon, marched in the ranks of the French army; the man of genius, liberal and earnest, sought the liberty of truth for France.

In the year 1521 there was war between Charles V.

and Francis I. not on the French frontier only. Leo X., while there was peace in Italy, had, partly by force and partly by acts of the vilest treachery, seized for himself the states of Perugia, Ferrara, Fermo, and several places in the marches of Ancona. He raised also a body of six thousand Swiss mercenaries. Then, under a false treaty with Francis for attack on the kingdom of Naples and division of the spoil, he obtained leave to send his Swiss through the states of Milan, and station them in different parts of the Romagna and the march of Ancona. Having secured to himself this advantage, he united with the emperor for an attack upon the French in Milan.

In May, 1521, the pope and emperor joined in a treaty for the putting down of Francis I. and setting up of Francisco Sforza as the Duke of Milan. Leo X., weak and unprincipled, had sold his aid to the emperor for a good bribe, namely, Parma and Piacenza, as addition to his own dominions, support of his claim on Ferrara, territory in Naples for an Alessandro de' Medici aged nine, and for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici a pension of ten thousand crowns out of the archbishopric of Toledo. Leo began work by opening a fire of his spiritual artillery. He excommunicated Francis I., also Odet de Foix, Marshal de Lautrec, who had chief authority in Milan. An allied army of twenty thousand, with Prosper Colonna for its general, and the historian Guicciardini joined in command as Commissary-General, attacked Parma. Francis sent Marshal Lautrec, who was then in France, back into Lombardy with promise

of money to follow. He raised a force of fifteen thousand French and Venetians, and this was joined, in self-defence, by the Duke of Ferrara, who brought a considerable troop with him. Swiss mercenaries were hired on both sides. The pope found money, so did the King of France: but the three hundred thousand ducats provided to be sent after Lautrec were embezzled by the king's mother, Louise of Savoy, who thus satisfied her avarice at the expense of the French arms in Italy. The Swiss, who fought for pay, either deserted from the French to the allies, who paid them better, or returned to Switzerland. With the balance of strength thus clearly transferred to them, the forces of Charles and the pope crossed the Adda, and on the 20th of November, 1521, by help of the Italians within the town, took Milan. The other cities submitted, the pope got Parma and Piacenza, and France lost the Milanese, at the time when Clement Marot was witness to the miseries of war in Hainault.

The pope then turned upon the Duke of Ferrara, beginning his attack, of course, with a volley of curses. The Duke was excommunicated, and his city put under an interdict. But at this time, on the second of December, 1521, Pope Leo X. died suddenly, a corpulent man of forty-six. He had just lived to see the French struck from their hold upon North Italy, and now what was King Francis to do? What stroke was to fall next from the lash of war then scourging unhappy France? Brilliant as was the success in Italy, Charles wanted men and money to secure its

permanence. Elsewhere the state of his affairs was wretched, and he looked to English help for extrication from his troubles.

The new pope, elected in January, 1522, as Adrian VI., was Adrian Tortosa, a Flemish monk, aged sixty-four. He was a respectable ascetic, poorly born, who had been dean of a college, and tutor to Charles, when Charles was a boy of seven. It was six months before Pope Adrian passed out of Spain to Rome, and, when he came, the emperor did not find him so serviceable as his predecessor. But England would help. At the end of May, 1522, Henry VIII. openly joined Charles V., and declared war against France, Charles being at that time a visitor to England, and, on the day of the declaration, Henry's guest on board the "Great Harry" at Dover. Charles remained for some weeks King Henry's guest, planning marriage with the English Princess Mary, then seven years old, invasion of France, and partition of the French dominions.

Attack was deferred by the difficulty of getting enough salt-beef, biscuit, and beer. There was not wind enough at Midsummer to turn the mills for grinding wheat and malt, and the great drought caused a shortcoming of water for the brewers. An army might be left to feed on the land it occupied, but a fleet could not draw bread and meat out of the sea. Thomas, Earl of Surrey—father of the English poet from that house, who was then a child of about five years old—commanded the English army in France, and he reported of his doings about Boulogne, that it "is so burnt and

pillaged that the French have good reason to be angry. Vendôme, the French king's lieutenant, has seen his town and castle of Huguclere burnt. All the country we have passed through has been burnt; and all the strong places, whether castles or fortified churches, have been thrown down. When we have burnt Dourlens, Corby, Ancres, Bray, and the neighbouring country, which will be in about three weeks, I cannot see that we can do much more." So France suffered from the foreign enemy, to resist whom and to maintain his own invasion against Italy, King Francis took the bread from his afflicted people, laid a rough hand upon church plate and jewels, sent, Wolsey says, the twelve apostles to the melting-pot. "His people were eaten up to their bones, and the Church cried for vengeance upon him."¹

In these days of calamity the king amused himself with amours, followed the hounds, had small care for his people, and suffered affairs to be mismanaged by his mother, Louise of Savoy. The ground in Italy, of which her avarice had secured the loss, there would be a struggle to regain. The new pope was not submissive to his old pupil the emperor. He simply desired peace among the sovereigns of Christendom, and union in war against the Turk. The emperor, whose own affairs were not in the best plight, had no wish that his ally the King of England should win to himself territories in France. The position of Francis was not desperate. But he and

¹ *State Papers of Henry VIII.*, No. 2707, and Prof. Brewer's Preface, p. ccxx.

his mother made it so, by adding to the general grievances of his subjects particular grievances for the resentment of his chief subject, the Constable Charles Duke of Bourbon.

When Clement Marot was in Hainault under the Duke d'Alençon, the Duke d'Alençon had the chief command in the van of the French army, to which Bourbon considered that he had a right. The constable's vast possessions, acquired chiefly by marriage with the heiress of the elder branch of Bourbon, made him the richest man in France; and he added to wealth a handsome person, courage, and ability. Bourbon, after the death of his wife, was plagued, it is said, by the desire of the queen's mother to marry him. He provoked in her two dominant passions—lust and avarice. The Earl of Surrey learnt that Bourbon, "not being contented with the inordinate and sensual governance that is used by the French king, is much inclined to reform and redress the insolent demeanors of the said king, and such other indiscreet and light counsellors as have induced him to this great folly and danger that he now standeth in." Chief of light counsellors was Louise of Savoy, whose plans for the driving of the constable into her own arms drove him into the embrace of the enemy. He disdained her. She laid claim in June, 1523, to the whole patrimony of the House of Bourbon, as niece of the late duke; leaving always before him the suggestion that a marriage would adjust the difficulty. The king at the same time, by instigation of his mother, put in claims as from the crown,

and deprived the constable of the revenues of his office. The Queen-Mother's age was then forty-six, and the constable was of about the same age as her son. By connivance of the Chancellor Du Plat, Louise sued Bourbon at law, and, with his help and the king's, secured by twist of law a decree of confiscation against him. He had been tempted to revolt by many injuries. The king's wars were the king's. France had no part in them but suffering. Against King Francis, therefore, Bourbon leagued himself with the Emperor Charles, who promised him alliance and great dowry with his sister Eleonore, the widow of a king. He was himself to be made king of Provence and Dauphiné. The emperor and the king of England admitted him as a third power into the treaty between themselves, and he undertook to raise against King Francis six thousand Frenchmen from the heart of France. Ignoble vengeance upon an ignoble king.

In September, 1523, Bourbon's open defection obliged Francis to abandon his design of marching himself into the Milanese. He sent on his army of thirty thousand under command of Admiral Bonnivet, an elegant court trifle, the frivolous companion of his pleasures. The forces of Charles were so ill prepared, that they were ready to quit Milan as soon as the French claimed entrance; but Bonnivet, after crossing the Ticino, remained inactive for some days. The enemy used, night and day, every hour of the time he was wasting, and thus Milan was made ready to stand a siege by the time the French army arrived before it. As he could

not find out how the town was to be taken, and the season was late, the French army in Italy went into winter-quarters. At this time Pope Adrian died after short tenure of his office, and on the 28th of November Cardinal de' Medici became Pope Clement VII. Wolsey, to whom the emperor had promised well, had now been twice balked of the Papacy. He held Charles accountable, and in England the emperor had no longer a friend at court.

But some weeks before Adrian's death, in the autumn of 1523, England having been just subjected to a heavy taxation, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, had set out for the invasion of France with the largest army sent from England for a century. He was joined in France by German mercenaries, whom Charles had agreed to pay, but whom Henry was obliged himself to pay, if he would keep them. The way to Paris was almost open. The King of France was then with a force in Lyons. Clement Marot was there among his soldiers. Suffolk marched with his imperialist allies, wasting the land through which he passed, as far as Montdidier. Paris, expecting entrance of the enemy, was struck with panic and sent to the king at Lyons. The king sent Chabot de Brion, who passionately denounced to the Parliament the treason of Bourbon, said that the king would rather die than lose Paris, and "as he cannot be among you himself he has resolved to send his wife, children, mother, all that he has, as pledges of his presence; for he is convinced that if he should lose all and save Paris, Paris saved, all would be saved." And

the Parisians rose to defend their town, repaired their fortifications, cleared their ditches; while Suffolk, stopping short in his march for want of beef and beer, marched his men back to Calais at about the time when the French army before Milan was going into winter-quarters.

Thus there was a ray of light to comfort France in the winter of 1523-4. Conspicuous treachery and the march of a foreign army upon Paris had also done something to bring the national life into an active relation with turmoils of royal politics.

While these were the distresses of France, Clement Marot, who had shown how keenly he felt for his country, suffered private grief by the death of his father. In the poem wherein the son asks from the king reversion of his father's office, there occurs that record already cited, in which the dying man commended to his son the gentle spirit of the poet's craft, his best inheritance. There were a few small possessions at Cahors. Perhaps the pension of the father might be added to the son's means of subsistence.

But there was little hope in those days. During the winter of 1523-4 the French before Milan suffered cold and hunger. With the spring came Charles of Bourbon, lieutenant-general in Italy for Charles V. The French army was beaten back; the courtier Bonnavet was wounded, and the soldier Bayard slain. Having driven the French out of Lombardy, Bourbon pursued into France, and received his first check at Marseilles, which was well defended and provisioned by the fleet.

While Francis was thus threatened, he lost, in this year, his wife Claude, sad daughter of Queen-Duchess Anne. The Queen of France fell victim in her youth to disease brought on her by the vices of her husband. Thus tenderly Clement Marot wrote her epitaph :

“ Near to this spot rests Claude, the Queen of France,
Who, before Death had made his last advance,
Said to her soul, as tears flowed from her eyes,—
O Spirit, tired of life with pain and sighs,
What would you more within these earthen bars?
Enough of life with weeping and with wars :
Go, live in peace where Heaven’s glories shine ;
So will you please this drooping flesh of mine.

Then sank in death, to which all paths we track,
The pure white lily, ermine perfect black ;
Black, for so weary ; white, so innocent.
Now may God give her fulness of content,
And hers be as much peace in that bright sphere
As was denied her when she suffered here.”

Foes pressed, and King Francis had neither love nor time to give to mourning. By a strong army from Avignon, his enemies were compelled, on the 28th of September, to raise the siege of Marseilles, and were pursued by him over the border. Clement Marot was a soldier in the pursuing force, which, when it crossed the border, turned aside from the pursuit to hurry by forced marches to Milan. The King of France reached Milan first, and occupied it on the 26th October. Then he laid siege to Pavia, wasted three months before the fortress, and gave time to Bourbon to draw fresh strength out of Germany. Bourbon, then joining at Lodi the forces of De Lannoy and Pescara, marched

upon Francis. The armies faced each other for three weeks, and at last, on the 24th of February, in front of Pavia, there was a battle fought in which the French were totally defeated, with loss of eight thousand men, and King Francis was taken prisoner. Another prisoner was Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre. The Duke d'Alençon escaped. Clement Marot fought in this battle, and received a gunshot wound in the arm. He also was taken prisoner.

The Duke d'Alençon escaped to Lyons, and about three weeks after his arrival there fell ill of a pleurisy. The duchess nursed him during the short illness of five days which preceded his death on the 11th of April. Marguerite, thus made a widow, gave up her energies to care on behalf of her captive brother.

Clement Marot's imprisonment was not of long duration, and it may have been followed almost immediately by his marriage. We have to gather his life chiefly from his works, and it had been for many generations, and was still in his day, a point of honour among poets to maintain the privacy of the domestic hearth. Down to the time of Clement Marot, and for a generation or two later, love having been constituted the one noble theme of song, love poems were simply exercises in the poet's art. A string of them would be devised to represent all phases of the passion and display the writer's skill. If they were publicly inscribed to any lady, that public compliment, accepted as she might accept a dedication, implied that towards that lady the poet was not addressing any private suit. But Clement Marot

did marry; a son of his inherited the turn for rhyming from his father and his grandfather, and a reference of his to his Marion and her little children a few years later, makes it probable that he married soon after his father's death. That event gave him the patrimony of the two fields near St. Clement at Cahors, and perhaps the home and vineyards which came by his father's first marriage with the daughter of citizen Rosières, or what may have come by his second marriage with Clement's own mother, whom Jean Marot appears also to have survived. A letter in verse addressed, after the battle of Pavia,¹ by Clement to a lady in France, before his return from imprisonment, may possibly contain only the usual phrases of poetical gallantry, but it will very well bear reading as a letter which, while it said no more than the world might read, was to have for its first reader the woman who was about to become his wife. There is courtly allegorical versifying about Doubt and Love; but under it lies the statement, very natural to the difficulties of his position as a prisoner, that although he had written several times he had not received any answer to his letters. But then, he proceeds, said Firm Love, who was with him, never doubt things that are sure. Ingratitude cannot dwell in a noble lady's heart. If she has got letters from you, be sure that she has received them with great joy, read and re-read, kissed and kissed again, then put them aside as precious treasure. Risks and difficulties are in the way of

¹ *Elegie Première.*

ladies who write words of love. Love conquers Doubt with him, and he will write and tell how many ills have happened since his parting. He has had his share of them.

“Talk was of blood and fire, of war and toil,
But with its opposites, through all the coil,
Love made itself a home within my breast
When I remembered you and was at rest.
Of others, true it is, few memories came.
Never of love of damsels or of dame
Came thought into my mind, all that is gone;
For you are all to me, and are but one.

What shall I say more of the stubborn fight?
You know enough, and know how Fortune's spite
Fell on our nation with its utmost weight.
I know not that it is the work of Fate,
But Fortune has long seemed to want an hour
To do us all the mischief in her power.

Pierced with uncivil violence was then
This arm of mine that wields the lance or pen;
Love keeps it yet for you as a reserve,
And while yet far, by writing bids it serve.
At last this frame of mine lay suffering
Beyond the mountains, captive with the king;
As for my heart, that has been long in France
Your prisoner without deliverance.
They let my body out, my heart you hold;
It seeks not to escape into the cold,
For such a prison seems to it more dear
Than bondage of the body seemed severe.
Between your hands 'tis dearer to be tied
Than to be free with all the world beside.

They took, too, many a king, and duke, and count
In this great fight, which I will not recount;
Why should I cast about, and seek to suit
To theme of love so much about dispute.
I leave all that, which best belongs to Spain,
Whose hand bears of her bath of blood the stain.”

Let Spain boast of her victories while we tell our losses. Tell them, alas! better be silent and turn to love, among the field and woods and flowers; fly the hawk, uncouple the hounds; refresh the heart by brooks and fountains, sleep to the murmuring of waters, listen to the music of the birds. Let us pass time in such pleasure. God, I believe, will not be offended because strife has given place to love. But if war rage again, then one must leave woods, springs, and brooks; one must leave chase, dogs, and birds, leave love, to follow standards to the field, and for love recover honour; must show the Spaniards that Fortune's kindness never holds long to one quarter. Fortune is glass, the brighter the more brittle. So it is that I hope with God we may regain prosperity. And now I have no more to say than to commend to you him who sends this. If your white hand does not take the pen for him, yet think of him sometimes, and do not withhold yourself from asking of my welfare from my friends; for to be told that you have done so, will heal the pain of the two blows that I have suffered. Love has made a butt of my heart, and War has hurt me with a *harquebus*.

“What the arm suffers, any eye can know;
What the heart suffers, grief alone can show.
Nevertheless the hurt arm will pull through;
Care of the heart's wound I commend to you.”

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH AND PRISON.

THE year is 1525. King Francis is a prisoner in Italy. Clement Marot, aged about twenty-nine, released from his Italian prison, is probably now married. The Duchess d'Alençon, to whose court he is attached, has just buried her husband. Louise of Savoy, the Queen-Mother, is regent of France; and great efforts are being made to procure the king's release.

The blow dealt to France before Pavia was the immediate cause of new combinations among European states. So great a triumph to the arms of Charles V. gave a new shape to the great political bugbear, Balance of Power. Allied kings, as we have seen, were as careful as enemies to stand each in the other's way, so far as regarded chance of a particular advantage to be gained by one of them without a compensating profit to the other. The success of his arms at Pavia threatened to give Charles the Fifth a great predominance in Europe. Captivity of a sacred king touched royal sympathies to the quick. Not being himself its master, Henry felt that the person of Francis was as sacred as his own. Charles made extravagant demands. Francis could not assent to them, and hoping to succeed better by conferences with his captor, asked to be transferred to

Madrid. Thither he was conveyed, and there he arrived in August, after a month's detention on the way in a castle near Valencia; but the emperor relaxed no point in his demands. French Flanders, Picardy, and Burgundy for himself, Provence and Dauphiné joined to the Bourbonnais as a kingdom carved out of France for Bourbon, Normandy and Guienne for the king of England. In August, 1525, Henry VIII., in consideration of large money payments, allied himself with France, and gave his aid towards procuring the liberation of Francis, provided that the Queen-Mother did not seek to accomplish it by cession of territory. During the rest of the year 1525 the king of France was in Madrid, a prisoner.

It was the year of the death of Guillaume Crétin, and Clement Marot wrote an epitaph in praise of him. It said that his unadorned tomb was made honourable by merely covering his body, mined and eaten by the worms. Could it be covered by his laborious works it would be much more glorious. But for the works, they cannot die; and there is no tomb needed for the living. Friendship and personal respect, the honour paid by a young poet to an elder in his art who was then reckoned among its chiefs; the fact, also, that Marot was acclimatised to the court fashions; kept him, keen as he was, from expressing that ridicule for Crétin's far-fetched ingenuities which, among men of his time, was only to be found in Rabelais. When Panurge consulted Raminogrobin on his marriage, the absurd reply, "Prenez la, ne prenez la pas," &c., was simply a

rondeau from the works of Crétin. But Crétin had been twenty-five years dead when Pantagruel was written.

Rabelais, son of mine host of the Lamprey not far from Chinon, taught as a boy by Benedictines, received as a youth among Franciscans, with whom his experience of life was bitter, had become in 1525 a secular priest attached to the person of the Bishop of Maillezais. It was not till after three or four more years that he went, for the study of medicine, to the University of Montpellier. During these years his known sympathy with the intellect of France that laboured to reform religion caused him to retire to a remote country district; where his friends, the brothers Du Bellay, obtained for him the cure of the little village of Souday, near their chateau of Glatigny. While Rabelais took shelter from the storm, Marot stood in the open.

The storm was raised by the political acts of the Queen Mother when, as Regent, after the capture of King Francis, she was endeavouring to win friends to his cause. With her, the side taken in the religious controversies of the day was the one which best suited the worldly interests and passions of the hour. Her lively daughter Marguerite was clever, liberal, and honestly religious. The influence of her character upon the weak brother Francis, whom she loved, was always for good. But Francis was captive, Marguerite was by the death-bed of her husband, and their mother was hard at work in her own fashion seeking to help her captive son by every attainable alliance.

The pope needed management. Before the disaster of Pavia the new pope, Clement the Seventh, an illegitimate son of Giuliano de' Medici, had favoured the French. Now he was wavering, and paying large sums to the soldiers of the emperor. The pope must be conciliated. She must get on the blind side of him. And that was to be done by ministering to his strongest passion, hatred of those reformers who were holding up the papacy as an embodiment of the worst evils of the church.

Hitherto the sympathy of Marguerite for the reformers and her influence over Francis had kept thought reasonably free. Times had, on the whole, been bad for the French theologian who wished to argue with the faggot and the chain. The letter of Louise of Savoy was, therefore, a most welcome concession to his holiness. Inquisitors who had been snuffing around France as dogs about the door of a closed larder, found the door opened suddenly, and the Holy Father pointing out to them whatever was most toothsome.

On the 20th of May in that year, 1525, the pope addressed a letter to the Parliament of Paris, saying, that he had heard the readiness of the queen regent to suppress those insidious heresies which were beginning to slip into France, and had, therefore, deputed certain persons, charged to punish those who sought to destroy the old faith and religion. It is necessary, he said, in this great and marvellous disorder, which comes by the malice of Satan and the rage and impiety of his agents, that every one should make effort to preserve the com-

mon weal, since this madness desires not only to embroil and confound religion, but also principality, nobility, law, order, and degree of rank. For his part, he said he would spare no labour or pains to remedy the mischief. They also of the parliament of Paris, whose prudence and virtue is everywhere celebrated, must employ themselves upon the guardianship of truth and right; and this the more because the good of the kingdom and the dignity of their estate would not be exempted from the perils and domestic miseries which this pernicious and pestiferous heresy was sowing everywhere. They did not need to be urged, since they had already given good evidence of their prudence; yet that he might do his duty and show his benevolence towards them he had written his letter. What they had done thus far was very agreeable to him, and was the reason why he exhorted them thenceforward to keep good watch against this pestilent wickedness of heretics, for the honour of God and safety of the kingdom. Their diligence would be greatly pleasing to God and worthy of great praise before men. He also would extend his hand, and give them aid and comfort.

That was the substance of the letter written by Clement VII. at Rome, on the 20th of May. It was delivered to the parliament of Paris on the 17th of June, 1525.

The parliament was dutiful. Bitterest theologians of the Sorbonne looked for a carnival. There seem to have been six inquisitors appointed, and Doctor Bouchar, who is known for nothing but hostility to men of mark,

was active among them. The famous Jacques le Fevre of Etaples (Faber Stapulensis) was accused and imprisoned. So were many of the men of foremost intellect, and Clement Marot was in the number of appointed victims.

The great emphasis laid in the pope's letter to the parliament of Paris upon the regard of its members for their property and social privileges, which the new heresy was threatening, pointed directly to the tumult of the peasants' war then raging in Southern Germany and on the French borders of Alsace and Lorraine. Stung by oppression to revolt against their masters, the unhappy peasantry had indeed connected with their movement religious views which had this in common with Luther's teaching, that they were very hostile to the papacy. Their representatives at first even sought to win Luther's assent to the justice of their claims. But he was opposed to most of their opinions, and had he agreed with all of them he would still have opposed very strenuously their assertion by armed insurrection. Indeed, the occasion led him, in a book against Sedition, to state his opinions upon that point most clearly. Vengeance against bad ecclesiastics will be, he said, from God. Magistrates may be asked to correct their misdoings; but the people must not take the law into their own hands. They who would get rid of ecclesiastical tyranny should repent of the sins that brought it on them, ask for Divine aid against the pope's dominion, preach the Gospel, and make known the misdeeds of the popes, so that all men may learn to

despise the wares they sell. There is no need of sedition; it is enough to preach the Gospel. What damage, Luther observes, has he himself done to the pope without use of a sword! God, who laid the foundations, will complete the building. The pope will become weaker and weaker through the simple preaching of the truth; only let men continue in that, and show, again and again, how little the decrees of men help to salvation. They must avoid, also, monastic vows (Luther himself had put off his monastic habit in October, 1524), and pay nothing towards the frippery of churches,—tapers, bells, pictures, vessels, images, fonts, ornaments, &c. Christianity consists in faith and charity. Conceal that doctrine, and the papacy will thrive in spite of all conspiracies. Already their adversaries are complaining of diminished incomes. What will they be two years hence if we go on preaching? (Well might Dr. Bouchar and the church according to him tremble with passion against men who thus impiously threatened all that they held most sacred!) The papacy, Luther went on, can only sustain itself by force; when stripped it reveals the abominations that it covered. If anything of their foulness is left after all our preaching, it will disappear at the coming of Christ. But we must go on with order and reason. Men hear a sermon or two, without other instruction, call themselves Lutherans, pride themselves, and attack bitterly the unconvinced. That is a great fault. Let none name himself after me, but let each

live so as to be named after Christ, whom we all seek to imitate.

That is a summary of the opinions expressed by Luther himself in this year, 1525, and with direct reference to the struggles with which it pleased enemies of his teaching to connect his name.

The strife between the peasants and the princes which was going on when the pope wrote his letter to the parliament of Paris, and also when the parliament received it, was as the turning of the worm under the heel. The original claims of the poor ignorant rustics were that they should be taught by a priest of their own choosing; that they should pay tithes of corn only, divisible into three shares, one for the church, one for the poor, and one for public uses; that while they still fulfilled their duties and obeyed the magistrate they should no longer be serfs, since Christ hath made us free; that, saving all purchased rights, there should be an end of the oppressive game laws; that, saving all purchased forest rights, the woods for which no man had made payment should be open to all; and also that common lands, which had been enclosed by great lords, at their own will, when they had given no consideration for them, should be restored to the people. They asked also for protection against excessive *corvées*, greater equity in the imposition of fines, regard to law in judgments, and abolition of the fines levied after the death of a poor man upon his widow and children, a point also urged strongly

by the Scotch reformers through Sir David Lindsay's *Satire of the Three Estates*. These were all natural expressions of the desire of overburdened flesh and blood for relief from hardships which had grown out of the feudal system. They had become all the more intolerable when there was laid on the backs of the poor, in addition to the burdens imposed by the great man of each district, a new load of taxation for expenses of the central government.

When on the 20th of May, 1525, the pope wrote of the threats of heresy against the authority of princes, he had heard of the risings of the peasantry in Swabia and countries of Germany about the Danube, who asked for a free Gospel and no serfdom. He had heard what carnage there was of them on the 3rd of April at Elching, near Ulm, and soon afterwards again at the town of Lippe. The strife spread from Wurtemberg into Alsace and Lorraine. The insurgent peasantry were attacked by Antoine, Prince of Lorraine, and his brother Claude de Guise, and 1500 were killed near the village of Lupfoten. Next day there was a great butchery of those at Saverne, by breach of faith after they had been treacherously induced to lay down their arms. The men-at-arms then pillaged the town, not forgetting its richest house, the bishop's palace, and killed the townspeople indiscriminately. In three towns eighteen thousand were said to have been killed within that month of May, 1525, in which his holiness wrote to stir up persecution in Paris. During the slaughter at Petersheim, the count and the archbishop

of Trèves being present, the count sought to stay the massacre, but the archbishop urged it on and slaughtered many with his own hand.¹

The foremost of the religious enthusiasts by whom these people were led, Thomas Münzer, opposed Luther as distinctly as he opposed the pope. When driven out of Saxony he had stirred up wild tumult in Mul-

¹ These details are from Johann Philippon (Jean Sleidan), who was nineteen years old in 1525. He was born in 1506, at Sleiden, near Bonn, for which reason he called himself Sleidanus. Educated at Sleiden, Liège, Cologne, Lausanne, he became tutor to a son of the great man of Sleiden, Count von Manderscheid, then went to his friend Jean Sturm at Paris, studied three years at Orleans, graduated in law, returned to Paris, and became a man of mark in the good society of Paris in his time. Francis I. appointed him his interpreter. In 1542, when driven to Strasburg by an edict against Lutherans, he became Professor of History there, and soon afterwards historiographer to the confederate Protestants of Germany. He represented Strasburg at the Council of Trent, and died in 1556. In this part of the text I am much indebted to his *Histoire de l'estat de la Religion et Republique sous l'Empereur Charles V.*, published in 1557, the year after his death. Its trustworthiness is attested by a book written in the following year to confute his narrative, and called the *Histoire Catholique de nostre temps touchant l'estat de la Religion Chrestienne contre l'histoire de Jean Sleydan, composée par S. Fontaine, docteur en Theologie*, Antwerp, 1558. Dr. Fontaine abuses Luther soundly, but convicts his adversary of no mis-statement. Of the peasants' insurrection, Fontaine writes (pp. 105-6): "In Switzerland, Alsatia, Franconia, on the banks of the Rhine, and in Thuringia, the peasants rose by many thousands, and before the princes had raised and enrolled a sufficient force of arms to put them down, did innumerable injuries, pillaging and destroying monasteries, churches, and fortresses of the Catholics, so that in less than one month they did more harm in Germany than the emperor and king of France did ever in Italy with ten years fighting." It gives us a lively sense of their atrocity to be told that they were even more mischievous than the emperor and the king.

house, and was brought to the torture chamber and the block in this year, 1525. As re-baptism was a part of his religious code his followers were known as Anabaptists. Seven years later a body of them, led by a tailor of Haarlem and a tailor of Leyden, took Munster; the tailor being that John of Leyden who has returned to earth and lives fashionably in our time as a hero of grand opera. Münster's last words before execution were to advise princes to be more merciful to the poor, and then, he said, they would have nothing to fear.

It was natural that the insurrection of the peasants, blended with the fanatical enthusiasm of the Anabaptists, should have given a fresh impulse to the action against heresy. The parliament of Paris was obedient to the direction of the pope, and Monsieur Bouchard, doctor of theology, was diligent in accusation of men who were neither insurgents nor sectaries, but, being distinguished for their genius and learning, gave credit to the cause of Luther by a free expression of their goodwill to the cause of church reform.

Jacques le Fevre, of Etaples, one of those whom the inquisitors now accused, was an old man of eighty-five, in highest repute for scholarship and purity of life. He had printed at Paris in 1523 the first translation of the New Testament into French, and had opposed some unimportant church traditions; that, for example, which asserted that the mother of the Virgin was thrice married, and had by each marriage a daughter Mary. He spoke with respect of Luther, but was

himself simply a liberal religious scholar, who did not seek controversy although he was too true a man to hide his convictions. He lived to the age of ninety-seven, and then left all that he had, except his books, to the poor. The king's sister, Marguerite, paid honour to this venerable scholar. The inquisitors accused him to the parliament. Dr. Bouchar accused also Clement Marot, whose sympathy with the reformers was even less theological, and whose court training certainly had not made him an antagonist of princes. Marot, with a quietly religious nature, joined the quick sensibilities of a poet to the spirit of independence that became a citizen of Cahors. This last was, indeed, modified by the dependence of a poet in those days upon favour of princes; but as his father had been fortunate in serving Anne of Brittany, he also had in Marguerite of Alençon a patroness whom he could serve without loss of self-respect, and who was indeed in best accord with the best part of his own nature. After he had been locked up for about a week Marot troubled the dull inquisitor with this letter in verse.¹

“Give me an answer as to this affair,
My learned Doctor. Who led you to snare
And prison in this fashion for six days
A friend, free from offence to you always,
And wish to put him into fear and terror
Of the sharp law, saying, I hold the error
Of Luther. I am not a Lutherist,
Nor Zuinglian, and less Anabaptist;
I am of God, through his son Jesus Christ.

¹ *A Monsieur Bouchar, Docteur en Theologie.*

I am one who has many works devised,
 From which none could extract a single line
 Opposing itself to the Law divine.
 I am one who takes pains, and has delight
 In praise of Christ and of his Mother bright
 With infused grace: and, for good proof of it,
 There is my writing, search what I have writ.

I am one who gives faith and honour due
 To the Church holy, catholic and true.
 Of other doctrine there is none to scout;
 My Law is good, and nobody can doubt
 That this I hold and in its praise am glad,
 Seeing that Pagans hold by theirs when bad.

Catholic Doctor, what then do you seek?
 What do you seek then? Have you any pique
 Against me? Is it that you take delight
 In plaguing me with some one else's spite?
 I believe not; but something heard amiss
 Has moved you to severity like this.
 No farther, then, let angry will proceed.
 Would God were pleased you now had skill to read
 Within this body, which in bonds you hold,
 You'd see my heart other than you've been told.

Now I will make an end, dear Sir and master,
 Begging you'll help me out of this disaster;
 And if on my behalf you'll not hear reason,
 At least speak for my friends a word in season.
 Let me recover, by a gain outside,
 The freedom which to me you have denied."

With a light heart and good conscience Marot bore his cross. When he said that he was Christian not Lutheran, Zuinglian, or still less Anabaptist, he referred under those terms to the liveliest forms of controversy current at the hour in which he wrote. It was but two years since Zuinglius had assembled the senate and

clergy of Zurich, and presented to them in sixty-seven propositions his articles of faith. The controversy between Luther and Zuinglius, in which Luther maintained the real and Zuinglius the emblematic presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist, a busy dispute which lasted for three years, had begun in this year, 1525. We have seen what stir in Christendom was made during the same year by the Anabaptists.

Clement Marot took no part in doctrinal controversy, but simply cherished the pure spirit of religion. In aid only of that he used his wit against the Brother Lubins, who retaliated with the weapons proper to themselves.

To a familiar friend of his, Lyon Jamet, of Sensay, in Poitou, Marot wrote from his prison—playing upon his friend's name of Lion—a pleasant letter, which tells him in merry verse the old fable of the Lion and the Mouse. A rat could not escape out of his trap, because he had eaten so much bacon and raw meat, till a lion broke his prison for him with nails and teeth. Master Rat bowed prettily, took his cap from his head, thanked the great beast a thousand times, swearing by the god of the rats and mice to repay him. The Lion afterwards being caught in a net and fast bound to a post, the gay Rat bade him make no noise, for he should be unbound. You deserve it for you are a kind-hearted fellow, and you showed that when you set me free. You helped me Lionously, now I will give you Ratical help. The Lion turned his great eye on the Rat and said: "You poor little vermin, you have no knife, sickle, or scythe to cut cords with; be off and hide, or the cat

will see you." "Sir Lion," said the son of a mouse, "I laugh at your proposal. I have knives enough, don't fear; fine white bones that will cut better than a scythe—they have my gums and mouth for a case. They'll cut the cord that touches you so closely. I shall put this matter right." So Mr. Rat began to bite at the great thong: to be sure he worked at it a long time, but he nibbled and mumbled and went at it again till at last all was broken. The Lion was soon off, saying to himself, "Really, no service is lost, wherever it was done." There, says Marot, is the story, all in rhyme; 'tis very long, but it is very old: witness Æsop and a thousand more. Now come and see me, and play the Lion. I will take pains and thought to be a not ungrateful Rat if God ever bring you into so much perplexity as the big Lion. But may He spare you that!

And still, with the vivacity of one who in his soul is free, we find Marot in his prison jesting at the intolerance of which he is a victim with reference to an old song, by Eustache Deschamps, and its refrain, "*Sachiez qui a mangié le lart*," which had given rise to a popular saying, "Let him be taken, he ate the bacon"—*Prenez-le, il a mangé le lard*. Deschamps is one of the good elder poets of France, of whom even our English Chaucer has in his own verse shown relish.¹

¹ Although in one note to the poem he suspects Marot's refrain to be no more than a proverb, the editor of the collection of Marot's poems, published in 1731 (the Abbé Nicolas Lenglet du Fresnoy), in other notes, and in his account of Marot's life, not having read Deschamps, gravely assumes that Marot was imprisoned because he

Here is the source of the proverb, as Deschamps shows it, in a balade *Upon Theft of Treasure*, in the year

had eaten bacon in Lent. As the pope's letter to the parliament of Paris, which set on foot the persecution, did not arrive till the 17th of June, at what date in July are we to suppose that Easter fell in 1525? The same critic observes that it was sign of a gross taste in Marot to tell us that he was imprisoned for eating bacon; he might as well have named some more delicate meat. The preface to this edition, which is the source of many current errors on the subject of Marot, is in the form of a conversation between Eugène, Menandre and Aristippe. Eugène is versed in history, Menandre in literature, and Aristippe in life. Eugène and Menandre read history and literature as Aristippe reads life, which he considers to be, in its best form, *bonnes fortunes*. These three gentlemen—who are nasty in every sense of the word, literal and metaphorical—discuss the life of Marot. Thus the period from 1523 to 1525 is occupied with the fable of an amour between Marot and Diana of Poitiers. How actively Marot's life was employed during the time, we saw in the last chapter. Diana of Poitiers did not become a widow until 1531, and her conduct was irreproachable during her husband's lifetime. When widowed, her age was thirty-one, and the Dauphin, with whom her history became afterwards associated, was then hardly thirteen. As his mistress afterwards, and through him ruler of France when he was Henry II., she still wore mourning for her husband, Louis de Brezé, if it be true that the black and white of Diana of Poitiers referred back to those eighteen or nineteen years of her youth, which she had passed as an unspotted wife. The story told by Mezeray of her having sold her honour to Francis I. to save the life of her father, who had been condemned as a friend of Bourbon, is opposed to facts, and has long been set aside. Her father, Jean de Poitiers, owed his life to the intercession of Mauleverie and others. There is even less ground for the assertion that between 1523 and 1525 there was intimacy between Clement Marot and Diana of Poitiers, and that it was she who, in a fit of jealousy, charged him with having eaten bacon. It all rests on the fact that Diana is a name used four times in the course of Marot's conventional court poetry on themes of love. Other foundations there is absolutely none.

Lenglet du Fresnoy was a man of free life, who busied himself

1389. A goodman of a village asked a kinsman to dine with him on beans and bacon, but when the time came for dishing up, only the beans were to be found, without the bacon. Then he said to his people, "I will chop you up."—But one said, "Don't do that; you might know who has eaten the bacon."—"Certainly I will know that. You will dishonour me, you who take the fat out of the pottage over which I have authority. You have been able to cheat me besides. My corn and wine is given and sold. I perceive it too well, seeing what I have lost; but it is too late. Though you had all made oaths, you might know who has eaten the bacon."—"Master," said one, "you are wise. You should look at each of us. Meat is a cress you cannot hide when it is hot. Look there: one of them has his bosom steaming. Then let him be taken, let him be convicted of his misdeed, let

much with diplomacy and literature. He was expelled from the Sorbonne for stealing papers from a bureau. In diplomacy he obtained a pension in 1718 by playing the detective for the Regent in a manner infamously treacherous. He attacked Rousseau in a satire, and ascribed its authorship to one of Rousseau's friends. In literature he had much ill-regulated erudition, and wrote much. His editions of Marot was but a slight incident in a career of great literary activity. If his gaiety had been less corrupt, and his erudition capable of noble aims, he would have blundered much less than he did, and his active industry during a long life might have been of some use to the world. As it is, even the friendly chronicler of his life in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, who calls him "a true model of an independent man of letters," adds that "he has fallen into gross errors which certain critics attribute rather to an interested bad faith than to ignorance. His notes and his writings breathe the malignity and the biting causticity of Guy Patin." But Lenglet had not the natural ability of Guy Patin; and Guy Patin had not the unnatural meanness of Lenglet.

him be sent away for the judge to deal with, saying, 'You might know who has eaten the bacon.' " *L'Envoy*. Prince, there are many bad governors of our finance in gold and silver, who take more than their share. The grease hangs from their mouths; they grow rich and build themselves houses. You might know who has eaten the bacon.

This is the origin of the French proverb, taken by Marot for the refrain of a balade, which represents himself as having written only to reproach his friend Isabeau¹ with inconstancy, when she straightway had speech with some hypocrite (Papelard), and said to him plainly of Marot, "Let him be taken, he ate the bacon." Then six ruffians took him by surprise, imprisoned him, and said a fat scoundrel:—

Par la morbieu voyla Clement,
Prenez le, il a mangé le lard.

Now, Marot adds, my cruel enemy is bitterly revenged. I have no wish whatever for revenge on her. But when I think of it, her ingenuity is great that could invent the science and art of crying out on me, *Prenez le, il a mangé le lard*. ENVOY, Prince, unless she had shown plainly the too great heat with which she was burning, she would never have said at all, *Prenez le, il a mangé le lard*."

In this little allegory Marot applies the fashionable form of a love-poem to the church of France in his own day. She is his Isabeau. Even the choice of her name

¹ *Ballade qu'il composa en prison contre Isabeau, qui fut s'amye.*

points to the allegory, for that is a variation in form from Elizabeth, which means God is my oath, or a Worshipper of God. It was his church that Marot reproached with want of fidelity to her first vows, and who having

“tint *parlement*
A je ne sçay quel *papelard*.”

—note the sly play of words here upon parliament and pope—procured his imprisonment as one caught in the act of heresy, non-observance of fast days being a common count in such indictments. Marot wishes no ill whatever to the church of France. But her accusation against him would have been impossible if she had not been stirred by excess of passion. The six *pendards* probably answered to the number of the doctors acting as inquisitors in Paris, and the particular fat *paillard* was Doctor Bouchar, who may have had no brains for this playful dealing with the question, but could have had no difficulty in seeing that, as heresy was then reckoned, Marot might be considered taken with that bacon upon him, and, as Deschamps put it, the grease yet on his mouth. Here is the balade itself:—

Un jour j'escrivis à m'Amie
Son inconstance seulement,
Mais elle ne fut endormie
A me le rendre chaudement :
Car dès l'heure tint parlement
A je ne sçay quel Papelard,
Et lui a dict tout bellement,
'Prenez le, il a mangé le lard.'

Lors six pendars ne faillent mye
A me surprendre finement :

Et de jour pour plus d'infamie
 Firent mon emprisonnement.
 Ils vindrent à mon logement :
 Lors ce va dire un gros paillard,
 'Par la morbieu voyla Clement,
 Prenez le, il a mangé le lard.'

Or est ma cruelle ennemie
 Vengée bien amèrement :
 Revenge m'en veux, ne demie.
 Mais quand je pense, voirement
 Elle a de l'engin¹ largement,
 D'inventer la science, et l'art
 De crier sur moi hautement
 'Prenez le, il a mangé le lard.'

ENVOY.

Prince, qui n'eust dit plainement
 La trop grand' chaleur dont elle art,
 Jamais n'eust dit aucunement
 'Prenez le, il a mangé le lard.'

With a true balade of Marot's before us, we may pause to observe the mechanism of this kind of poem.

The balade—of southern origin, and a widely different thing from the northern ballad—was a piece of four strophes, the first three being each of eight lines, and the fourth of four lines; this was called *L'Envoy*, or *Le Prince*. Each strophe ended with the same line, as a refrain, and in the true balade there were throughout the piece only three rhymes; two of them run through the poem, and a third is for the refrain. In

¹ If in the preceding note I seem to have spoken too harshly of Lenglet du Fresnoy, let the male reader turn to page 28 of his preface, and read the suggestion connected with this word in applying the poem to Diana of Poitiers as the woman who accused Marot of having eaten bacon.

every province there used to be a sort of courtly academy of verse-writers, called the *Puy d'Amours*, of which the president was called the Prince. Whoever had written a chant royal, pastourelle, balade, or rondeau, brought it before the Prince du Puy, and said it by heart. The four last lines of a balade were addressed to him, and therefore called *l'Envoy*, or *le Prince*. In writings of Jean Marot and Guillaume Crétin, the *Envoy* sometimes begins with the words "Prince du Puy." So in this balade of Clement Marot's the *Envoy* begins, as it would have done if Deschamps had written it, with the word "Prince."

There is a rondeau of Marot's to Isabeau, which, like the balade just quoted, contains veiled expression of his attitude towards the unreformed church of his time. Being inconstant, false of heart, and loose of principle, she has deserted him. "When I am thus forsaken," he asks, "might I not forsake? Indeed I might, but I will not give her injury back, however much she injure me. She wants, in the train she tries to bring with her, day-labourers and task-workers. She is ready to let her heart rest in too many places, being inconstant. To cover her great vice and that blot on her, my pen has often given itself to her praise. But I will labour no more to do that; for I cannot so surely cover her ill reputation as she can uncover it, being inconstant." Here the emblem writing speaks for itself clearly. The church of Rome in France, inconstant to the simple teaching of the Gospel, carries too long a train and sets her heart upon too many of the pomps and vanities of

life. He has seen that, and yet has upheld the honour of his church and sought to hide her failings. But they cry aloud and cannot be hidden. He must now stand openly with the reformers.

After her husband's death, Marguerite's one great care was for the king, her brother, but she was not unmindful of her friends. Captivity pressed heavily upon the light mind of King Francis. On the 27th of August, 1524, the widowed Marguerite of Alençon embarked at Aigues Mortes for Spain. She found her brother reduced to such weakness of mind and body by the difficulties of his situation, that without her, he said often afterwards, he should have died. She cheered him, counselled him, and endeavoured to make terms for him with Charles. When courtiers were forbidden to talk to her of the state prisoner and terms of his release, she sought to get at them through their wives and daughters. She reasoned with Charles, roused a little of his cold blood with spirited censure, and before his council, says Brantôme, she triumphed with her fine speaking and graceful manner. Meanwhile her brother was revived by her society, and felt safe in the help of his best guide. Marguerite in Spain did not forget the men of worth and genius among whom she had sought friends. When news came to her of growing activity among Inquisitors, of peril to the venerable Jacques le Fevre, and imprisonments of others, among whom was Marot, what help she could give she gave by placing them under the shelter of the king's prerogative.

From his prison in Madrid Francis wrote to the par-

liament of Paris that he had heard how Jacques le Fevre and some other persons of excellent learning had been proceeded against before them by theologians who took Le Fevre much to heart. For even before the king's departure some of their Faculty had grievously accused Le Fevre before him, but wrongfully and without cause. The king had then given in charge to great persons and men notable in all kinds of erudition, to examine the books and writings for which Le Fevre was accused. Having diligently done this, and examined all, they gave ample and honourable testimony of the said Le Fevre. This, wrote Francis, being the truth, and Le Fevre being, as he has since heard, much esteemed among the Italians and Spaniards for his learning and virtue, the king would be very greatly displeased if anything were done in anger against so innocent a man, or if he were put in danger. And forasmuch as the king wished at that time justice to be truly and vigorously administered in his kingdom, and even more securely than before, and because he was resolved to show all favour and friendship to learned men, for this reason the king ordered the parliament, if they had proceeded against any of these learned men since his departure, that this was to be made known to his mother the Regent, in order that he might be informed by her, and that they should await thereupon his intention and good pleasure. The letter to this effect was sent from Madrid on the 12th of November and presented to the parliament of Paris on the 28th of the same month. Its last clause duly recognizes the

queen mother's dignity as Regent, while there was an endeavour to take care that the imperilled reformers should be no more at her mercy than at the mercy of the Parliament or the Sorbonne. Nevertheless prosecutions were continued. Clement Marot and others remained in prison, and the parliament paid little heed to the king's letter.

Charles V. being inflexible in his demands upon his prisoner, Marguerite's wit suggested a move that would bring him a few steps nearer to reason. Francis sent to Paris an edict by which he resigned his crown to his eldest son, his mother remaining Regent during his minority, and if his mother died or became disabled, then the regency should pass to his most dear and most beloved only sister Marguerite of France, Duchess of Alençon and Berry. The queen mother did not act upon this ordinance. But Francis had signed it, and here was a new idea for Charles. If Francis abdicated, Charles was no longer master of the king of France. Marguerite quitted Madrid for France in the beginning of December, leaving her brother with many of his difficulties smoothed.

But he was weak-minded. His enemy abated his demands, and Francis, weary of imprisonment, resolved to secure his escape by an assent to them with a determination not to keep his word. It satisfied what sense he had of honour when he told his own people, under seal of secrecy, that he considered himself forced to sign a treaty which he meant to break. It was thus that, on the 14th of January, 1526, King Francis signed the

Treaty of Madrid. By it he ceded to Charles, Burgundy, Flanders, and Artois, restored to Bourbon his domains, gave up all claim for France upon Milan and Naples, and promised to discourage the claim of Henry d'Albret to be king of Navarre. There was to be perpetual friendship and confederacy between Charles and Francis. Francis was to marry Charles's sister, Eleonore of Austria, Queen Dowager of Portugal, and to give up to Charles his two eldest sons as hostages for the fulfilment of all conditions of the treaty. When they were fulfilled the two boys were to be returned; but Francis was then to deliver to Charles his third son, who was to be retained and educated at the imperial court. On the 18th of March, 1526, the two boys, the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans, were brought to the French side of the river Andaye, flowing between France and Spain. King Francis was brought to the Spanish side and an empty barge was in the middle of the stream. Upon that barge the king was exchanged for his two sons. Francis, when he had been rowed to the French bank, then leapt on a Turkish horse and galloped away gaily, waving his hand and crying out, "I am again a king."

His majesty came back to Paris, where some of the best men in France were prisoners, awaiting sympathy and help from him. There he deposed the Countess of Chateaubriand from her dignity as chief of his mistresses, and made her return all jewels he had given her; for he desired to be generous with them again to his new favourite, a lady in his mother's suite, whom he made Duchess d'Etampes, and who afterwards retained

her foremost place in his seraglio. But Jacques le Fevre was not saved from a forced exile. Clement Marot was not released from prison, although the severity of his imprisonment was mitigated. When the weak king was in his court, there were other influences crossing that of his good genius, his sister Marguerite, the one pure woman who loved him heartily, and put good purposes into his life.

The policy of the queen mother and the Chancellor Duprat had become hostile to the reformers. A few weeks before the king's return proclamation had been made, by order of the parliament, in Paris and other towns of France, forbidding translations of the Bible into French, and requiring all who possessed them to surrender them within a week ; also forbidding Frenchmen to print any of the works of Luther, or to speak of church ordinances otherwise than as the church allows ; and requiring prelates, priests, and curates to forbid their congregations to have the least doubt of the Catholic Faith. This had been proclaimed at Paris on the 5th of February. On the 17th of February Guillaume Joubert, a young licentiate of laws, who had expressed doubt upon some points, was publicly strangled and burnt in the Place Maubert, after his tongue had been pierced. Louis de Berquin, a courtier earnest for church reformation, had been arrested in Artois, and process against him was being urged to the death. By great exertion Marguerite had saved him, by entreaty to her mother and by urgent letter to her brother, so that Francis at last wrote to the president of the parliament that he

should be held answerable to the king for Berquin's life, if he dared to condemn him.

Marguerite hoped to do much after her brother's return for the restoration of a pure life to the church of France; but Francis disappointed her. Political necessities, as he and his mother understood them, were against her. Two of the king's sons were hostages in Spain; hostages, too, for the keeping of faith which he meant to break. Care for his sons obliged him to be cunning in his perfidy, and he could not afford to add the offence given by encouragement of heresy to his embarrassments. A zealous orthodoxy might even assist in cloaking his dishonour; at any rate it would strengthen the pope's alliance, which included formal absolution from his oath.

Francis told the ambassadors of Charles who called on him for the fulfilment of his pledges, that he meant religiously to keep all his promises, but that, as some of them affected France, he could not proceed without consulting the states of his kingdom, and taking the time necessary to reconcile them to their sacrifices. Meanwhile he had expressed full obligation to the King of England, who had entered into treaty with his mother; and he was giving secret assurance of his purpose to Italian States and to the pope. The emperor's forces were investing Milan, having declared Sforza's right to the duchy forfeited by a conspiracy against the Spanish power in Italy — a conspiracy in which the pope was known to have had part. Indirectly, therefore, Charles V. was at war with Pope Clement VII. The

Pope, the Venetians, and Sforza looked to France for help, and not long after his release from Madrid, Francis joined what was called, because the pope was at the head of it, the Holy League, secretly concluded at Cognac on the 22nd of May, 1526. The King of England was called its Protector, and its objects were to compel the liberation of the sons of Francis for a reasonable ransom, and to re-establish Sforza in the Milanese. Henry VIII. was to have thirty thousand ducats a year from a principality in Naples, and Wolsey was to get lands to the value of ten thousand ducats. When the Holy League had been formed, Pope Clement absolved Francis from his oath to fulfil the conditions of the treaty of Madrid. King Francis, on his part, must needs show himself a good son of the church. It was a small matter that he should avoid thwarting the action of the Holy Father against heresy; therefore his sister Marguerite pleaded in vain for her friends. Francis evaded the counsel of a sister who was earnest for the church reforms detested by his Holiness; and so throughout the year 1526 Clement Marot remained in prison.

Charles V. formally demanded the fulfilment of the treaty of Madrid or the return of Francis to imprisonment. Francis replied by the arrangement of a scene between himself and the deputies of Burgundy, to be enacted before the ambassadors as evidence that he was unable to cede Burgundy; but he offered to pay, instead of it, two millions of crowns.

On the 11th of June the Holy League against the

emperor was solemnly made public. The pope was acting against Charles for his own interests, and as an Italian who resented the strong hold of foreigners upon Italian soil. The hold of France on it had failed; and now, if Sforza were maintained in Milan, and the emperor's force checked by a strong combination, Italy might be left almost or altogether to Italians; among whom the Court of Rome, by foreign alliances, could then proceed to obtain temporal predominance. Charles sent into Italy men and money. Francis, with his sons in the enemy's power, when there was need to strike struck feebly. Of the money raised he spent the greater part on his own private pleasures, and of the thirty-three thousand men whom he had promised to send across the Alps, he sent only six thousand. The result was, that although the Pope and the Venetians performed their part of the contract, Sforza failed to withstand the siege of the imperialists, and Milan was surrendered to Bourbon before the end of July. Francis was now reproached on both sides for his want of faith. He was still one of the Holy League, but the pope had begun to wish he had not trusted him. And still Francis believed that he could not afford to discredit himself at Rome by favour to the religious men and men of genius whom Rome denounced.

In Rome, Charles had for an ally the pope's rival, Cardinal Pompeo Colonna. This cardinal, at the end of September, with three thousand men, seized one of the gates of Rome, beset the pope, who took refuge in the castle of St. Angelo, and compelled him to promise

friendship to the Colonnas and the withdrawal of all papal troops from the forces of the Holy League in Lombardy. When the army of the League had thus been weakened, that of the Emperor was reinforced, with men but not with money. For want of money Bourbon was compelled to help himself imperfectly by acts of plunder. The imperial army became more and more hungry. The Venetians were too strong to be pillaged. The pope had made use of his returned army to secure vengeance upon his enemies the Colonnas, whom he had promised to favour, and he was also, with help of a French fleet, operating against Naples. Upon the pope's dominions, therefore, at the end of January, 1527, Bourbon marched his hungry, unpaid troops of divers nations. His holiness sought safety in truce with the emperor. On the 15th of March, 1527, he agreed to a suspension of arms for eight months, promising an advance of sixty thousand crowns to the emperor's army, and his love to the Colonnas. Thus the pope was detached from his allies. But Bourbon, who had failed to satisfy his men with plunder of any great town, marched, nevertheless, on Rome, and died in the assault upon the Holy City. Rome, taken by storm on the 6th of May, 1527, was sacked by his soldiers, and remained for several months in the hands of the imperialists. The pope, again besieged in the castle of St. Angelo, surrendered on the 6th of June, and agreed to pay four hundred thousand ducats to the imperial army, to surrender the strong places belonging to the church, and to remain a prisoner to Charles

until he had fulfilled these pledges. The emperor himself affected great concern at this, declared that sacrilege had been committed against his orders, wore mourning for it, and, instead of setting the pope free, ordered prayers throughout Spain for the restoration of his liberty.

Now, while the contest between Emperor and Pope was smoothing the way of church reform in Germany; the alliance of Francis, as long as it lasted, placed the French reformers under the pope's active rule. Thus the course of public events accounts for the fact that Marot's imprisonment lasted throughout the year 1526, and ended in the early part of the year 1527, when, if the term of the poet's sentence had not expired, the changed position of the pope left the king free, as he thought, to oblige his sister in such little matters. Against the power of Charles, on his own behalf, on the pope's behalf, and on behalf of the Moloch, Balance of Power, he was planning, with Henry of England, war against Charles in Italy. For Charles now had in his hands the pope as well as the two sons of Francis.

While these events in the world outside were affecting his chance of release by the king's intervention, Marot, confined first in the Châtelet, and afterwards in healthier and much more agreeable quarters at Chartres, was busy with his pen. He employed his prison hours as a conservator of good literature, by preparing an edition of the *Roman de la Rose*, which was published in the year of his release. And from his prison at Chartres he addressed to his friends a poem which

shows what thoughts were stirred in him by the sights and sounds of life in the prisons of the Châtelet and by the cruel work in the law courts.

The *Romaunt of the Rose* is a long allegory produced in the thirteenth century by the separate and successive labours of two poets, Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung; of whom the first was a troubadour shaping a long allegory of love, which he left unfinished, the second was a poet, witty and religious, with strong popular sympathies and tendencies towards reform in church and state, who blended his conclusion of the poem with subtle expressions of the spirit of the people in his time. It was his work that gave to the whole poem widest currency. The *Roman de la Rose* was, in fact, a court poem of love in its conception, plan, and much of its execution; but there was enough in it of the real feeling of the nations to give it larger acceptance and more vigorous life than was common in works of its class. Thus it became chief of its class. It described, in allegorical detail of passions, dangers, incidents of love, the search for a certain well-defended rose in the centre of a garden. The Rose was simply the fruition of an earthly love, but other senses could be given to the allegorical machinery. It is characteristic of Clement Marot that, while suffering imprisonment for sympathy with efforts made towards a reformation of the church, and seeking recreation as a poet by editing for the press one of the chief monuments of the literature of his country, he was among those who attached to

it the highest spiritual meanings, as a parable of Wisdom, Grace, the Virgin, Glory of Eternal Bliss.

The poem addressed to his friends on his imprisonment—in its title and a touch or two of its contents suggesting the *Inferno* of Dante—is called *L' Enfer*, the Hell, of Clement Marot. Lively, earnest, and plain-spoken, it helps us to understand the poet, now a prisoner in the full vigour of his manhood. Marot's age is about thirty, and his sensitive genius, brought into direct contact with an infamous administration of the law, gives lively expression to the sense of wrong. It may be said that he seeks law reform as well as church reform; but, as he indicates in one part of the poem,—given the sort of Christian church which is the object of his aspiration, and there is an end of all the bitterness by which a bad administration in the law courts is maintained. Still, therefore, the burden of his song is against the tyranny of greed, whether among laity or clergy, and that men should labour in right fellowship to a right end. Marot wrote this poem after the return of King Francis from captivity, in March, 1526, for the latter part of it shows that he was in the dungeons of the Châtelet at the time when the young princes were being taken to the frontier, and about to be left in the hands of Charles as hostages for the good faith of their father. But the piece is addressed to those who visited him in the prison called *de l'Aigle*, at Chartres, to which he had been transferred, and where he was lodged more pleasantly and allowed intercourse with friends. This quiet mitigation of his sentence he

had doubtless been able to obtain through the good offices of Marguerite with the king, who then thought it necessary not to interfere with the term of imprisonment to which he or any one else had been condemned for sympathy with the church reformers. And to this effect runs Marot's poem called

L'ENFER.

As sorrow, when around us newly massed,
Brings us the memory of pleasures past,
So pleasure, when its newness fills the day,
Brings memory of sorrows past away.
I say this, dearest brothers, because here
The friendship, absence of all crabbed cheer,
The pastime, words of consolation said
To me by you in kindly visits paid
Within the prison of Chartres, light and clean,
Remind me of the dungeon dimly seen,
The great distress, the gathering foul and vile,
That I found in the Châtelet erewhile.

I think the world cannot contain a cell
That is more like a very filthy hell.
I say a hell, and underrate its curse,
If you go look at it, you'll find it worse.

Go, look,—alas! I would not send you there.
Better in rhyme I lay its secrets bare
Than that to see it one of you descends
Into such torments. Listen, then, my friends.
You've heard, of course, and all knew very soon
How I was, by the instinct of the Moon,
Brought to a foul place, sulphur's sweet to it,
By five or six officials of the pit,

Of which the fattest dragged me on before.
There I encountered Cerberus at the door,
Who high uplifted his three heads at me,
At least the one which was as good as three.
Then the unwieldy dog eyes me askant,
Opens a door, massive, reverberant;
The narrow entrance is as low as sin
And I must crook myself to pass within.

When I had entered the dark place of pain
Near it I saw another old domain
All full of people, tumult and loud cry.
Then taking counsel with my guide close by,
I said to him: Tell me, if you can think,
Whence and for whom and why this noise and stink?

He answered me, Not to believe amiss,
Know that here are Hell's suburbs, whence the hiss
And roar of festival are often heard,
Which issues, rougher than a stormwind, stirred
Out of the stomachs of those men you see,
Who crack their heads and throats incessantly,
Promoting suit of mortals false and mean,
Who strive, and ever strong in strife have been.
High before them great Minos has his seat,
Who gives his judgment on what they repeat.
He, judge, acquits, condemns, as he thinks fitting,
Or calls for silence when his head is splitting.

There the great people grind to dust the small;
There small hurt great little or not at all.
There men find weary ways of spinning out
That which they should, and can, be quick about.
There without money want is never right,
There many a good house shrinks to a mite.
There goods, without a cause, in causes fly;
There litigators causes sell and buy.

There openly is 'blazoned and unfurled
The wickedness of all this wicked world,
Which cannot live with a good conscience
But for two days in peace and patience.

It gives me pleasure when I see them bite,
For the less men are able to unite
Let us the more stir up their hearts to strife,
For gain to us at peril of their life.
For if men lived in peace, as is their duty,
This house would have no more its use and beauty;
Since properly it has no place to fill;
It needs expressly to begin with ill.
Somebody must do some one else a wrong
Before this house begins to get along.
In short we could not earn here half a hen
Were it not for the wickedness of men.
But, thanks to Pluto,—I am of his kirk,—
We shan't die of starvation or want work.
For all the people who are fighting there
Cut us out lots of business and to spare:
Only too much for them, when come the days of care.

Still, O new Prisoner, you'll understand
There is much need to keep them well in hand.
There is much need, believe me, by their fault,
To use a sharp bit when you'd have them halt;
Else would the good from goodness fall away,
The bad would become worse from day to day.

Thus far, 'tis true, they speed ill in the labour
To hinder one from biting at his neighbour.
So Reason stands them thus behind a screen,
Each two apart and with a bar between,
Like vicious horses, each tied in his stall.
Judge Minos sees to that, before whom all

Such kind of noisy quarrels as are brought
 For hearing, are interpreted and fought
 By these who clamour ; of whom one will fight
 Right against wrong, and one wrong against right,
 And very often, by a subtle brain
 Skilfully working, make the good right vain.
 Take note of them, and listen to their speeches ;
 What can be more unlike than each to each is ?
 Go nearer, to look at them from close by ;
 Look at them well, and I will specify :—
 This biter, who is raising such a bellow,
 Body and goods seeks to destroy his fellow.
 This mighty shouter, who so twists his throat,
 Seeks for large gain Wealth's pillage to promote.
 This good old man, of wrong the unpaid confuter,
 Maintains the right of many a poor suitor.
 He who speaks there, without making a clatter,
 The sitting judge hopes to corrupt and flatter.
 And yonder man, whose head begins to thaw,
 He has achieved a masterpiece in law,
 For he has ruined all his own relations :
 Men fear and prize his high qualifications.
 And happy is the man above the laws
 Of whom this pleader undertakes the cause.

Friend, see a few there, struggling with their fate,
 Who to Hell's suburbs have been brought of late
 By our gaunt wolves who, when their hunger rends
 Love six and eightpence¹ better than their friends ;
 Of whom the youngest, weakest on his leg,
 Would get some hair off if he shaved an egg.

But since so much of curiosity
 Moves you to see the sumptuosity

¹ Marot's sum is "cent sous," which, no doubt, was a then recognised fee.

Of our domains: which you've not seen before,
I'll show them you. Understand, friend, therefore,
That this enclosure over which you look
Has serpents crawling out of every nook,
Which grow from small to large, cruel and strong,
Not flying,—crawling, and all very long.
Nevertheless they are not adders cold,
Nor lizards green, nor dragons rough and old;
And there is no unwieldy crocodile,
Nor twisted scorpion deformed and vile.
They are not vipers, who sting by surprise,
Nor basilisks, who kill us with their eyes,
They are not asps, who make us die at ease,
Yet they are serpents, worse than all of these.
They are all serpents, puffed and venomous,
Biting, burning, sparing seldom us,
Spitting fire that will smoulder and linger,
And when stinging dangerous to finger.
He who from them a prick or sting has had
Thenceforth becomes miserable or mad;
Such rage is in the nature of the brute,
Of which the proper name is the Law-suit.
That is its name, shadow of death and fear.
Observe a little, see how many here
Of fat, and big, and middle-sized, and lean,
Leave wider ruin than where storms have been.

This, which is sowing fire of cruel blame,
Desires to wrap a family in flame.
This, with the out-thrust tongue, is making speed
To kill his man, unless his man take heed.
This, with the hiss and all its teeth complete,
Will bite, and send an idiot to the street.
And that cold snake, which slowly draws its weight,
Has with sharp venom known how to plant hate
Between a mother and her bad offspring,
For these cold serpents have the hottest sting.

And of all those that in this precinct dwell
 The newly born, which puff with spite and swell,
 Are likelier to multiply and grow
 Than older ones. You see that it is so :
 This aged serpent will soon be no more,
 Though hurts of many a house lie at his door.
 Yonder one, ancient as rock itself,
 Has laid himself for rest upon a shelf.
 This young one, biting as a wolf might scranch,
 Has ten great serpents hatched under her paunch ;
 Under her paunch she covers ten so large
 That some day they will blacken with their charge
 And poison more than she whose brood they were.
 And for each one that dies or goes elsewhere
 Seven more come. This ought not to surprise you ;
 To prove that the case is as I advise you,
 You should know that these beasts are issue bred
 Of the great serpent Hydra Seven-head :
 Hercules had with him a mighty fray,
 And when he knocked one of his heads away
 For each one dead seven more came into life.
 So do these worms increase, with poison rife
 They draw their nature from the noxious race
 Of the great hydra which, in depths of Thrace,
 Where there is naught but war and cruel rage,
 Engendered them, in the far distant age
 Of the false Cain. And if you ask the reason
 Why these Lawsuits are so strong in their season,
 Know, it is want of charity and ruth
 Among the Christians. And in very truth
 How to their hearts can Charity have reached
 When it is everywhere so coldly preached ?

To hear how, many a time, those preachers urge ye,
 Charity is but giving to the clergy !
 None ever learn from them, how law-suits smother
 The Christian love that calls each man a brother.

None ever learn from them, 'tis hard to do
To litigate and be a Christian too.
Indeed they are themselves in litigation
Hottest of all. And by my observation
They are more themselves nowhere the whole
world round
Than in our hell, where horrors most abound.

Therefore, friend, do not wonder that the throng
Of serjeants and law-suits should live so long;
They are well nourished on the milk of strife
Known to the world as Malice, and their life
The she-wolf cherishes; their lips she wets,
And hugs them ever fondly to her teats.
But yet I won't complain of what they do,
It keeps me. Now I'll say no more to you;
Pass by this hard-clamped door into your cell.

Then silent was the minister of Hell,
Whom I had heard with an attentive ear.
He left me not, but held me, and kept near
Till he had put me, better covered thus,
Within the place opened by Cerberus,
Where several adventures came unsought.
For then to Rhadamanthus I was brought
By an old staircase, dirty, dark and small;
To make the tale short; I find in a hall
Judge Rhadamanthus seated at his ease,
More ardent than the flaming furnaces;
His eyes wide open, his ears very big,
Voice proud, in searching cunning as a pig,
Merciless when he lets his temper swell;
Fit, in fact, for the charge he holds in Hell.
There before him comes many a soul in pain.
When he says, Bring me such a one again,
At the mere word a great square hammer jars
With blows so loud upon a portal's bars

It makes the towers feel the mighty throe.
Then, at that noise, not a poor soul below
But quivers, and is trembling with affright
As a leaf quakes on oak or aspen light;
For none so safe that without dread they dare
To risk the pitfall, face the trapper's snare.

But an attendant calls; and names the one
Called by the judge. Then trembling as undone
Forward it comes, all sad and colourless.

When he sees that, he moderates the stress
Of his sharp speech, and with feigned voice of ruth
Says to it thus: Come here, tell me the truth,
I beg, of such and such crime or offence;
I don't think you are guilty. You have sense;
And there is something cheerful in your air:
But you can tell me who the rascals were
Who brought this on you. When their names
we've learnt—

Speak boldly: do you fear you will be burnt?
When you have told us by whom this was done,
Out of our hands you are the sooner gone.
This shutting up your mouth's of small avail,
It's only shutting up yourself in jail.
If thou speak truth, I swear and promise thee,
By the high God whom I shall never see,
That from the blights of Hell thou shalt arise,
And shalt regain those fields of Paradise
Where liberty gives life to every mind
That will bestir itself the truth to find.
Is it not better, then, the truth to face,
Than bear a thousand pains and this disgrace?
Of course it is. Besides, friend, I can see
You tell no lies. Your physiognomy
Speaks for you. He's a bad man, I should say,
Who'd go about to hurt you any way.

Tell me, don't be afraid.—These luring words
Remind one of the fowler in the fields,
Who very softly plays the whistle pipe
To get a timid bird into his gripe,
Which, through that piping, languishes or dies ;
So with that poor soul, taken by surprise,
If he be won some nothing to admit,
Then he is hanged, or chained in the dark pit.
But if he hold his tongue and stop his breath,
Often he may escape from pain and death.

Nevertheless, as soon as he describes
That gentleness will not secure his prize,
Then Rhadamanthus rages with a will ;
And thereupon, according to the ill
Suspected, in the deepest dungeon chains
The wretched soul, or with the rack he strains
Veins, nerves ; through pangs of torture seeks to know
Whether by force it can be made to show
What mild words had not skill to draw from it.

O my dear friends, I've seen in that foul pit
So many martyred, pity shakes my heart.
Mourn with me, in this anguish bear a part
For the innocent who in that gloomy pile
Too often take the places of the vile.

And you, yet young, who follow evil ways,
Draw back from them ; and your heart's longing raise.
March as far forward, honoured by your race,
As you have lagged behind to drag disgrace.
When once you've kept the right step for a while,
The way grows easier with every mile.
And evil thus is overcome by good,
While, for the days of life misunderstood,
Regret will bring to you an honest shame.
And him who counsels you, you will not blame ;

For, having then discretion, you will see
Yourselves not subject to the tyranny
Of the infernals, nor by terrors pained,
Since for the good their laws are not ordained.

But to the point. This judge by hook and crook
Cast sidelong towards me a lofty look,
Rather too cruel, not a pleasant peep,
And in a voice imperative and deep
Since he asked me my birth-place, and my name,
And what my business was—Judge of high fame,
I answered then, you are quite right to try
To make me straightway tell you who am I.
For I'm unknown to the black shades of woe,
I am unknown to comrades of Pluto,
And all the people of this darksome way
For which I never yet left light of day.
But I am well known to the shades above,
I am well known where shades of angels rove,
And by all those who tread the brilliant ways
Where Jupiter receives his people's praise.
He knew me well, well, through him, I had thriven,
When to his sister Pallas I was given;
Pallas, I say, who is so wise and fair.
Also great Cybele well knew me there:
Kind mother of the mighty king of gods.¹
For Luna, changeful, with herself at odds,
Her odious false heart knows me too well.
In the seas all, from high gods who there dwell,
Down to the Tritons and the Nereides,
Know me. On earth to Fauns and Hymnides
I am known. I am known of Orpheus, and alway
Of many a Nymph and many a noble Fay;

¹ Jupiter, of course, is Francis I., Pallas, his sister Marguerite, and Cybele, his mother Louise. The personification then becomes general, Luna standing for fickle Fortune, and the rest for allegorical expression of Marot's calling as a poet.

Of gentle Pan; who modulates the flute,
Of Ægle too, who featly dances to 't,
When after her she sees the Satyrs throng;
Of Galathea, thence of all whose song
Haunts woods, to Tityrus among his sheep.
With the nine Muses, most of all I keep
With Phœbus, Mercury, and all their sons,
Close guild of love and share their benisons.

And these are they, Judge, who, in a few days,
Will liberate me from your gloomy ways;
And whom in truth it grieves that I fare ill.
But since despite and evil fortune will
That I be known to you and your household,
Learn now the truth, since you will have it told,
That I shall not conceal my proper name
Though it opposes you, and is the same
To you as water to all that's most dry,
For hard and harsh are you, Clement am I.
Clearly I ought not to be under ban,—
Clement's a name by no means Lutheran,
But is the name, surely if any be,
Of Luther's most determined enemy,
Holy name of the pope, he who can fetter
The dogs of Hell, at pleasure, with a letter.
Do you not fear him? It is he who states
That he, at will, opens and shuts Hell's gates:
He who into the burning fire can spout
A hundred thousand souls, or draw them out.

As for my surname, true as Holy Writ,
The poet Virgil had a name like it,
To whose support in Rome Mæcenas came:
He was called Maro, Marot is my name.
Marot I am, and Maro I am not;
He came no more, when closed his earthly lot;
But since a true Mæcenas lives again
Hope for some Maro may not be in vain.

And furthermore, happy these days of ours
When with fair hope the fruitful orchard flowers,
And Letters open the young buds aright,
Hitherto withered, dried up by the blight
Of the chill wind of ignorance, the rout
That persecutes high thought and puts it out ;
So dull or sensitive, its heart is such
That it will not or cannot let truth touch.
Happy king, in whose reign, when almost dead,
Letters and lettered men can raise their head.

Next learn, as to the place where I was bred.
Towards the south the high gods gave me birth
Where the sun's not too hot, and suffers earth
To clothe herself with honour, jubilant
In thousand fruits and many a flower and plant.
Bacchus plants there too his good vine, with skill
To draw sweet liquors from the stony hill.
Many a fountain murmurs there and flows,
And ever near the vine the laurel grows,
As on two-topt Parnass. Why come not then
More souls of noble poets from its men ?
The river Lot rolls, in the place I mean,
Its turbid waters, closely pent between
Or circling many a rock, as it runs on
To join the straighter course of the Garonne.
In short, of Cahors-en-Quercy I speak,
Which I left only to come here and seek
A thousand ills, wherein I must obey
My destiny. For once upon a day,
Not ten years old, they brought me into France,
Where I have since been led so many a dance
That I forget my mother tongue of the south ;
The common father-tongue is in my mouth,
Language of France, which no court will abolish ;
It has indeed given itself some polish,

Following King Francis, first king of the name,
Whose knowledge is yet greater than his fame.

This is the only good I've got in France
From twenty years of labour and mischance.
Fortune has given me a thousand pains,
And only this among all earthly gains.
What do I say, alas? O thoughtless speech,
'Tis gift of God, and not in the world's reach.
Of good things of this world, none have I found,
Except a mistress in whom there abound
Intellect, skill of speech and of the pen,
Beyond all women else in the world's ken.
Issue of the French lilies, her we call
Marguerite, great on earth, to heaven small.
It is the princess whose soul is inspired,
Whose heart elect, who is of God attired
More precious than any straw in amber,
And I serve her as valet of the chamber.
That's my condition. O judge on the bench,
This good came from the high king of the French;
She's his one sister, and, some day or other,
The sister may return me to the brother.

Now I'm far from my lady and princess,
And near misfortune, trouble, and distress.
Now I'm far from the radiance of her face;
Were she by, cruel judge, you'd not disgrace
Audaciously, or seek to seize like this
Her servant, who has done nothing amiss.
But well you see why I weep and complain
That she is gone, alas, and I remain
With Pluto, and have Charon asking fee.
A greater prisoner she goes to see;
Her noble mother now has joined her train;
She goes to bring away our king from Spain,

Whom I wish in this company, among
The ugly faces of your dismal throng :
For he would be a free man in this jail,
And might, like Christ, release the souls from bale,
Lead them all out, and leave you never a ghost.
How say you, shall I not be in that host ?
May it be so, and may there come again
Princess and queen, without leaving in Spain
The sons, when they bring back to us the father.
But, I think, if I must be here, I'd rather.
What need is there that I be unconfined
When in captivity my king they bind ?
What need that I be drawn out from distress,
When round my mistress all these troubles press ?

Thus, or about thus, pleaded I my law,
And as I spoke a griffin there I saw,
Who with a hook of his rapacious paw
Scratched down the year, the date, and the duration
Of my confinement, with what aggravation
Seemed to them likely to suit my case well.
Nevertheless the creature couldn't spell
A word that might by chance have suited me.

In truth, my friends, who wish to get me free.
The custom is in these infernal courts
If any kindly soul seek their resorts
And go within, perhaps to testify
To views, or suggest ways and means whereby
Some souls in prison may be justified,
All hearing by the judges is denied ;
What he would say is grossly thrust aside.
But their attention they do not refuse
To souls malign who enter to accuse.
So that the one who will do most to bring
The wretched shades increase of suffering

Is the most welcome and will have most pay ;
And if he can contrive, in any way,
So to accuse that some are hanged or burnt,
Hell jumps and howls ; his money is well earnt.
Chains jangle cheerily and bolts resound,
The joy rolls thundering along the ground,
The sulphur flames are stirred into a roar
For the fresh tidings of one misery more.

The griffin, then, made entry in his book
Of all I said that he supposed might look
Bad for me : Then Judge Rhadamanthus rose
And had me taken back among the throes
Of those pained souls, the way I passed before.
I found them by the thousand and the score,
And among them some time I had to spend,
Vexed with much trouble, and with Hope for friend.

CHAPTER VI.

CANTAT VIATOR.

CHÂTELET was the old name of the ordinary law court of Paris, which held its sittings within a fortress, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar, of which the last ruins disappeared at the beginning of this century. A dais over a chair was assumed to be a relic of the time when St. Louis himself sat there to administer justice and correct excesses of the Rhadamanthus of his time. The same king had settled the staff of the Châtelet as it was when Marot occupied one of the prisons. Its chief was a Provost of Paris, under whom were counsellors, examining inquisitors, lieutenants, and other officials.

Rhadamanthus of the Châtelet in 1526 was Lieutenant-Criminal Morin. Out of his hands Clement Marot was taken probably by the good offices of Marguerite d'Angoulême; but his immediate helper was Louis Guillard, Bishop of Chartres, chief of the suffragans of the Archbishop of Paris, whose episcopal town is nearly fifty miles from Paris. On the 13th of March, 1526, the bishop issued two several mandates—one to the officers of his own court, and one to officials and others of the dioceses of Paris, Tours, and Blois—claiming Marot as a heretic within his jurisdiction. The prosecutor of his court having laid information, he

ordered that Clement Marot be arrested and brought to receive punishment according to the exigence of the case. Lest he might absent himself, to the great hurt of his soul, he was to be seized wherever he might be, and sent to him. How little freedom he had to absent himself the bishop knew very well when, in a warrant duly fierce with orthodox zeal, he claimed his man.¹

Marot was delivered to him. The house known as the Eagle, in which the Bishop of Chartres then detained the poet, is believed by the local antiquaries never to have had in it any other prisoner. It was opposite the bishop's palace, and its site is now occupied by gardens. Local tradition says, that Marot, when imprisoned at Chartres, was not only free to receive visits, but even to go out and pay them, and that the people of Chartres, proud of the poet's presence among them, sang songs of his in the streets.

After Marot's transfer to Chartres, and while he was in confinement there, some of the produce of his prison work came under discussion in the law court of the Châtelet. On the 19th of April, 1526, a publisher of Paris, Galiot du Pré, who, in those very early days of printing—when our Richard Pynson was yet living—made the nearest approach in Paris to a law bookseller, applied for privilege to print Clement Marot's revised text of the *Roman de la Rose*, with three years' protection to his version of it. The court of the Châtelet assented to his application, but limited to two years the exclusive privilege. The Romaunt of the Rose, as

¹ The text of it is in the *Gallia Christiana*.

revised and modernized by Marot, was therefore printed by Jean Petit and published in 1527, but without a date upon the title-page.

The famous *Romaunt of the Rose* was, of course, one of the works which had been fastened upon in France by the new art of printing. In the same year, 1526, there was a publication of its unaltered text, as well as this edition of Marot's. Five years earlier there had been printed a version of the old poem into prose by the industrious Jean Molinet, then dead. Molinet had died old in 1507, a canon at Valenciennes, historiographer to the house of Burgundy, and librarian to Margaret of Austria in the Netherlands. Though an indefatigable rhymers, and as apt as Crétin at the ingenuities of equivocal verse, he turned the *Romaunt of the Rose* into prose, content with only these rhymes on the title-page:—

“ Le Roman de la Rose
Moralisé cler et net,
Translaté de rime en prose
Par votre humble Molinet.”

His prose version was arranged into chapters, each followed by a long “*Morality*,” converting it into religious doctrine. Marot, therefore, was by no means the first in urging that the poem should be read in a spiritual sense. And after suggesting this in a preamble, he does not obtrude it anywhere upon the work itself. His chief object is, with fellow feeling for good literature, to edit the text in such a way as to correct old misprints, mend broken lines, rub rust of age from the

language, and make it a living book to its enlarged circle of readers.

Marot's preamble says that the work, esteemed by all men of parts for its good and apt sayings and moral sentences, should be made accessible to all by restoration of what had decayed in its language. The editor had therefore taken much trouble, at the request of Galiot du Pré, to read it through, and, "as well as his puerile understanding and the unworthiness of his rural genius (engin) allowed," revise it for the modern reader. And that it might not be read to vain purpose, as some have misread it, he explains that its object is not simply the nourishing of fleshly appetite, but that beyond the literal there is an allegorical and moral sense. In this sense the Rose, so much sought for, is first, wisdom, like the rose in its properties and sweet odour, and in the difficulties which oppose the winning of it. In the golden rose of the pope, which contains gold, musk, and balm, the same allegory is intended. Secondly, the Rose is the state of grace, also difficult to obtain, not on the part of God who gives, but of man who raises up against himself impediments of sin. Like the chaplet of roses which enabled Apuleius in his story to return to human form out of that of the golden ass, is the crown of penitence which enables man, by the grace of God, to recover his first state of innocence. Thirdly, the Rose may mean the Virgin Mary, a virginal rose, white rose of Jericho, not easily attained by heretics who refuse to see in her the Mother of Mercy. Fourthly, the Rose may mean the Infinite Sovereign Good and

Eternal Beatitude, a rose not like that of Pæstum, which blossoms twice a year, for that is too little, but like one which the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon. She offered him two roses, of which one was real, the other made by magic to resemble it exactly; and she asked him which of the two roses was natural, which magical. Solomon got the bees to help him, and was guided by their heaven-inspired sense of the true rose in which lay the honey. That natural rose figured infinite good and the true glory of heaven, the other figured the false glory of this world. Whoever will thus interpret the Romaunt of the Rose shall find great profit hidden under the bark of its text; and there is double gain when to the literal sense the moral sense is added. If the great eagle, of whom Ezekiel says, "A great eagle of great wings, with long stretching out of members, full of feathers and of diversity, came to the Liban, and took away the marrow of the cedar,"¹ had contented himself with the bark of the cedar, he would have made his journey to Lebanon for nothing, and would have gone back empty. So if we look no deeper than the rind of what we read, we have the mere pleasure of fable without that singular profit to the moral intelligence which comes by inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The story here seems all to be of love; but

¹ Ezekiel xvii. 3. I quote the text as it stands in Wiclif's translation, since this corresponds to Marot's reading. Our authorized version reads for "marrow" "highest branch," and that would not agree with the use here made of the text. The rest of the parable referred to, applies in the same way to the reader's right use of his mind. "He took also of the seed of the land and planted it in a fruitful field."

natural and moral philosophers, theologians, astrologers, geometricians, alchemists, makers of mirrors, painters and others born under good stars may apply it to their uses.¹

When we observe in this preamble the reference to heresy upon the subject of the Virgin, we may remember also that Marot had contributed two Chants Royaux on the Conception to Crétin's set of poems in her honour. Marot's heresy lay in his censures on the spiritual degradation of the church, in upholding the ideal of a Christian life that gave no place to self-indulgence of the clergy or to a defence of truth by persecution of inquiry for it. Clement Marot varied no more than Marguerite d'Angoulême from all that the church in which they were both born could fairly claim as its essential articles of faith. The battle of their day was for them, and very many more, slightly and indirectly theological, but essentially social and moral.

While he was at Chartres pleasantly living through the appointed term of his imprisonment, Marot's mistress

¹ This is the title of the book, rhymed after the manner of Jean Molinet :

“Cy est le Romât de la roze
Ou tout lart damour est enclose
Histoires et auctoritez
Et maintz beaulx propos usitez
Qui a este nouvellement
Corrige suffisamment
Et cotte bien a lauvantaige
Com on voit en chascune page.”

On les vend à Paris en la rue saint Jacques en la boutique de Jehan petit Libraire jure de L'universite a lenseigne de la fleur de lis dor.—(Avec privilege.)

acquired through a second marriage the name by which she is known most familiarly to after-times, and became Marguerite, Queen of Navarre.

Henry d'Albret, whom France called Henry II. of Navarre, was among the prisoners at Pavia. But on a December night, in 1525, he had escaped from his prison by a rope ladder. He reached Lyons by Christmas Eve, where he found the queen-mother, and, after a few days, the Duchess of Alençon. Henry d'Albret was then a young man within about three months of three-and-twenty, handsome, and vigorous of mind and body. Marguerite—the birthdays of both were in April—was thirty-four years old. Her first husband, the Duke of Alençon, had been eight or nine months dead; he had died on the 11th of April, his wife's birthday. Marriage between Marguerite and the King of Navarre was soon in question, and it took place on the 24th of January, 1527. Marguerite brought with her to her husband the Duchies of Alençon and Berry, the countship of Armagnac, a domain of the house of Alençon, and the countship of Perche. Her countship of Commines bordered upon Spain, and adjoined the lands of her husband. The House of Albret was named from its lands in Gascony, a district twenty leagues square, with Nerac for its capital. Henry d'Albret had inherited from his grandfather Alain, and from his father, many seigneuries and titles, including those of the house of Foix, into which Béarn had been brought by marriage in 1290. Béarn in Marot's time had an independent government and free institutions.

Its clergy, nobility, and third estate, had a well-recognized voice in management of its own affairs; indeed it was not fairly joined to the French monarchy till 1607. If he was not actual King of Navarre, Henry d'Albret was King of Béarn, and here, and wherever else they had authority, he and Marguerite showed the most liberal sense of what is meant by sovereignty. They worked together. Brantôme said he had heard on good authority that the King of Navarre behaved ill to his wife, and would have been worse than he was if King Francis had not taken him to task. That is tattle. A letter of Marguerite's, written to her husband at a time when he was ill, speaks far differently of her "most perfect friend," and of the counsels, regrets and plans they shared, when together, without vice or folly. Charles V. said, I have seen only one Man in France, and that was the King of Navarre. He and his wife, whom we know henceforth as Marguerite of Navarre, lived chiefly at Pau, their capital in Béarn, or at Nerac, the capital of the viscountship of Albret, or at Clairac, on the Lot. When Marot was there with them he was on his own ground within easy reach of Cahors. Not only did Henry d'Albret and his wife maintain all free institutions which they found about them, thoroughly respecting all the rights of the estates of Béarn to vote taxes and promulgate laws, but they established social reforms in all places under their control. There was improved police for the protection of property. Other parts of France were searched for suggestions of im-

provement to the processes of agriculture, and agricultural ideas were introduced from Saintonge, Berry, and Brittany. A cloth factory was established in the little town of Nay, and it was made to prosper. Marguerite made herself loved also as a woman among all her people. She founded a hospital at Pau, and at Paris she had founded the Hospice of the *Enfants Rouges*, an asylum for orphans, whom she caused to be called Children of God the Father. She visited the sick and poor, and sent often, to avoid ostentation, secret aid to the suffering. All petitions offered to her she made it her business to read through, and if she found any evidence of injustice or oppression within her control she set herself to right it. Kings and princes, she said, are not lords and masters of the poor, but only their servants.¹

Clement Marot, having been detained in nominal imprisonment at Chartres for a little more than a year, obtained his freedom about three months after the marriage of his mistress. On May Day of the year 1527, he wrote to his friends a rondeau on his then recovered liberty, of which the sense is, Free am I now. Lately I was barred in prison. So fortune deals, giving me good and bad; but I praise God for all. The envious said I should not escape. In spite of their teeth the knot is untied, and I am free. However I may have offended the Court of Rome, I never walked with the wicked; I lived with men of good

¹ *Scévole de Sainte-Marthe, Oraison Funebre de la Reine Marguerite.*

repute, yet I was barred in prison. For as soon as I was disavowed by Fortune, who had been so kind to me, I was soon shut in Saint Quod;¹ so fortune deals. I had a very cruel prison at Paris; at Chartres I was gently guarded; now I go where I please. It is good and bad; but I praise God for all. I write this to you, my friends, whose hands drew me from danger, on the 1st of May, free.

Free to feel, with the true heart of a poet, the fresh beauty of nature. In this delicious month, says a balade of Marot's, trees, flowers, and fields, rise from their winter burial to feed the flocks of the Great Pastor: each of you, in his nature, praise the Creator's name. Servants of raging love talk of love cruel and vain, where you true lovers speak of love unstained. Go to the fields and on their green herbage hark to the bird's perfect song: but for pleasure, short time as it lasts, praise the Creator's name. When you see the Heavens smiling, when the Earth is in blossom, and your eyes behold the waters feeding it: on pain of the great offence, of being a thief and a liar, give to no creature the praise. (Envoy): Prince, think, seeing that which is made, how great the power of the Maker; and thou, too, Writing of mine, praise the Creator's name.

In another balade Marot writes of the stir and renewal of earth in this month of May, when many lovers stir also with new desires, through lightness of the brain or love of change. That is not my way

¹ Saint Pris.

of love, my love abides for ever. There is no lady so fair but that her beauty fails by time, sickness, or care ; but nothing can lessen the charm of her I ever mean to serve, and since she is ever fair, my love abides for ever. She of whom I say this, is Virtue, the eternal Nymph, who from the bright Mount of Honour calls to her all true lovers. Come, lovers, come, she says, come unto me, for I await you. Come, the young Maiden says, My love abides for ever. (Envoy): Prince, make immortal love, and learn how to love truly ; then you may say without craft, My love abides for ever.

Fickle Luna, who in Marot's verse figures variable fortune, now shone for a little time from an unclouded sky. He had borne arms as a soldier for the last time in his life at the Battle of Pavia. His reputation as a poet was advancing, and the brotherhood he claimed, in *L'Enfer* and in other writings, with all sons of Apollo was returned to him in cordial regard of many friends. He was appreciated by Marguerite of Navarre, who now made interest with her brother to advance the poet's worldly fortunes by giving him the post held by his father in the royal household.

In the account of expenses for 1523, inscribed by Jean Carré, notary and treasurer to Francis I., Jean Marot's year's salary is set down as 240 livres tournois, and receipt was given by deputy for this sum on the first of February, 1524. That was a large salary for the time, but in the sketch of the king's household expenses for 1524, from January 1 to December next

ensuing,—where Jean Marot's name appears for the last time,—he is entered, not as valet-de-chambre, but among painters and artists, at a salary of 120 livres.¹ Either sum would be an important addition to Clement's income, and his father's pension from the king was granted to him soon after his release from Chartres. But he was not at once placed on the list of the king's household, because the custom was to make up that list for the coming year towards the end of March, five or six weeks before the date of Marot's release from imprisonment. The pension seems to have been made payable from the date when his father had ceased to receive it; because, not many weeks after his release, we find Marot endeavouring to get what is due to him, and impeded by formalities which stood between the receipt of a warrant for his money and receipt of it in cash. His warrant had to obtain the seal of the chancellerie, and he was placed by it at the mercy of the chancellor Du Prat, and the treasurer Prud'homme. When once his name had been formally entered on the king's establishment, in which this year he was made a valet-de-chambre, there would be an end of such formalities, and payments to him would become direct. But of this presently.

Among the epitaphs in Marot's poetical *Cimetière*

¹ M. Charles d'Héricault, in his notice of Marot prefixed to a selection from his works (Paris, 1867), refers to an undated roll which he judges, from internal evidence, to be of the year 1525, and which contains the name of Jean Marot, with a salary of 240 livres. This would place the death of Clement's father some months later than the time assumed for it in the text.

is one on the death of Constable Bourbon, who fell at the taking of Rome on the 6th of May, 1527. It describes him as both conqueror and conquered; one who achieved conquests for others, overthrow for himself.

While the mind of King Francis was bent on the new chapter of Italian politics which opened with the sack of Rome, and he was getting force for another effort to recover ground in Italy, he sought an Italian ally by giving Renée of France in marriage to Hercules of Este, Duke of Ferrara. Renée of France was the younger sister of the king's late wife Claude, daughter, and worthy daughter, of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. She was seventeen years old; wanting in beauty as her sister Claude had been, but as good, and with quicker parts and greater energy of character. She had studied Latin and Greek, mathematics, and even astrology. Her generous mind had quickened under the influence of a strong friendship for Marguerite of Angoulême. Clement Marot in the household of the Duchess of Alençon had, therefore, continued the distant knowledge and regard for Renée which began when she was a young child, and her good mother was the Queen of France. Now Renée's marriage followed about six months after the second marriage which had made Marguerite of Angoulême Queen of Navarre.

Renée was married to Hercules of Este, Duke of Ferrara and Modena, on the 30th of July, 1527, and had for dowry the duchies of Chartres and Montargis.

The Duke of Ferrara was a lettered prince, and something of an antiquary. His tastes accorded with hers for a time, and their court at Ferrara became a resort of men of intellect. But Renée's chief domestic guide and friend was the same Madame de Soubise, wife of Jean de Parthenay, who before her marriage had, as Michelle de Saubonne, procured for Clement's father his post at the court of Anne of Brittany. Madame de Soubise had encouraged her pupil's natural tendency to liberality of thought, and was inclined even more than Marguerite of Navarre to fellow-feeling with the church reformers. In Renée of France this feeling was also strong, and her patronage extended at Ferrara to whatever best represented the awakening of independent thought in Europe. This carried her at last farther than her husband, dreading a strong interference with his worldly well-being, dared to follow. A fortune-teller who could read the distant future might have clouded Renée's wedding-day with true predictions. But none read the future. Hercules of Este took to Ferrara a young wife with whom he was very well content, and who was well content with him; and, until it appeared perilous, her husband was disposed rather to share than check the spirit that made their little court at Ferrara something like that of the little court at Pau or Nerac.

Within a fortnight after the young Renée's marriage, there was, on the 12th of August, 1527, a hanging of a man of sixty-two. It moved Clement Marot to write an elegy. The sufferer was, more or less, a victim of

the queen-mother and the chancellor Antoine du Prat, being what Marot calls "the rich unfortunate" Jacques de Baune, Seigneur de Semblançay. In 1522 Milan had been lost because the queen-mother applied to her own use money raised to pay Lautrec's soldiers in Italy. Semblançay was then superintendent of finance. He had held that office under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., and he retained it under Francis. It had made him enormously rich. The money which should have been sent to Italy, in 1522, passed through his hands. When the king inquired why it had not been forwarded, he said that he had paid it through the queen-mother, who gave him her receipt. The king then questioned his mother, who allowed that she had taken it, her justification being that it was applied to the discharge of pensions then due to herself. The king replied nothing, Semblançay was arrested, and fell into the hands of his enemy the Chancellor Du Prat. During the five years between 1522 and 1527 peril of death had hung over a man who had been "Father Semblançay" to his king, and had been free to make himself an immense fortune out of the finances of the country. Scrutiny once afoot, it would, doubtless, have been impossible for Semblançay to go through the ordeal safely. Evidence of one of his clerks named Gentil secured his condemnation. Gentil himself was hanged some years afterwards for malversation. But the time chosen for Semblançay's execution is significant. Francis meant war again in Italy. The marriage of Renée gave him, he hoped, an ally. The hanging

of Semblançay was a warning to speculators. It was costing him much trouble to get money together; there must be no tampering this time with the pay of the troops. If there were equal law for kings and subjects it might have gone hard with Francis, who had misapplied to his own pleasure much money drawn for other uses from his people.

Marot deals with this execution in an elegy after the manner of the many imitators of Boccaccio's book *De Casibus Illustrium Virorum*, which had been translated into French verse by Laurent de Premierfait, and through that version into the English of Lydgate's *Falls of Princes*. This form of poem suggested the tragedies in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*; and the *Mirror for Magistrates* is a later work of the same school. Clement Marot's short example of one of these stories of men high in honour who have come to the saddest ends, makes Semblançay speak after death to this effect:

Sweet fortune fed me in her bosom, and so cherished me that I had my fill of the high honours and great treasures of France, but meanwhile her foul left hand was secretly twisting a rope that one of my servants, to save his youth, has put about the neck of my white age; and so repulsive was the way of death that my children, whom, alas, I had lifted high in honour and power, might have seen me lifted high upon a gibbet. My glory that I had cherished so much, perished before me. The great treasures, instead of succouring me, brought me to a shameful death. I had the favour of

the greatest till it palled upon my taste, even the king called me his father. But such favour did not unsettle justice; for she, having scanned my criminal vice more closely than my past services, near to rigour far from pity, pronounced against me shame, misery, and the cord. No praise remains to me but the face of constancy, which went with me to death, and so won the hearts of the people that, as it was joined with my old age, moved even enemies to tears. Certainly the past triumphs of my life raised envy, but my death should give content. I, who had firmly meant to be laid in an honourable sepulchre, hang upright at Montfaucon, where the strong wind shakes my body, and the soft breeze stirs my beard and my white hair as leaves in the air; my eyes, once vigilant, are pasture for old crows; my neck, on which I had been dubbed a knight, has suffered the stroke of death and shame; my body, once well lodged and clothed, is now beaten by the hail, washed by the rain, dried by the sun, in the vilest of all places. Now, to finish these sad regrets from the heart of the rich unfortunate, let kings and subjects be willing to learn from me the worth of a great charge of paying and receiving. When I lived it was no wonder (seeing my credit) that I had acquired great wealth; but in my death you may now see one of the great turns of fortune. For a long while she called me King of Tours (Semblançay had been Viscount of Tours), but since she has tried her turns upon me, wretched and miserable old man, I pray, O people, to the God worthy of worship,

that the constant soul be treated better than the body ;
and learn by me :

“That gold and silver, whence all pleasures flow,
Cause griefs which greater than all pleasures grow.”

While Marot read the poet's lesson from this tragedy of his own day, it is not difficult to see that, though he wrote for courtiers, his heart was not with the judges, far from pity, who, looking more closely at past offences than at past services, had sent the old man to the gallows. Was his heart ever with the doings of the Chancellor Du Prat?

The Chancellor Antoine du Prat was made a cardinal in July, 1527. He was then sixty-four years old, and famous as a politician. He was of a noble family of Auvergne. His father, Antoine du Prat, Seigneur de Veyrieres, had bred him to the law, in which he had distinguished himself among advocates of the parliament of Paris, and he had risen to be attorney-general to the parliament of Toulouse, and Master of the Requests under Louis XII. In 1507 he became first president of the parliament of Paris, and he was made chancellor of France in January, 1515. His influence over the counsels of Francis I. was by no means liberal, and he had a very sharp eye to his own worldly advantage. He had assisted Louise, the queen-mother, in urging unjust suit against the Constable Bourbon, and had been rewarded from the spoils of Bourbon's estate with the baronies of Thiern and Thouri. He was chief counsellor of the unpopular Concordat of 1515, between

Francis and Leo X. He had taught King Francis to raise money by selling judicial offices, and by adding to the burden of taxation without asking the assent of the estates. When opposition was excited, he advised Francis that the royal will was the supreme law, and that they were enemies to the state who ventured to oppose it. After his wife's death the chancellor had become an ecclesiastic. Then he could grow rich upon fat of the church as well as of the state. He obtained successively, five bishoprics, was Archbishop of Sens, whose cathedral he never entered till his body was taken into it for burial, Abbé of Fleury, and held other livings, when in July, 1527, he became a cardinal. With the good things of this world he had in every sense increased his substance; for in these, his latter days, he is said to have become so fat that he fed at a table with a round cut made in it to accommodate his stomach. He was the pope's legate *a latere* in France, and well disposed to put his thick body as much as he could across the path of Marot's prosperity. Du Prat overruled rights of the people; Marot, bred to the freest usages of municipal life, although trained to court service, and skilful in his craft, was essentially a citizen of France in sympathy with all the most liberal thoughts of his time. Du Prat corrupted the administration of justice; Marot denounced its abuses. Du Prat grew fat on those corruptions of the Church against which Marot and the eager spiritual thinkers representing the new energies of Europe were establishing their batteries. And then the poet was so gaily bold; so whimsical and

subtle in the turns of his audacity. He could laugh at the pope in words that would set others laughing, while an inquisitor, if stupid, might believe his holiness was having homage paid to him; and an inquisitor of quicker wit knew that he could complain only at risk of getting himself included in the laugh. He could say, in time of extreme peril, enough to qualify him for the martyr fire, in words that would defy the clutch of Rhadamanthus. Why should not he also write love songs, and lament the decayed virtue of Isabeau? He could be plain-spoken too, as an upholder in earnest words of the duty of the Christian to worship God rather than mammon and to be in charity with all men; obnoxious doctrines, common among heretics, in bad odour with the pope and most of the high dignitaries of the church, and yet, unfortunately, not in themselves qualifying a man for one of the cells in the Châtelet. In short, to Chancellor Du Prat, this poet, who was not half his own age, was a pestilent young fellow, by far too ready to have an opinion for himself. Some day he might come to be burnt, but the king's sister liked his religion, and the king his wit; just now they both were for befriending him. He was after all but a poor poet, not worth much troubling about. But a little official obstruction would be good for him; none the worse if it should succeed in mulcting him of some of his pension. Official obstacles were therefore raised, and payment was refused to Marot when his first claim was made under the new arrangement.

The date shows that it must have been for salary of

the office now continued to him from the time of his father's death to the close of the last official year; for the question arises very soon after Clement's appointment, and the court salaries were not paid in advance. In the poem on the prisons of the Chatêlet, written in his prison at Chartres, Marot looked forward to his reception into the king's household as a future possibility. He was released from confinement at Chartres on, or just before, May Day; and he had been appointed valet-de-chambre to the king between that time and the month of August, when we find him doing pleasant battle for the money that is kept out of his hands.

To the chancellor, newly made cardinal, Marot wrote a letter in verse, which begins with reference to the fact that his appointment had been made too late in the year for its registry on the king's household list of 1527. If, he says, the officers of the household are all inscribed (but the old technical word used for this, "*couchez*," means also "*laid down*") except poor Clement, who remains standing up like a tree, what do you say most honoured prelate? Ought his misfortune to be reckoned an offence? I think not. If a pastor, who has closed his fold, finds in the night a stray sheep of his five or six bow-shots off, he will lodge and feed it somewhere separately until morning. So our good king and master, finding me separated from the household list already closed, orders me pasture for the time till it is open again: and that I may get the fresher grass, sends me to the meadow (*Pré*, a slight play on the sense in Latin of the name of the Chancellor Du Prat),

flourishing beyond all others in this great and powerful kingdom. There, without money, I rhyme and compose, and, when I am tired, on this meadow repose. Where clover thrives and the lily is strong, there I wait hopefully; for if you seal my quittance, I am rich. Reason tells me that, as the king wishes it to be done, you will do it. Waiting Hope says then, that I shall feel also the great dignity of a cardinal. For as kings, when new to their robes, set free the prisoners who live in hope, so I hope and believe that at sight of this beautiful red you will put me without delay out of the jails of no money to pay. In the next lines Marot runs playfully into a chime of equivocal verses urging the practical object of the letter, that there be no more delay in putting to his warrant the seal necessary to enable him to take his money:

“ Puis qu'en ce donc tous autres precellez,
Je vous suppli, très-noble Pré, seillez
Le mien acquit : pour quoy n'est-il seellé ?
Le parchemin a long, et assez lé :
Dictes, sans plus, il faut que le seellons,
Sellé sera sans faire procès longs.”

So he runs on, still using equivocal rhyme, with his jesting petition that the chancellor will let him have his money, which he can do at once if he will, and get from the poet more than seven blessings on the hour, the chancellor, the seal, and the sealer. It is for Marot; you know him; lighter than the birds of heaven. If any good can ever come to me by sealing, it must be now, for you know that a warrant without a seal is

worse than soup without salt, a bow without string, a horse without saddle.

When the warrant had been sealed, there was another impediment. Treasurer Prud'homme did not pay at sight. Guillaume Prud'homme was secretary to the king, and secretary-general of finance, treasurer for the king and for France; he was also administrator of finance for Normandy. For some reason he demurred to the warrant, and Marot then appealed again to Chancellor Du Prat in a letter of ten playful lines against the treasurer, who put not his faith in wax.

The gay good humour of these little pieces would amuse the king and the court, and win aid of a kind not to meet with serious opposition. Even Chancellor Du Prat can hardly have been insensible to the charm of Marot's thorough kindness of nature. There is nothing bitter in the allusion to the abundance in which Du Prat lived beyond all other men in France; and the vigorous state of the clover in his field; what satire there may be, in the glorification of his new red hat, is only of the lightest and most genial. But the men who are not grumblers are the men most capable of feeling. Instead of shutting themselves in their own lives as in a jail, and there fixing attention upon its discomforts, to men like Marot their own lives are but a part of the great commonwealth of the world. They are equally free to feel for themselves and for their neighbours, and they do not overrate personal griefs because they see them in their true relations with the suffering that all must bear. Such men have kindly

ways, because their sympathies are quick; they can go light-hearted through the world because, happen what may, they know that God is good. Yet their light cheerfulness is opposed directly to the levity that springs from want of thought; for, knowing that they have an intelligent part to play in the great scheme of creation, they live quietly conscious of their duty, and seek to put to its best use whatever talent may have been intrusted to them. And of this kind was the light heart in Marot.

After his release from prison Clement visited Cahors-en-Quercy, and local tradition says that he came often to his native town. But before the year 1527 was at an end, he was again arrested. This was in October, and after he had been imprisoned in Paris fifteen days, he wrote a letter in verse to the king, begging deliverance.

He had been very much astonished, he said, to find himself arrested in the palace by three great fellows upon the king's warrant. They showed him a parchment in which there was not a word of Christ's; it was all about pleading, counsellors, and imprisonment. Don't you remember, they said, that you were out the other day when a prisoner was rescued from us? I denied. If I had said yes, they would all have heard me; but it would not have been true. How could I rescue another, when I can't succour myself? I could not preach them into leaving me. They seized me by my two arms, and led me out like a bride; not quite so, a little more roughly. But I am much more

disposed to forgive them than my fine Procureur; plague on his legs, he has had of me a woodcock, a partridge, and leveret, and yet I am still here. I think too that if I sent him more, he'd take them; for these birdcatchers have so much lime on their hands, that whatever they touch sticks to them. But to come to the matter of my release, I have sung my part so small, that we are in good harmony here, and the rest is with you. The piece is fortissimo, but my comfort is that you do not understand a lawsuit any more than I. Let us not plead; it is all vexation. I take your word for it if I have done you wrong. And put the case I had, at the worst that would require a penalty. Put the case, I ask you to remit it. I put the case, you do so; and if lawyers were ever more astonished than these, may I be set free and they locked up for me. So I pray you, Sire, for a letter ordering your people to set me free. And if I get out I hope they will not easily see me again, unless they fetch me back. Marot ends by very humbly asking the king to pardon his great audacity in having ventured to send this foolish writing, and excuse his not coming to speak to him about this affair, for he was not at leisure to go so far.

The king's order for Clement's release was not delayed. His letter to the Court of Aids, dated the 1st of November, 1527, says he has been duly informed of the cause of the imprisonment of his well-beloved valet-de-chambre, Clement Marot, which was on account of the rescue of certain prisoners, and he orders that, "putting aside all excuses, Marot be released from

prison." Marot was then passed quickly through judicial forms of interrogation, and on the 5th of November was set free.

The rescue may have been one on behalf of which Marot's sympathies were supposed to have been engaged, and he may have been on the spot at the time; friends of his at the court may also have taken part in it; but we may accept his denial of the charge against himself all the more readily for the good-humour with which he puts it all aside, leaving it to be admitted hypothetically, and only asks escape from anything, however small, in the shape of one of those serpents about which he had already delivered his mind, those lawsuits. The tone of the letter shows also that at this time the relation of King Francis to Marot must have been thoroughly friendly.

The king himself had not much reason to be gay. Since his return from Spain he had flinched from showing himself to the Parisians, and lived chiefly at St. Germain's, where he was taking timid steps for the raising of the sums of money necessary for the new contest with Charles, the next and last of his wars in Italy. On the 16th of December, 1527, an Assembly of Notables, in which the citizen class was represented only by one man, the Provost of the Merchants, agreed that France should resist the execution of the treaty of Madrid, and voted money. Francis then sent Lautrec into Italy, and his bad faith led to a question between himself and Charles, whether they should not meet as duellists in single combat. Meanwhile the

time came round for another opening of the fold from which Marot had been accidentally shut out; and as the time drew near for the next registering of the king's household list, the Queen of Navarre wrote from St. Germain's, on the 25th of March, first day of the official year, to Anne de Montmorenci, the Grand Master of the Household, saying that before she left Compiègne for Béarn, she had begged him not to forget Marot at the next making of the list, but as there had been time for him to forget, she sends a reminder again begging him to put Marot out of the trouble of being paid by warrants, and place him on the household staff according to the king's intention. He would give her great pleasure by doing so, and dealing with him as one of her own people.

Clement Marot was still retained her servant. This reminder was so timed that, coming to the Grand Master while the list was being made, it could not be disregarded without showing a marked intention to avoid giving Clement a life interest in his pension. It does not appear, however, that the poet had his wish. Montmorenci was no friend either to Marguerite or to Marot, and King Francis did not care enough for Marot to say the one sufficient word on his behalf. Probably he wished that a man tainted with so much freedom of opinion should hold his favour only by the lightest tenure, and that the pension should not take any more regular shape than that of a renewable gratuity. Marot had to write in 1528 or 1529 verses of petition to Montmorenci for a settled place on the establishment.

He applied also by another epigram to the king on the same subject, but without success. No matter. If he could not help himself, he might have influence enough to say a good word effectually for a poor tailor who had been upon the household of the late Queen Claude, and whom her death had deprived of his living. Marot had represented to the Grand Master the poor tailor's case, and tried in vain to get him reappointed on the household, if not as tailor in some other fit way. At last he made for Montmorenci a collection of his poems, and sent the tailor to deliver it into the hands of the great man, with a letter in verse, of which one half offered the collection for his pleasure, and the other half gracefully and pleasantly entreated him to have pity on the bearer of it, the cast out servant of the late queen whose case he had before brought to his notice at Bordeaux, at Cognac, and elsewhere. There is no evidence to show whether Marot had influence enough at the court of Francis I. to procure kindly consideration for a tailor.

To this part of Marot's life belongs his metrical version of *Fugitive Love*, based on a French translation of Lucian with a sequel of his own. In the poem Venus, searching for lost Cupid, proclaims a reward of a kiss for any one who can show her where he is, and more than a kiss for any who will bring him to her. She advertises also a description of his person, telling twenty ways by which he may be known. Whoever finds him must bind him, and bring him to her bound; must take good care not to be cheated by his tears or smiles, his promised kisses, or his offer of his bow and

arrows as a bribe. They are gifts to be fled from, which will burn all who go near.

In the sequel of his own, Marot tells how he went to Paris to hear Venus make her proclamation. Then a nation listened, and when, after crying her reward and her description of the lost boy, she had gone off in the car drawn by her doves, there was great talk and questioning, and desire of many to earn the reward. Ha Cupid, it was said, could I but catch you! But as for me, Marot continued :

“ But as for me I had no wish that way,
 For why should I seek pleasure in the play
 Of idlers for whom Venus is divine,
 Since my glad worship is at Pallas’ shrine.
 And I was silent, watching the vain dance
 Of people ravished with that heavenly glance.
 Among whom, set apart, I saw a crowd
 Of woful looking men, with their heads bowed,
 Eyes that with ceremony sought the ground,
 Full as it seemed of agony profound,
 Saying they were adverse to worldliness
 And showing diverse order in their dress.
 One dressed, for sign of sadness, like a crow;¹
 Another like a swan plumed white as snow;²
 Another clothed much like a chimney sweep;³
 Another grey;⁴ another, very deep
 In preaching, wears the colours of a pie.⁵
 Oh, they are famous folk to play the spy!
 What more of them? To lodge in safe retreat,
 Sleep without fear, without cost drink and eat;
 Do nothing, by no trade earn livelihoods;
 Give nothing, and take other people’s goods;

¹ Black friars, Augustine.

² White friars, Carmelites.

³ Capuchins.

⁴ Grey friars, Cordeliers.

⁵ Dominicans, or Preaching Friars, dressed in black and white.

De fat and strong, be well clothed and well fed,
Such is the holy poverty they wed.

Also, in truth, out of their mouths depart
But honied words; no matter for the heart.
The people is like one whom, in his dreaming,
Jean de Meung saw, and whom he calls False Seeming,¹
With misdeeds cloaked under Religion's gown.
Incontinently when, throughout the town,
This legion heard and saw how Venus cried
The flight of Cupid, and then notified
Reward for those who caught the truant god,
Each thought to bring him under his own rod.
So they looked out small books sophistical,
Bodies in shrines, and bulls papistical,
And vowed on these to God and the divinity
Who watched over their house and its vicinity,
To fetter Cupid; take him, bind each limb;
And by their work to overmaster him:
More for the heavenly reward they sought,
Than for the love that they to heaven brought.

And thus it is that by their crooked ways
These sects, presumptuous in their own praise,
Make themselves sure of having Heaven's grace
For binding that which the whole human race
Cannot tie up. So, scattering, they come
To the four corners of all Christendom,
All bent on catching Cupid. To make sure
That when they seize him and have him secure,
Escape from them may be beyond his hope,
Some, who have sworn to do so, carry rope
Twisted about them and with great knots in it,
To tie him up, hand, foot, knee, in a minute."

While Marot wrote thus openly against False Seeming,
though his verse did not contain a censure that had not

¹ Faux Semblant, a sketch of monastic hypocrisy in Jean de Meung's continuation of the *Roman de la Rose*.

been uttered generations ago by Jean de Meung, whose indictment against corrupt clergy in the person of Faux Semblant was in Marot's time an accepted part of the best standard literature of the country, he was now to be regarded as a heretic. The clerical misdoers were strong and united, and, as Jean de Meung had said of them,

“ Another custome usē we
Of hem that woll ayenst us be,
We hate hem deadly everychone;
And we woll werry him, as one;
Him that one hateth, hate we all,
And conject how to doen him fall.”¹

¹ Chaucer's translation, v. 6925 *et seq.*

CHAPTER VII.

HERESY.

NICHOLAS DOULLON, a man of about Marot's age, who had also frequented the king's court, was burnt for heresy in Paris in the year 1527. Semblançay hung from the gallows, and Lautrec, whose former Italian campaign had been made disastrous by the holding back of money for his troops, again led a French force in Italy, in autumn, 1527. Francis was pushing war against the Emperor. The King of England had contributed not men, but money, and Lautrec had the command of 7900 lancers and 20,000 infantry. He began well, reduced much of the Milanese, took Pavia, marched slowly towards Rome. But on the 8th of December in that year, 1527, Pope Clement got his release from Charles by giving certain bishops and cardinals as hostages for payment of three hundred and fifty thousand crowns, with a tenth of the church revenues in Spain, cession of Parma, Piacenza, and other territory. He also bound himself not to take part in war against Charles either in Lombardy or Naples. This was the sort of release which the pious Charles had ordered to be prayed for by the faithful in all churches of his orthodox dominions. His holiness sold five hats to raise part of the ransom money, and

the rest he had to borrow at a high interest. But the hats had sold well, being red. Charles had endeavoured also to adjust dispute with Francis and Henry by modifying the Treaty of Madrid in a way that would have well contented Francis some months earlier. But undue faith in Lautrec's army, and in English alliance, caused the King of France to make demands which could not be conceded, and on the 22nd of January, 1528, war was declared formally against the Emperor by France and England.

Marguerite of Navarre was then nursing her first child, a fortnight old. This was Jeanne d'Albret, through whom Marguerite was to become grandmother to Henri IV. of France. Jeanne had been born on the 7th of January, 1528, and during the preceding months Marguerite had been seriously ill.¹

Semblançay had been sent to the gallows; but again, in 1528, part only of the money due for pay of Lautrec's army found its way to Italy. The pope timidly played a double part. The people of England did not support Henry VIII. in his design of war for a cause that did not concern them. The Du Prats of the French court stirred the weak mind of Francis against his famous admiral, plain spoken and honest, Andrea Doria; they were chary of their courtesy, delayed his

¹ Yet to the years 1527 and 1528 the foul imagination of Lenglet du Fresnoy attaches his romance of an amour between Clement Marot and the Queen of Navarre; a slander based upon absolutely no fact, but manufactured out of the conventional love verses in which all poets abounded then and had abounded for two hundred years.

pay, slighted his counsel, or resented it. For the bold speech to which they stung him by wrong to Genoa, his native town, one was sent to arrest him and to take his galleys. Hearing of this in time, Doria sent back to King Francis his commission and his collar of St. Michael, hoisted imperial colours, and carried safety to beleaguered Naples. The city was provisioned from the sea. Lautrec died of the pestilence spread through his land forces, and in August, 1528, the siege was raised. Then Doria sailed to his native town. In September Genoa was free from the rule of France, and mistress of herself; Doria not her master but her son.

The struggle between Emperor and King, when both were weary of it, was ended by two women. Margaret of Austria, the aunt of Charles, and Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis, met at Cambray in May, 1529, and settled between themselves the *Paix des Dames*. The pope made a good peace for himself with Charles in June, and on the 5th of August the Peace of Cambray was signed. Charles held his right to Burgundy, but agreed to waive the immediate claim. Francis gave up all holdings and all claims in Italy, and promised not to aid his brother-in-law, Henry d'Albret, in endeavours to regain the kingdom of Navarre. He agreed also to pay two million of crowns for the restoration of his sons, and take to wife, as arranged in Spain, the emperor's sister Eleonore. For his allies in Italy Francis made no stipulations, but simply left them at the mercy of the enemy. He did not even interpose a

word for the husband of Renée of France, but the Duke of Ferrara was left as Venice was left, and Florence, and as those Neapolitans were left who had been aiding him. So ends the story of those wars in Italy which, in the time of Louis XII., had Jean Marot among their chroniclers, and in the time of Francis I. had Clement Marot among their combatants. We turn now to the war of thought in France.

The heresy for which Nicholas Doullon was burnt in Paris in 1527, was opposition to the common forms of belief in the host and in the Virgin. In the same year, it will be remembered, Marot's edition of the *Romaunt of the Rose* appeared, with a distinct intimation, in its preface, of orthodox feeling on the subject of the Virgin. He had given other evidence of that in *Chants Royaux* on the Conception.

The lawyers of the parliament of Paris were generally opposed to innovations of opinion which might affect the framework of society; and theologians of the Sorbonne were there to contend against innovations leading to unsettlement of doctrines of their church. The grand contest of the sixteenth century was but a phase, and, until our own century, the most interesting phase, of a movement that belongs, by ordinance of God, to the life of all human communities. The great currents of opinion were set flowing by the same beneficent design that blessed the world with currents of the winds and seas. As long as men live upon earth, some, in obedience to the law of their own intellectual growth, will make it their especial care to guard the

treasures of the past, others, obedient to the law which has set their minds flowing as part of another current, will press on towards the conquests of the future. These conquests they know to be unattainable without frequent revisal of opinions of our forefathers, and a continuous rejection of their errors.

When the invention of printing, and a concurrent cheapening of paper, had increased the diffusion and the active influence of thought, and thus had added tenfold to the force of intellect in the affairs of men, the crusades had brought east and west together; northern Italy, her intellect developed in preceding generations by the free spirit of citizen life and intercourse of commerce with the world, was alive with busy brains and cherishing the treasures of her own antiquity in Latin arts and letters; the spread of Greek studies, by the scattering of Greek scholars at the fall of Constantinople, was quickening intelligence and adding spiritual thought of Plato to the aspirations of the time; the discovery of a New World; the cohesion of states into kingdoms; even, in some respects, contact of France with Italy in the disastrous wars upon Italian soil, had given to the thought of Europe, with its outward strength for battle multiplied, new force within itself, new breadth and depth, and sense of the infinity before it. In the intellectual wars of the sixteenth century not a victory was won upon a battle-field of any great extent that did not crown a struggle which had been inherited from the four centuries before. Details of controversy had changed with the gene-

rations, but the struggle was the same. Nothing was new but the strengthened arms, the quickened pace, and rate of reinforcement on the side of those who battled for the future.

Among those who move in the current of new thought, there must be many who slight the most precious wealth of inherited possessions, many eager to advance in the direction only of some fond imaginations of their own. To make these men powerless for mischief is the duty of those who maintain rightful authority. But among these are many who uphold that all authority is rightful. To make such men powerless for mischief is the duty of those who maintain just liberty of thought. Except when liberty has become license, and great excesses stir great energies to their repression, it is natural that, at any time, the men who think with greatest energy, since energy impels to some active pursuit, should be on the side of those who rather seek what must be won than stand at guard over what must not be lost.

Again there are, on the side of authority, all governments which do not take their people into counsel. Each, when wise, rests on the highest intellectual support it can attain; but each is beset inevitably by a crowd of time servers, who flatter and ask meat. Even pure light from the mind of a pope, or of a king as absolute as Francis I. practically was in France, would come often broken and discoloured by the medium through which it passed. And when the sovereign mind itself gave but dim rays, and had not sense to

get, or could not find, a brighter genius to play the sun on its behalf, the servile crowd was only the more servile, and the dim light had only the more fogs to pass through. His own political perplexities, the counsels of a bad mother who loved him, and the weakness that made him sacrifice those able to be his strongest helpers, as Bourbon and Doria, to the intrigues of selfish men who won places of trust by flattery, or were his comrades in base pleasure, lessened the good influence of Marguerite on Francis after she had become queen of Navarre. Their intercourse became less frequent. There was coldness also between Henry d'Albret and the King of France. Francis had sacrificed the interests of his brother-in-law, among others, in the Treaty of Cambray; the claim to the kingdom of Navarre was a ground of vexation between them, and, in after years, when Jeanne passed out of infancy, dread of a Spanish husband for her caused Francis to keep her at his court; to undertake her education, with a view, he said, to marriage with his second son, but, as her father thought, with a view to the retention of her as a hostage, and because he dreaded a new Spanish complication. The King of Navarre, therefore, whose qualities were rather grave than gay, was but ill spoken of at the French court. Many things were thus interfering with the influence of Marguerite, which was still actively used in aid of those who, whatever might be their errors, were men of intellect labouring from pure motives for what seemed to them a pure form of religion.

The material strength of the law being, of course, all wielded by the maintainers of authority, they used it. Their opponents did not, because they could not. They did when they could. In 1527 Calvin was eighteen years old. In 1541 he had established "the yoke of Christ" in Geneva, under which men dined and cut their hair by regulation. A girl was whipped for singing a song to a psalm tune. Three children were punished for waiting outside the church to eat cakes in sermon time. A child was beheaded for having struck her parents; and a lad of sixteen was condemned to death for only threatening to strike his mother. Take a bucketful out of the sea from this current or that, the water is alike, and man is man whatever the current of opinion with which his mind may run. Whether one's own labour be for or against what he upholds, we have to welcome alike his support or his opposition, and honour him wherever he is true to the best cause his way of life and cast of thought give him to battle for, whatever that may be. Undeceived by the partisan whose prejudice leads him habitually to compare the good on one side with the bad upon the other, we may find it difficult to say that in minds of equal quality men advocating strong opinions of their own are more tolerant than those who stay by the opinions of their fathers. Strength of original conviction, and desire to propagate it, may make them even less tolerant and more aggressive. But stupidity and greed strut in the train of temporal authority; by flattery they

may become its chosen ministers; and they are very cruel.

At the head of the theologians of the Sorbonne was Doctor Noel Beda, of Picardy. He was Principal of the College of Montaigu, and Syndic of the Theological Faculty in the Sorbonne. In 1526 he had written a folio of annotations against Le Fevre of Etaples and Erasmus. Erasmus spoke of him and his faculty as a theological hydra that breathed poison out of every head. "Your enemy," he said to Louis de Berquin, "is immortal, for a Faculty never dies." You begin by attacking three monks, but you raise up legions against you. And he might have quoted Jean de Meung's,

"Him that one hateth hate we all,
And conject how to doen him fall."

Berquin, a high-minded and most accomplished gentleman of the Court of France, who had been twice imprisoned for his faith, although he was then but thirty years old, was last released in November, 1526; yet in 1527 he boldly attacked Beda and the Sorbonne. Francis had no liking for Beda, and had resented his attack upon Erasmus. He had some sympathy with the fearless tilting of the gallant young reformer; but his political connexions and his need of money killed the good impulses of his weak character. His sister Marguerite did, indeed, save him from assent to the demand of the clergy, that he would "extirpate the damnable and insupportable Lutheran sect" in return for the 1,300,000 livres contributed by them to his

necessities. Erasmus then thanked Marguerite for "her protection to good literature and the men sincerely loving Christ." But in October, 1527, Marguerite left Fontainebleau for Béarn, where in the following January her daughter Jeanne was born. Not long after her departure from her brother, the *Sieur de la Tour*, a gentleman of Poitou who had been in the service of the Regent Albany of Scotland was, on the 27th of October, burnt for heresy in the pigmarket of Paris. A servant of his, who was taken to be burnt with him, was, before the execution of his master, and before his eyes, publicly flogged into a declaration of repentance.

The Chancellor Du Prat, Archbishop of Sens, and fresh in the dignity of Cardinal, was acting violently with the Sorbonne. On the 28th of February, 1528, a Provincial Council was opened in Paris, to which Du Prat repeated the old accusation of French orthodoxy against church reformers, that the heretics were Manichæans, and said that the pestilence of heresy was threatening destruction to the faith. The Council called, by a decree, upon all bishops and upon their people to denounce the heretics they knew. This decree was not sanctioned by the king. Du Prat then caused councils to be held at Lyons, Rouen, Tours, Rheims, and Bourges. But Marguerite had come to Paris, and again was near her brother. The king did not sanction their requirements. Du Prat turned from church to parliament. That was at feud with him. He had used his power in the state, when he turned churchman. to seize forcibly the Archbishopric of Sens,

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although at the election twenty-two votes were against him and but one was for him. He had taken for himself the abbey of St. Benedict against the will of its whole community; and when the Parliament had sent its officer with a citation arising out of this, Du Prat's men had so beaten the messenger of Parliament that he died of his wounds. What matter? The king sheltered his favourite, and the favour of the favourite was sought by many of the counsellors. When, therefore, Du Prat desired that Parliament should join in action against heresy, its help was ready.

On Whit-Sunday, the 30th of May, 1528, there were many in Paris to whom the worship common on that day before images of the Virgin seemed an idolatrous worship of the images themselves. In the quarter of St. Antoine an image of the Virgin, dressed in a fine robe, with the figure of the infant Jesus in her arms, had been visited by many worshippers. On Monday morning it was found that during the night the fine robe had been trampled in the gutter; the heads of the images had also been broken off and thrown upon a heap of stones. The over-zealous men who had done this—probably it was done by them—meant only by a visible sign to cry with him who said that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea—"What profiteth the graven image Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake: to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach." But the over-zealous men, far greater in number, who saw what had been done, justified the

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rebuke, by speaking of the act precisely as if the heads had been struck from the living bodies of the infant Jesus and his mother. The simple statement was, that atrocious heretics opposite the little door behind the church of St. Antoine had cut off the head of the Holy Virgin and her infant child, Our Lord. The king proclaimed a reward of a thousand gold crowns for discovery of the offender, and, that failing, set on foot a house to house inquiry. The clergy made solemn processions, the Sorbonne discharged into the streets a long procession of its doctors and licenciates and its five hundred students, with a great show of Brother Lubins, with and without ropes, marching woefully in front. The king went in great state to pray at the desecrated spot, and set up a silver gilt statue of the Virgin in place of the headless trunk. But after all the image had shown increase of ability when its head was gone, for it was then found to be capable of working miracles. It is conceivable that a creature of Du Prat's had mutilated these images by his master's command, to secure the required outbreak of an active zeal against the heretics. But whoever had done it, the Chancellor must have been well pleased that it was done. He had his way. There were again burnings of heretics, and now Du Prat and the Sorbonne were able to lay hands on Louis de Berquin.

The king yielded to their urgency. Berquin had been deaf to all who counselled flight; he promised himself a sure victory, while the toils of his enemies

were drawing close about him. The king consented to inquiry touching the opinions of Berquin. Twelve judges were appointed to inquire, Berquin meanwhile remaining free. Marguerite wrote to the king a letter of intercession, in which she warned him against the slanders of "these heretic finders." But in March, 1529, the heretic finders had prevailed so far that, lest he should lose heart and escape from the near peril, Berquin was arrested and imprisoned. In April he was sentenced to penances, and to imprisonment for life without books, pen, or ink, after the piercing of his tongue. Refusing to accept that sentence, he appealed to the king. Again also Marguerite of Navarre sent her appeal to the king for one of the purest, ablest, and most faithful of his courtiers. The hypocrisy of men less faithful had, she said to her brother, enabled them to find advocates about you to make you forget his sincere faith in God and his love for you. She wrote in vain. As Berquin refused penance and recantation, his judges changed his sentence, and in April, 1529, Berquin was publicly strangled and burnt in Paris.

Whilst this fresh storm against heresy was at its height in Paris, Clement Marot did what Louis de Berquin had refused to do. Erasmus had urged Berquin to run into harbour, and, if necessary, get his friends to send him away on pretext of a mission in the service of the king. Why should he sacrifice all chance of future service to his country? Towards the close of 1528 Marot prudently quitted Paris, and pro-

bably retired on Cahors-en-Quercy. When he was gone, there were some who amused themselves by writing scurrilous Adieux in his name, which passed for his with many readers. These he disclaimed in lively and emphatic verse¹ after his return in 1529, and he disclaimed not only their rhyming as too bad for him to own, but their libelling of ladies as the only way spite could have found to vex him. Six women then sent him a rhyming letter of abuse, which extended to his dead father, and asserted that he had disclaimed his own writing because he was ashamed to own it. Marot replied to them² in a letter which begins with graceful satire, and proceeds presently to pay the ladies back in their own coin. If a king's poet wished to sting, he could do it more effectively than the dull libeller who had forged his name; it was not his custom; but even green wood, he said, could be made to burn. And presently he did proceed, cleverly, but with the coarseness in his time common to such satire, to show himself more than a match, on their own ground, for his opponents. But Marot's revenge on the six women who had sought revenge on him for the offence of others, forms only a section of the poem. In one passage he asks why he should write of ladies when the whole world was sown with the fame of them. There were other things, too long a part of Paris life, that he would rather write about.

¹ *Excuses d'avoir fait aucuns Adieux.*

² *Aux Dames de Paris, qui ne vouloient prendre les precedentes excuses en payement.*

"Strife and confusion sheltered by the law
 I'd write about, did I not dread its paw :
 The laziness of priests, bigotry's maggot,
 That I would tell of, but then, 'ware the faggot :
 Abuses that against the church conspire,
 I'd speak also of them, but 'ware the fire.
 Nothing of all those things, or you, I'd say,
 But make my journey by a fairer way,
 If the desire to write entered my head.
 War I would blame, that daily stretches dead,
 Wide on the ground, by merciless mischance,
 The old men and the young who fight for France.
 Or my white paper should be used to bless
 The gifts of Peace and pray that weaponless
 From the high Heaven to us she may descend
 And dwell with Christian Princes as a friend.
 Or I would celebrate the praise of those
 Who in good service seek without repose
 Loyal contrivance of a way to bring
 Home again the two children of the king.
 Or I would speak, using a lofty strain,
 Of many a cruel field where fought amain,
 Charging and cleaving the hard press of war,
 Our good king, to defend you folks afar
 Who, while he fought, your idle passions fed
 And slept within your chambers safe abed.
 Or I would tell of him what mighty storms
 Of fortune he has faced ; what he performs
 Whom no man has seen bent under his load."

Those lines were written in 1529, when the ladies were planning the Peace signed on the 5th of August in that year. Marot welcomed the Peace of Cambray with a *rondeau*.¹ If the olive then planted thrrove, then would come of it, he said, glory to God, comfort to men, and love of the people to the three great princesses ;

¹ *De la Paix traittée à Cambray par trois Princesses.*

for he joined the Queen of Navarre as an influence to Louise of Savoy and Margaret of Flanders, who had been its immediate negociators.

The return to France of the two sons of Francis was made on the 1st of June, 1530. They came to the frontier with Eleonore, the sister of Charles V., to whom Francis had been affianced on the 13th of February, 1526, when he was yet in Spain, and whom he was now to marry. The coming wife and the boys were met at the frontier by Anne de Montmorenci, then Grand Master of the Household, Marshal, but not yet Constable, of France, who took with him and paid in exchange for them the stipulated twelve hundred thousand crowns. Francis had also gone forward, and awaited his bride at the Abbey of Verin, where, a few days afterwards, they were married. Eleonore was thirty years old, but not handsome; that, however, mattered little, as no charm would have made Francis a faithful husband. Clement Marot wrote a *balade*¹ on the night when he received the news of the return from Spain of the king's sons, and presented it to Francis the next morning when he rose from bed. Of its three stanzas the first congratulates the king, the second the new queen who came with the boys, the third Montmorenci, who went to fetch them; the refrain is, "Glory to God alone, and on earth Peace among men;" the "Envoy" to the Prince, his earthly hope, that as the pleasure of that moment outbalanced past pains let

¹ *Chant de Joye. Au retour d'Espagne, de Monseigneurs les deux Enfans de France.*

there be glory to God alone, and on earth Peace among men.

For Queen Eleonore, on her arrival at Bordeaux, the poet wrote a letter in verse of courtly salutation. She had been taken by the king when he was taken, she had been as a mother to his boys during their exile, and she now brings them and herself to share his joy and the love of an obedient people. Marot glances over the broad land that is to be hers, indicating its breadth by its rivers. He speaks of the mystery plays, the games, the decorated streets, the pavements strewn with flowers, and the other delights that await her. But what could they add to her pleasures? Has she not now her utmost wish in her dear spouse the king? Still they would show her the goodwill of the people, and by this writing he shows his. Apollo, Clio, Mercury have given him no help. His only inspiration is the zeal that was in France to welcome her. Her husband is his master; she therefore is his mistress. For that reason he addresses her.

There was not much room in such a letter for the play of Marot's genius, but the tone was genial, the commonplaces were turned gracefully, and the gratulation could not fail to please both king and queen.

After the return of the Court to Paris, Antoine, Duke of Lorraine, visited the capital. He was a friend to Marot's verse, and Marot presented to him, with a metrical letter, his translation of the first book of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' Marot's strong sense of the blessing of peace is here again expressed. The duke is congratu-

lated on the happy time at which he visits Paris, when all war is at an end. In speaking of the grief war brought to every Frenchman, Marot alludes to the fact that it had cost the duke two brothers. One had been killed at the battle of Pavia and another in the siege of Naples.

The Duchess of Lorraine received livelier writings of Marot's from the *Sieur Vuyart*,¹ secretary to the Duke of Guise, who helped him to thrive, and called him "*mon glorieux*." This Duchess of Lorraine had been *Renée de Bourbon*, daughter of *Gilbert Count of Montpensier*, and was married to the duke in 1515. She had given Vuyart a horse which was in high favour with his master. The horse died, and Vuyart's friend Marot wrote a delightful epitaph upon him. Now, therefore, in the name of Vuyart, he writes a yet more playful letter to the Duchess of Lorraine, telling what a wonderful horse that had been, and asking for another. When Vuyart rode that horse nothing annoyed him. If he rode in the wood no branches got into his eyes. If he clambered rocks it was like trotting on a plain. When he crossed great torrents they seemed little brooks; and he seemed to take the stones off every place that his foot touched. Every journey made upon him turned out well. But the good horse fell sick. Brooks became rivers to him. All the pebbles and flints came together under him. His journeys were unlucky. Then there was no horse. Death rode off on him. But there is such life in your goodness, that if you cannot revive him you can give me his like. And if, through your goodness, *Monseigneur*

¹ *Épître pour Pierre Vuyart.*

gives me one of his horses, I don't want a mild creature—a mule as if I were a venerable old man, or a white hackney as if I were a girl. What do I want? A furious courser, a brave courser, a glorious courser, with a furious rush, a glorious trot, a glorious bridle. If I have such a horse I'll prick it furiously, gloriously. In short, man and horse shall be nothing but glory. This conclusion, of course, plays on the household title of "mon glorieux." The letter is worth a horse, and doubtless the *Sieur Vuyart* profited by the duchess's appreciation of it. How many, many generations before did the *Taliesins* of old "make a request for a high-mettled steed!"

Had *Clement Marot*, in the years just accounted for, defied persecution, had he not chosen to avoid the faggot and the fire, he would have died nobly, but he would have offered to his cause a useless sacrifice. He saved himself for the ripe work of after years, withdrew at the fit time, returned with his gay face, worried the *Du Prats* with intangible scorn not gravely to be separated from court trifling, paid his court compliments, increased his fame as a light-hearted, genial poet, with a simplicity and easy grace in his verse, the result of steady labour since the days when he and his father sat together by the lamp at home, and *Jean le Maire* interposed with counsels from his own experience. There was a deep and solid basis to the airy work of *Marot's* genius. He worked hard and felt deeply. But no doubt he puzzled *Calvin* as much as he puzzled *Chancellor Du Prat*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHEPHERDESS LOISE.

CLEMENT MAROT was about thirty-four years old in the year 1530. Calvin's age was then only twenty-one. In the preceding year Calvin's father had died. The young reformer had already begun to preach while studying at Bourges, in Queen Marguerite's duchy of Berry, where the doctrines of reformers were open to free inquiry, and now he came to Paris for the prosecution of his studies. The king had just founded the Royal College of France, prompted by his learned librarian, Guillaume Budé, who regretted that on his wedding day he had only six hours for study. The king was prompted also by Jean du Bellay, and other scholars, and by his sister Marguerite, who saw in the foundation of a college for the liberal study of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, an institution that would gather within its walls the best intellect of the capital, a counterpoise to the Sorbonne. And Calvin was among the first who benefited by its teachings.

The Sorbonne opened its fire on the rival school, where François Vatable was introducing the dreaded Hebrew into France, and teaching men to read the Hebrew Scriptures. The venerable Lascaris, and his pupil Pierre Danés, taught Greek. The Sorbonne

caused the new teachers to be cited before the Parliament. The king's doctors, said the Syndic of the Sorbonne, desire to explain the Bible, and are not theologians. The Hebrew books are printed by Jews, unbelievers, who must not be trusted. Let these men be forbidden to touch the Bible till they have been found by us to be sound theologians. But the best intellect of the day, represented by the teachers of the College Royal, was able to hold its own, and Parliament refused to interfere. Then the Sorbonne, in April, 1530, took on itself formally to condemn the assertion that knowledge of Hebrew and Greek is necessary to a thorough study of the Scriptures.

In July, 1530, when her daughter Jeanne was two years and a half old, a son was born to the Queen of Navarre. The child lived only five months, and died in her arms at Alençon. To the printed notifications of its death she appended, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away." No other child was born, and Marguerite never quite put off the wearing of black for her lost little one.

In September, 1531, Marguerite nursed also her dying mother. Louise of Savoy died on the 29th, and Marot was commissioned by the king to write a Lament for her.¹ The result was the first of his pastorals, a work that obtained much admiration from the critics of the time.

Clement Marot had been himself near death, when, in

¹ *Complainte de ma Dame Loyse de Savoye, Mère du Roy, en forme d'Eglogue.*

his eclogue on Queen Louise, he sang of the glory of the world beyond the grave. He was then not recovered from an illness which had lasted for some months, and three doctors had been in attendance. A lively letter in verse, to his friend, Lieutenant Gontier, written in half-burlesque admiration of some lines with which his friend had praised him, says that he should have answered him before if pale-faced sickness had not perturbed his mind; and in the course of the same letter he says, that if he writes little, it is because he is constrained to think of other things; his verses must lament the hard death of the mother of the king. In a letter to the king,¹ which tells how the poet was robbed by a servant, Marot refers to the same illness as having lasted for three months, and, while he speaks of advancing winter, says that the doctors give him no hope of complete recovery until the spring. He had been ill, therefore, for some time, and although his light heart never left him, and his rhymed letters from the sick-room are full of the old kindly gaiety, there was still also the earnest soul within, and the close of the eclogue on the Shepherdess Loise comes with the more solemn earnestness from one who had just been by the brink of his own grave.

Thenot and Colin are the speakers of the dialogue. Thenot is the name given to one of the speakers in the fourth eclogue of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender*, but Thenot and Colin are the speakers in Spenser's eleventh eclogue, which is throughout founded upon Clement

¹ *Au Roy pour avoir esté derobé.*

Marot's eclogue on the death of the queen regent of France. Even *Colin's Emblem*, which Spenser appends, is, as we shall find, the motto chosen by Marot, according to a custom among authors of his time, and appended to all his printed works, "*La Mort ny Mord.*"

The lament for Louise of Savoy Spenser transforms into a lament for Dido; and Francis I. is, in Spenser's version, the 'great Shepherd Lobbin.' In the original edition of the *Shepherd's Calender*, E. K. says of this eclogue that Spenser "bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albe of himself I often required the same. This eclogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Louise, the French queen; but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the eclogues of this book."

Marot begins thus, in verse hardly less musical than Spenser's:—

"*Thenot.*—In this fair vale are excellent delights, a clear brook noisy by the shade, grass to one's wish, the winds not violent: then do you, Colin, not abate in homage to Pan, who gives zeal for song: when you go with him to the fields, you will have more profit than harm from it: he will teach you, and you will instruct him. As for songs, you would labour them with skill so great that, if there were contest, although you gained nothing over Pan, Pan could claim nothing over you. If he win for prize a fine soft cheese, you will win a jar

of curded milk; or if he like better to take the milk, to you the cheese will be given.

“*Colin.*—Shepherd Thenot, I am amazed at your songs, and I steep myself in them more than when I hear the awakened linnet, or the din of water falling from a mountain; against them at evensong you would obtain the prize, or if it happened that such noble concert overcame you in the evening, it would be you who conquered in the morning. Now, I pray you, while my mastiff shall keep good watch, and I put our flocks to feed, sing somewhat of Katie, to describe her pretty rustic dress.

“*Thenot.*—The nightingale is the master of song, before him it is fit that the woodpeckers be silent: and you being what you know how to become, I will make my diverse reeds to be silent. But if you will sing ten times ten verses to deplore the Shepherdess Loise, you shall have quinces, six yellow and six green, the sweetest smelling that have been seen since Moses. And if your verses are as well put as the last you made of Isabeau, you shall not have what I have promised, but much more, and better and more fair. You shall have from me a double pipe, made by the hand of Roffy¹ of Lyons: which I hardly got for a goat from the good pastor Michau, whom you know. I have never yet played it but once, and keep it with as much care as my life; and, at any rate, you will be heartily disposed to do that to which I invite you.”

¹ Pierre Roffet, the publisher of Lyons, a friend of Marot's. Roffet, very soon after the date of this eclogue, published the *Adolescence Clementine*. Pierre Michaut was author of a *Doctrinal du Temps* and of a *Danse aux Aveugles*.

Let us now read Spenser's eclogue up to the same point. Spenser, having placed the piece in his series as a November eclogue, omits suggestions of summer, and interpolates November in the two first speeches :—

Thenot.—Colin, my dear, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou wert wont, songs of some jouissance ?
 Thy muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled asleep through love's misgovernance.
 Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenance
 Among the shepherds swains may aye remain,
 Whether thee list thy loved lass advance,
 Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein

Colin.—Thenot, now is the time of merrymake,
 Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to play ;
 Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
 Or summer shade under the cocked hay.
 But now sad winter welked hath the day,
 And Phoebus, weary of his yearly task,
 Established hath his steeds in lowly lay,
 And taken up his inn in Fish's hask.
 Thilk sullen season sadder plight doth ask,
 And loatheth sike delights as thou dost praise :
 The mournful Muse in mirth now list ne mask
 As she was wont in youth and summer days ;
 But if thou algate lust light virelays
 And looser songs of love to underfong,
 Who but thyself deserves sike poet's praise ?
 Relieve thy oaten pipes that sleepen long.

*Thenot.*¹—The nightingale is sovereign of song,
 Before him fits the titmouse silent be ;
 And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
 Should Colin make judge of my foolery ;

¹ *Le rossignol de chanter est le maistre,
 Taire convient devant luy les pivers :
 Aussi estant là ou tu pourras estre,
 Taire feray mes chalumeaux divers.*

Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
 And han be watered at the Muses' well ;
 The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
 And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
 But if sad winter's wrath and season chill
 Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,
 To sadder times thou may'st attune thy quill,
 And sing of sorrow and death's dreriment ;
 For dead is Dido, dead, alas ! and drent ;
 Dido ! the great shepherd his daughter sheen.
 The fairest May she was that ever went,—
 Her like she has not left behind I ween :
 And if thou wilt bewail my woful teen,
 I shall thee give yond cosset for thy pain :
 And if thy rhymes as round and rueful been
 As those that did thy Rosalind complain,
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain,
 Than kid or cosset, which I thee bynempt.
 Then up, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,
 Let not my small demand be so contempt.

Marot goes on :—

Colin.—You ask me that which I desire to do. Up, then, my verses, sing your songs of grief, since death has snatched away Loise who kept our courts so vigorous. We are unhappy now, more stricken by her mortal absence than lambs in the hour when they miss the watchful mother from about them. Let us weep,

*Mais si tu veux chanter dix foyz dix vers,
 En deplorant la bergere Loyse,
 Des coingz auras, six jaunes, et six verts,
 Les mieux sentans qu'on veit depuis Moyse.
 Et si tes vers sont d'aussi bonne mise
 Que les derniers que tu fis d'Ysabeau,
 Tu n'auras pas la chose qu'ay promise,
 Ains beaucoup plus, et meilleur, et plus beau.*

shepherds, Nature permits it! Let us weep for the mother of the Great Shepherd of this land! Let us weep for the mother of Margot¹ the excellent! Let us weep for the mother even also of us! O Great Shepherd, what care is yours! I know not whether it be for you or for your mother that I am blackened most with grief. Sing, O my verses, sing the bitter grief!

When Loise yet prospered in her home, she managed her fair household with good sense: every shepherd, rich father as he might be, chose place within it for his daughter. Once Loise bethought herself to make them sit under a great elm, and she, being in their midst, said to them: Daughters, there is one thing you should be told, that it is not enough to have a pleasant form, hounds, flocks, a father rich and strong; foresight is needful lest vice should deform by long repose your age of bloom. Be you no nourishers of idleness, for that is worse among young shepherdesses than among the sheep the great ravening wolf that comes always at evening among these brakes. Be therefore always light for labour: may God pardon the goodman Roger, who always said that idleness ought not to find lodgings with any housewife. So said the mother of the Great Shepherd, and according to her word the shepherd maidens laboured: one planted herbs in an orchard; another fed pigeons and turtledoves; another worked at new things with the needle; another afterwards made chaplets of flowers; but now the fair ones, alas! make nothing more, nothing but rivulets of tears. Their

¹ Marguerite of Navarre.

dances they have changed to dolours, their blue to brown, bright green to tawny, and their bright tints to sad colours. Sing, O my verses, sing the ordained song of grief.

Since Death dealt this great blow, all pleasures of the fields grew dull;¹ even the little breezes sighed of it. Leaves and fruits were shaken from the trees; the clear sun gave its heat no more, the meadows stripped themselves of their green mantle; the clouded sky poured wide its tears. The Great Shepherd broke his pipes, for he would be familiar only with tears, whereat his flock that heard his lament quitted its pasture and began to bleat. And when Margot heard all the sorrow, her gentle heart had no skill to keep the eye from dropping tears, but of her tears there were a thousand wept. The earth in that time became naked and feeble; many a brook stood all dry, the sea was troubled and restless, and therein wept the young dolphins.² Does and stags stood stricken, beasts of prey and beasts of pasture, all creatures grieved for Loise, except the wolves of an ill nature. So sharp was the stroke and the event so full of misfortune, that the fair lily took a tint of black, and the flocks carried black wool. From a dry tree Philomel complained; the swallows' cries were piteous and piercing; the turtle mourned for it with equal grief. My song accords with theirs. O

¹ Louise died, it will be remembered, in autumn, September 29.

² François the Dauphin, Henry, Duke of Orleans, and Charles, Duke of Angoulême. The next animals figure by armorial bearings, &c., classes of society, and the lily is, of course, the royal lily of France.

frank shepherds, who walk on the free¹ grass, what do you say of it, what grief, what heaviness is this, to see wither the flower of all our fields. Sing, O my verses, sing farewell to joy.

Nymphs and gods came by night in great distress to see her, and they said to her, Alas! do you sleep here mistress of shepherdesses? or is it Death who has you in his toils? Alas! your colour, such as you have, proves to us surely that you rest in death. Ha, untoward Death! ever most busy to snatch from us excellent things. So much wise thought was bound up in her head; so well she knew love for the bounds of France; so well she knew how to restore there the roses to the lily; so well she knew how to sow there good seed; so well she knew how to make safe and sure all cattle of all corners of the land; so well she knew to shut and lock the fold, that never wolf was seen to enter there. So many a day her prudence warned against the dark and rainy time, that France has not, for long has not, known such a shepherdess, from what the oldest tell. Adieu, Loise, adieu through all our tears; adieu the body that adorned the earth. Thus saying, nymphs and gods withdrew themselves. Sing, O my verses, sing of grief again.

[Cognac, Remorantin, Anjou, Angoulême, Amboise, the Maine and the Toure, mourn untranslatably by methods that admit of wordplay on their names. Then

¹ The change of language does not admit transfer of the two senses in the line "O francs bergers sur franche herbe marchans," which enabled Marot to call his shepherds Frenchmen.

of the Toure, sings Colin :] On its water the white swans, with which it is all covered, sing day and night, prognosticating in the song to them ill boding, that death, by death, opens his door for them. What do you in this green forest, Fauns, Satyrs ? I think you are sleeping there. Awake, awake, to mourn with us this loss, or if you sleep, dream of it in your sleeping : dream about death, dream of the wrong she does ; do not sleep without dreaming of her spite. Then at your waking tell me all you've dreamed, that I may sing it. Why does the dry herb come back to life when summer comes again ? And she who lies under the heavy tomb, however great she be, comes back no more. Sing, O my verses, a fresh strain of grief.

No, now be still ; that is lament enough : she is received in the Elysian fields, freed from the labours of this weeping world. There, where she is, nothing has lost its bloom : there never die the day and its delights ; there, never dies the freshness of the green, nor die they who are dwellers with her there. For all ambrosial odours flourish there, nor have they ever two seasons or three, but all one spring ; and there they never weep the loss of friends, as we do. In those fair fields and homes of innocence Loise lives without fear, pain, or disease ; and we down here, full of our human reasons, are troubled, it would seem, at her content. There she sees nothing that gives any pain ; there she tastes fruit beyond all count of price ; there she drinks water that allays all thirst ; there she will know a thousand noble souls. All pleasant animals are gathered there ; a

thousand birds there make immortal joy, among whom there is flying through the space her popinjay that passed away before her. There she beholds such light that we should wish to die and look on it. Since then she has so great a fulness of eternal joy, cease, O my verses, cease your grief.

Cold to your mountains and your pines, seek France, nymphs of Savoy, to honour her whose praise gave worth to her country (here is introduced wordplay upon the name of Savoy); come, that before death your eyes may see where she was laid after her happy end. Bring each upon the arm a basket full of herbs and flowers from her native land, to scatter them over her marble; none that we have seen is finer or more fit. Bring branches of full growth, bring laurel, ivy, honoured white lilies and green rosemary, roses in plenty, yellow marigolds, the golden crowfoot, purple amaranth, fresh lavender and pinks of lively hue, white hawthorn and the hawthorn tinted blue, all flowers that are sweet and beautiful. Let each take heed to bring, then heap them thick upon the tomb, and with them let there be many an olive branch, because she was the Shepherdess of Peace. She knew how to produce complete accord among the shepherds when throughout the world one sought to hurt another. Come, thou God Pan, swifter than swallow come; leave your close haunts and part from Arcady, cease singing of blonde Syrinx, come thou near and take my place to swell with better grace the praise of her I undertake to sing. Not, truly, that I weary of her praise, but thou art wrong that dost not

mourn for her. And you, Thenot, who have been shedding tears to hear me speak of her who is so good, deliver me the promised double pipe that I may make it sound to this last close; and through its sound may pay my thanks and give praise to the gods of the high hills and plains so loudly, that it echo through this vale. Cease, O my verses, here cease your lament.

Thenot.—O, frank Shepherd, how full are your verses of great sweetness and of great bitterness. The song pleases me, and you constrain my heart to grief beyond its wont. When all is said, Melpomene kindles in your soft style the sad singing. Besides, there is no heart and never was an anvil of a heart in which this theme would not raise a lament. Wherefore, Colin, without flattering or vaunting, you not only deserve the good flute, but a garland of green laurel should be given you for things so well said. Up, mighty bulls, you also little sheep, go to your shelter, you have browsed enough, for the sun sets over this narrow vale, and from the other side comes night.—

There Marot ends. Spenser, after paraphrasing Colin's speech, "You ask me that which I desire to do," in the four lines beginning "Thenot to that I chose thou dost me tempt," makes his own use as a poet of the plan of the lament. Following its poetical conception, he effaces all that particular reference to the subject of the eclogue which gave beauty of fitness to Marot's work, but could have no interest for an Englishman who wrote almost fifty years later. The uniform

measure of the eclogue in Marot, Spenser breaks by giving a new chime and greater prominence to the contrasted burdens of Colin's song, and arranging it into most musical stanzas with the recurring words in the first burden, "O heavy herse! O careful verse!" and in the second, "O happy herse! O joyful verse!" The reference to King Francis remains in such lines as "O thou great Shepherd Lobbin, how great is thy grief!" and although Spenser's eclogue is not that of a dull translator, but of a poet, rich in music of his own, who shows lively appreciation of the genius of a predecessor, some of the most musical passages in the lament of Colin are those which most nearly reproduce thoughts of Marot. This, for example:—

Whence is it that the flowret of the field doth fade ?
 And lyeth buried long in Winter's bale ;
 Yet soon as spring his mantle hath displayed
 It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fail ?
 But thing on earth that is of most avail,
 As virtue's branch and beauty's bud,
 Reliven not for any good.
 O heavy herse !
 The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail ;
 O careful verse !

And when the pleasance is displaced by dolour's
 dint—

The blue in black, the green in gray is tinct,

Spenser proceeds with the lament, following closely that part of the poem which may have suggested it to him as fit model for a November eclogue:

Ay me! that dreary Death should strike so mortal stroke,
 That can undo Dame Nature's kindly course;
 The faded locks fall from the lofty oak,
 The floods do gasp, for dried is their source,
 And floods of tears flow in their stead perforce:
 The mantled meadows mourn,
 Their sundry colours turn,
 O heavy herse!
 The heavens do melt in tears without remorse;
 O careful verse!

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former food,
 And hang their heads as they would learn to weep;
 The beasts in forest wail as they were wood,
 Except the wolves that chase the wandering sheep,
 Now she is gone that safely did them keep:
 The turtle on the bared branch
 Laments the wound that death did launch.
 O heavy herse!
 And Philomel her song with tears doth steep,
 O careful verse!

Let us turn now to the other side of the strain, the
 strain of religious hope which must have especially
 commended Marot's music to the religious mind of
 Spenser:

Why wail we then? Why weary we the gods with plaints,
 As if some evil were to her betight?
 She reigns a goddess now among the saints,
 That whilom was the saint of shepherd's light,
 And is installed now in heaven's height.
 I see thee, blessed soul, I see
 Walk in Elysian fields so free.
 O happy herse!
 Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O joyful verse!

Unwise and wretched men, to weet what's good or ill,
 We deem of death as doom of ill desert;
 But knew we fools what it us brings until,
 Die would we daily, once it to expert.

No danger there the shepherd can astert ;
 Fair fields and pleasant lays there bene,
 The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green.
 O happy herse!
 Make haste, ye shepherds, thither to revert :
 O joyful verse !

Exactly following, to the end, the plan of his original, Spenser paraphrases also the parting words of Thenot. The change in the form of their last thought being intended to close the poem as it was opened with due regard to the month given to this eclogue in the poet's calendar. Nor, I think, can it be doubtful that when Spenser makes Thenot praise Colin as "frank Shepherd," adopting Marot's epithet when he desires to point to the name of his country, the "frank Shepherd" in his mind was Clement Marot, whom he immediately afterwards identifies with Colin by appending Marot's motto as Colin's Emblem: *La Mort ny Mord* :—

Thenot.—Ay, frank shepherd, how bene thy verses meint
 With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wot
 Whether rejoyce or weep for great constraint.
 Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got.
 Up, Colin, up ! enough thou mourned hast ;
 Now gins to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

Marot's eclogue, the first piece of mark in that form of French literature, was written at the close of 1531; Spenser's in 1579.

That such music should float over the grave of Louise of Savoy ! Death was for her a king of Terrors ; she dreaded in life to hear death named. But the poet who took for his motto *La Mort ny Mord*, sang over her O Death where is thy sting. He grieves,

only to pass from grief to a glad sense of life with God,
the joy of immortality :

La elle veoit une lumière telle,
Que pour le veoir mourir devrions vouloir.

Die would we daily once it to expert.

Always she had been worldly and loved power ; to the last she governed or desired to govern through her son. This feature in her character Marot laid stress upon, and it was happy for his verse that her last act in politics had been in her own person to negotiate the *Paix des Dames*. Marot loved God and France too well to be blind to the wrongs and miseries of war. The terms of the peace made, if we scrutinize details, showed weakness and want of generosity ; but it was peace rich in genius and power for the future ; peace to France after long weary years of burden on the people from ignoble war, waged not for the well-being of the nation, but to satisfy the appetites of those who ruled. Peace was the last gift of the dead queen to France, and Clement Marot felt with his whole soul the worth of that.

The ladies of her court, daughters of richest shepherds who were glad to place them there, had certainly no idle mistress, and she doubtless taught them to be busy ; but her court was not a school of all the virtues a young shepherdess can have. She must have had graces and good gifts, or she would not have retained to the last as firmly the love of the daughter whom she could not spoil as that of the son whom she did spoil. The weakness of Francis and the inherent good nature

which had been corrupted by his mother's influence, may have led him to lean so much as he did on his mother and sister. Family ties would be cherished by the gentle heart of Marguerite. To Louise, intensely selfish, her children were precious, as being hers, and she could only indulge her love of rule through close alliance with them. But motives of men and women are not to be thus trimmed to pattern, labelled, pigeon-holed. There is a breath from God in all our hearts, and some of it surely stirred through all the love there was between this mother and her children.

That in her which had repelled Anne of Brittany, made Louise answerable, in some degree, for the immorality that passed from king to court, from court to people, and which colours the literature of France under Francis I. with degraded sense of the relations between men and women. The king's sister, Marguerite, was a woman of fine genius and high principle, but what her native air contained she was compelled to breathe. When King Francis took a mistress from among the ladies of his mother's court, his sister exercised her genius on devices for the jewels he proposed to give her. When Marguerite proposed to herself to beguile the time of tedious journeys, and employ other such leisure, in dictating stories and anecdotes of the life about her, after the manner of the Decameron, and so represent her generation as Boccaccio had represented his, the modern reader finds the days of Francis I. no better than the days of Joan of Naples. There are such stories as no lady now could tell, and there is

especially, in the manner of relating many incidents, an implied acceptance of gross immorality as part of the natural state of the world in which she lived. As she gathered, in all, stories enough to fill seven days of a decameron, they have been collected under the name of her *Heptameron*, and when printed, as they sometimes have been—or read, as they very often have been—without the comment in which they are set, it is difficult to recognise them as the work of a pure-minded woman of genius, whose life showed as distinctly as the many poems through which she has breathed her soul, the strength of her religious feeling. But difficulties vanish when we fairly look at the work as a whole. She supposes that a party of French lords and ladies on their way home from the baths at Cauterets in the Pyrenees, were, after divers adventures by flood and field brought together, and detained by flood of the Bearnese river, Gave, in the Abbey of Our Lady of Serrance. Without meaning a picture of her mother's character, she places first in honour among the ladies a widow of long experience, named—by a rough process of transformation from Louise—Oisille, to whom the rest defer. She figures, lightly, her husband and herself as Hircan and Parlamente, and represents, no doubt, by pleasant half allusions, other friends in the other speakers. When the ladies and gentlemen of the party propose the finding of some amusement to lessen the dulness of their position, they apply to Oisille, who tells them that she has been in search of a remedy for weariness of days all her life long, and has found it in

the reading of the Scriptures. Here Marguerite dwells on the admonition to find happiness by study of the Bible. Hircan agrees in what is said, but adds that as human nature requires also amusement and bodily pastime, and they have in their homes, hunting, hawking, needlework, so now his proposition is, on the part of the men in the company, "that you, as the eldest lady, read to us in the morning the history of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the great and wondrous things he has done for us. After dinner until vespers we must choose some pastime which may be agreeable to the body and not prejudicial to the soul." The amusement chosen, upon the suggestion of Parlamente, is, of course, the carrying out of an idea which has already been started at court. They will tell a series of French stories after the manner of the Decameron, for that work had just been translated into French, and received with a particular enjoyment. It is a condition that the stories shall be true, and they abound in plain-spoken, contemptuous exposure of the vices of those cowed traffickers who had made the House of God a den of thieves.

The morning study of the Bible, balanced with the afternoon stories of life, is a suggestion characteristic of the writer of this book, and in some sense also of its purpose; for the comments of the company occupy as much space as the tale themselves, and while many of the tales reproduce the corrupt manners of the time as matters of course, the intervening dialogues all show the mind of a good woman seeking to maintain and

diffuse a womanly sense of life not the less lively and shrewd for being pure and undefiled. Nevertheless the familiar way in which some tales of the Heptameron deal with the dissolute manners of the time, is significant. It teaches us not to misjudge Clement Marot, because also among his writings there is evidence that great Lobbin had not been taught by the lamented shepherdess Loise to keep his sheep from straying in the mire.

CHAPTER IX.

SICKNESS. FAME. EXILE.

MAROT in the sick-room was still cheerful. It is truly said, he wrote to the king, that misfortune generally brings two or three companions with her. You have found that ; and I, who am no king, find it too. A rascal of a Gascon valet, when I had received your money [it was still paid only by warrant] seeing that my purse was heavy, rose earlier than usual, took the money, dressed himself in my best clothes, went to the stable where were my two horses, left the worst, mounted the better and rode off without saying good-bye. When I woke I certainly was pale at the loss of my horse and my clothes, but was not surprised at the loss of the money, for money of yours, most kind prince, is much subject to gripes. Soon after that misfortune came a worse that attacks me daily, and threatens to send me to rhyme underground. It is a long heavy illness which, for three good months, has wholly dulled my poor head, and it will not make an end, but obliges me to learn to walk, it has so weakened me. It has given me a flat belly and a heron's thigh. What shall I say more ? In the wretched body I tell you of, the poor spirit that laments and sighs can hardly dwell ; I am crying while

I try to make you laugh. And forasmuch, sire, as I am yours, three doctors feel my pulse, Messrs. Braillon, Le Coq, and Akakia. All things considered, they have put off my cure until the spring. That is how I have been treated here for the last nine months. I have long since sold what my thief left me, and spent it in syrups and juleps. Nevertheless I begin to be shy, and do not ask you to give me anything; but I do not say that I won't take what you may be disposed to lend. Lenders make debtors, and do you know, sire, how I pay? None can know that unless they try. I will give you a promise to pay when all the world's content; or if you like, it shall be made payable at the death of your fame. If you doubt my strength for payments the two Lorraine princes will be surety for me. I know you do not think I am a cheat, or likely to run away. But it is good to have good security for money lent, and you are quite as sure of being paid after my death as if it happened that I did not die. Determine, if you like, to lend nothing. I have been building at Clement of late, where my expenditure was very great, and at Marot, a little farther out: down will come all that no one cares about. There you have the chief point of my letter; you know everything. I need add no more. Yes, but I will; and in doing it inflate my style, and say, O king, amorous of the nine Muses, king in whom are infused their sciences, king greater than Mars, environed with honour, king the most king that ever wore a crown, may the All Powerful God give you for New Year's gift the four corners of the earth to govern,

as much for the good of the round machine as because you especially deserve it.

Thus, then, Marot wasted by sickness, smiled through his tears when the new year 1532 came in. He had been building at Marot of late. During those hours when his weakened body was taken back to the time of its infancy, and he was again, as he says, learning to walk, one of his occupations was the gathering together of his father's writings for the press,¹ and some of his own which were to form another volume. He was again, in imagination, by his father's side, and care for the old man's good fame came to him, together with the first care for his own. The collection of his own writings he called *The Clementine Adolescence, or the Works of Clement Marot, of Cahors-en-Quercy, valet-de-chambre to the King, composed at the age of his Adolescence*.² A few of his later works were added, but Clement had a worthy sense of his vocation as a poet, and was only considering that he had now closed a period of careful preparation for the best use of his little talent. Into this book, therefore, he gathered early translations into verse, the numerous balades, rondeaux,

¹ *Recueil des œuvres de Jehan Marot, poete et escrivain de la magnanime Royne Anne de Bretagne, et depuis valet de chambre du très Chrestien Roy François 1er de ce nom.* Lyons: Pierre Roffet (Jan. 22, 1532).

In the same year appeared also a volume at Paris containing Jean Marot's poems, *Sur les deux heureux voyages de Gènes et de Venise*.

² *L'Adolescence Clémentine, autrement les œuvres de Clément Marot, de Cahors en Quercy, valet de chambre du Roy, composées en l'age de son adolescence.* Lyons: Pierre Roffet.

and songs of his youth, and addressed them modestly to the friends they had brought round him.

The Preface of Clement Marot to a great number of brothers that he has, all sons of Apollo, greeting, is dated August 12, 1532, the Monday on which, according to the Colophon, Master Geofroy Tory, the king's printer, finished printing the book for Pierre Roffet, called le Faulcheur. "I do not know," he says, "(my very dear brothers) which has incited me more to bring to light these trifles of youth: your continual requests, or the annoyance I have had in hearing a great part of them cried and published through the streets, all incorrect, ill printed, and bringing more profit to the bookseller than honour to the author. Certainly both reasons have led to it, but chiefly your requests. Since then you have caused the appearance of the book, I am of opinion that, if blame come of it, half should fall upon you; and if there come (by chance) honour or praise, that neither you nor I have any of it, but that it be all His to whom alone honour and praise are due. Do not heat yourselves (my brothers) if the courtesy of the readers do not excuse. The title of the book will excuse us. They are works of youth. They are trial pieces. This is in fact nothing but a little garden, in which I have cultivated for you what I could recover of trees, herbs, and flowers of my spring-time, and where, at any rate, you will not find one blade of care. Read boldly, you will find in it some delectation, and in certain places a little fruit. Little I say, because trees newly planted do not pro-

duce fruit of much flavour. And, since there is no garden in which one may not meet with some noxious weed, I beg of you, my brothers, and of you other noble readers, if any bad example should by chance present itself to your eyes while reading, you will shut the gate of your goodwill to it, and that the worst you may draw from this book be pastime. Hoping soon to offer you something better—and in earnest of this better—I already put in sight, at the end of the ‘Adolescence,’ works of better temper and of more polished matter; but the ‘Adolescence’ will go before, and there we will begin with the first Eclogue of the *Bucolics* of Virgil translated, certes, in early youth, as you may observe in several ways, even by the *coupes féminines*, which then I did not yet observe, for which I was reproached by Jean le Maire of Belgium, who taught me them. And I commend you to God, much loved friends, whom I ardently beseech to give you, and continue you in, His grace. From Paris, this 12th day of August, 1532.

LA MORT NY MORD.”

This motto of Marot’s makes its first public appearance in the title-page and after the preface of the *Clementine Adolescence*. The use of mottoes was a literary fashion of the time. When Guillaume Crétin’s *Chants Royaux* and other poems were published, his motto was appended in this way to every one of the numerous pieces in the collection. A year before the publishing of the *Clementine Adolescence*, in the year of her

mother's death, there was published by Simon du Bois at Alençon, Marguerite of Navarre's *Mirror of a Sinful Soul*.¹ That is a poem which Queen Elizabeth translated into English prose before she became queen, and of which her translation was given to the press by Bishop Bale. Marguerite places for motto at the head of her *Mirror* the text, "Create in me a clean heart, O God;" and her closing motto, after the chief poem, and after appended pieces is, "To God only be the praise."

The collection of poems in the *Clementine Adolescence* begins, as the preface says, with translations and early original pieces: Virgil's First Eclogues, *The Temple of Cupid*, *The Judgment of Minos* on Alexander, Hannibal, and Scipio, translated into verse from the French prose version of Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*; the sad verses of Philip Beroald on Holy Thursday, from the Latin; also a prayer from the Latin. Then follow nine of his early letters in verse; then two complaints, thirteen epitaphs, thirteen balades, the *Chant Royal* on the Conception, fifty-eight rondeaux (so says the list of contents, but the number in the book is fifty-seven), eight dizains, five blasons, six envoys, and thirty chansons. To these Marot adds, *Works since the age of his Adolescence*, but does not include among them

¹ *Le Miroir de l'ame pecheresse, auquel elle reconnoist ses fautes et pechez, aussi ses graces et benefices à elle faictz par Jesu Christ son espoux.*

La Marguerite très noble et precieuse s'est preposée a ceux qui de bon cueur la cerchoient.

A Alençon, chez Maistre Simon Dubois, 1531.

L'Enfer, or, with one exception, anything that might, at the time of publication, have served only to secure the burning of the book. There is a poem on the death of the king's minister, Robertet (the Robert Tete of the English ambassador's despatches); there is the eclogue upon Louise of Savoy; he includes also a *Chant Royal* on a refrain suggested by the king; the letters to the king from prison and from sick-room, the letter about his pension addressed to Chancellor Du Prat, a dizain, a huitain, and a balade. That is all; with the one exception already referred to; for this latter section of the book includes the first of the series of letters *du Coq à l'Asne*. As the relation between the cock and the ass is precisely the same in French popular speech as that of the cock and bull in English, had Marot written in this country these would have been called the cock and bull letters. He wrote, at intervals, three or four, and one or two others like them, but not so entitled. The first of the set is probably the latest piece included in the appendix to the book published in 1532.

To run at random in gossip from one subject to another wholly different was to mix up the cock and the ass—or, as we say, the cock and the bull—and the proverbial expression produced the word Coquelaine for the name of such a talker. Marot writes letters of free light satirical verse, under the sign of the Cock and Bull. They are epistles from himself to Lyon Jamet, in which he runs at his own pleasure *du Coq à l'Asne*, heaping together items in the manner of a

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I'm a simple fool to vex
My body, and my heart perplex,
Over things with which we two,
You and I, have nought to do.
It only causes people worry,
Up a dozen sergeants hurry,
Armed complete, they raise a pothor,
One they beat, if there's no other,
And he doesn't hit again.
Hope of hanging them is vain.
As says our old quolibet,
No one yet saw gibbets set
Thick enough for all the thieves.
Trim hoods with ermine, lengthen sleeves,
Caps are now worn square and round.¹
Hold your tongue, and look profound.
That's wisdom, that's to be discreet yet;
Lyon, Lyon, that's the secret,
Learn it now while you are old;
And you shall see manifold
People of the envious press,
Running like the canoness,
Say it is a famous season,
Lovers² in and out of reason,
Who complain and pine away,
Dying fifteen times a day.
Saturday next, at any rate,
Your intellect to recreate,
You'll read the civil law.
To burn each calf that lifts the paw
In town is then the rule.
For they've consorted with the mule,³
And do so every day.
There's one now making a long stay

¹ Caps and hoods of doctors and licentiates of the Sorbonne; who are suggested by the preceding word "thieves."

² Faithful followers of the unreformed church, Isabeau.

³ Luther.

In Paris, who would be elsewhere.¹
 In God's name, as to this affair,
 Knives at last cut loves in two.
 As for those three ladies who
 Wear white cloaks,² they dress alike.
 You cannot get out when you like
 From those cloisters, or begin,
 If you have not first gone in.
 This argument's sophistical,
 So no good Papist is to call
 Luther, man of good repute,
 Because if two of him dispute,
 One of them talks heresy.
 Lovers³ must show what they be;
 Smell of meat wins half the battle,
 Gifts are more in love than tattle.
 What we now wear⁴ will appear
 Old-fashioned in another year.
 True it is, a man takes double
 Care to keep his friend from trouble,
 But many a woman many a day
 Has used a pen to say her say.⁵
 Antichrist⁶ has come at last,
 Expected for a long time past.

And so on. Marot then turns to the refrain of an old song of his, figuring the church of his time as a woman who imperilled him; he blends idleness with earnest,

¹ Imprisonment of Louis de Berquin, as the inquiry advanced, to make his escape impossible.

² Executioners?

³ Of Isabeau—orthodox churchmen.

⁴ Present opinion. Noel Beda may not rule for ever.

⁵ Edicts of the unreformed church of France, figured always in Marot's allegory as a woman, whose dealings are here contrasted with the devotion of true men, or men of a true church, in forbearing love and service to one another.

⁶ Absolute rule of the pope.

and even ventures a shot at the strict censorship of the press. But "velvet soles are all the wear," and there is something half tragical, half whimsical, in his defiant scampering with velvet soles over the ice of bigotry. With this air of trifling, Marot could approach many who turned away from a direct pleading for the religion through which men are free, and helped to retain friends at court for the reformers. But we have from him the direct pleading also. His wit gave him influence with the king's frivolous companions; he was master of the light artillery of jest and song, and rattled all its fire upon the men who were misusing their authority against the noblest aspirations of the time. It was, where the court of Francis I. had influence, and, indeed, while France was France, something towards success that the gaiety of Marot made common cause, for love of God, with sterner men.

But the inanity of the incessant smile belongs to no character so earnest as Marot's. He poured also through verse his creed, prayers, grace before and after meat, graces to be said by children; and heard, doubtless, his own children worship God with his own verse. One of his longest poems is a sermon on the good and the bad Pastor,¹ its text being the parable of the Good Shepherd in the tenth chapter of St. John. It involves all that was most spiritual in the controversy of the time, and reasons throughout in words of the Scripture Marot closely studied. Though at the end he

¹ *Sermon du Bon Pasteur et du Mauvais, Pris et extrait du dixième Chapitre de Saint Jean.*

contrasted the Good Shepherd with the bad, to paint the Good Shepherd was his chief care. He places the sermon on the lips of one of those who, in the midst of persecution, formed their little reformed congregations in or about Paris, and he addresses the piece to the king.

Going, he says, at Lent into the fields near Paris to hear the Good Shepherd who loved his sheep, he found one on a hill who guarded his small flock there crouching in the shade, and fed it thus out of the Scriptures. Then follows the sermon, of which a brief description must suffice. The preacher tells of the Good Shepherd who came to save his sheep, who is to them the living water and the bread that will not perish, to whom the weary are to come and be at rest, through whom alone we come unto the Father. He celebrates the charity of Christ, best friend to man, who seeks even His enemies that he may save them. Only the sick need a physician; we all sin, therefore He came to us. We admit our sins in praying as He taught us, and say with David, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant O Lord." He in whom there was no sin, gave himself for us. There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. A lively faith comes like blossom upon the tree by the grace of God, and will bring fruit to bear in its season. Such faith should lead you to fulfil the law which is to love the Lord your God with all your hearts, and your neighbour as yourselves. Violence must be cast out of your hearts, but without help of the Spirit your best efforts attain only to hypocrisy. Offer to God the sacrifice of a

contrite heart. The world is His, and He made it : He doth not dwell in temples made with hands. You must not change the glory of the incorruptible God into an image. By faith men are the temples of God whence all may learn ; whence prayers ascend for those in authority, and for the pastors of the Church, honouring them as is meet, and as the Scripture teaches. By this faith you are armed with heavenly weapons, and though your adversaries roll mountain on mountain over you, the adversaries of your God will be scattered as the light scatters the darkness. For this faith you shall be hated and persecuted as your Master was, because you wish to go into His pastures. Such is the mark of His own, of whom the world was not, and is not, worthy. They who do you this injustice think that they do God service. But you will not fear them who kill the body only, but rather Him who is able to kill the body and the soul, and being thus reviled and persecuted, you will look for your reward in heaven. By this faith none fancies he will follow the world, or any sect or heresy, which is abomination, for we must follow the rule and law of Christ, as it is written. By faith, we condemn the opinion that charity begins at home ; for charity seeketh not her own, but is more ready to bear loss for the increase of another. By this faith emperors, kings, and princes will visit their lands to see that the orphan be not wronged, or the widow helpless, and to see that there be not spilt the innocent blood, which the spirit cries upon God to avenge, and that the innocent be not given to the sword by false witnesses

and enemies of God. In this faith man will obey his lord, first the king as most excellent, and then the other lords, duke, prince, or governor. God has sent them to check evildoers; not for the good, except to have their praise. They will therefore loyally render his tribute to Cæsar, as God has ordained; and he who resists the king resists the ordinance of God. By this faith, death is the gate of life, as much our friend as it was once our enemy.

O happy death, your dart is but the key
Whereby we enter in our Christ to see.
Were there not death, we should be ever here;
Were there not death, our souls were without cheer;
Were there not death, the bridegroom and the bride,
Christ and his church, would never be allied.
O blessed death, for so you should be named,
In presence of the dead be thou not blamed
For the sweet giving of the needed rest
That must come to us if we would be blest!
The dead, they are but as the shadows dim
In the World, made by Him, that knew not Him,
When into all that seemed our joy to blot
Light shone, and darkness comprehended not.
Painters of France, take counsel, and no more
Let Death stand hideous on a cruel shore;
But paint her lovelier and with kinder eyes
Than Helen, or the fairest maid that dies,
So that all may be glad to see her face.
Paint her in smiles, and let her want no grace,
For fair should she seem, who alone can give
Access to Christ, and with Him bid us live.

Thus the good pastor fed his sheep, and thus Marot showed to the king in earnest words, not the less simple for being musical, what was the essence of that faith against which his Chancellor Du Prat and Noel Beda at

the head of the Sorbonne, were battling with the whip and prison, fire, and sword. Thus also Marot warned the king of what that faith teaches to be the duty of a king; and reminded him of the cry from under the altar of the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.

The poet added to his sermon a slight sketch of the pastors who were not true to their duty, and he drew it from the life of his own time. These pastors are simple as hermits outside, but hypocrites within, and of seditious spirit. They fed their great flocks upon dreams. They make a coarse brown bread of *ergo, utrum, and quare*, which disagrees with their sheep, who grow lank for hunger; thirst the more they drink, and starve by their feeding. Souls and bodies are in great peril; foreign enemies could not deal worse with them than those false pastors do, who for a pretence make long prayers and devour their fleeces. They are wolves in sheep's clothing, men who have not entered by the gate, but by the roof, and at the window, who have left the bread of life for that which perishes in the using, have left for a miserable spring the well of living waters, have left the green branches of the olive tree to be grafted on a dead branch. They have received a vain philosophy in which man is magnified until God is obscured. Its high, hard wall of quibbles shuts out all that gives to God alone the praise, and none to man save that which would be vainer than vanity, lighter than levity, if weighed in the balance. Man's wisdom, without faith, is ignorance; professing himself

to be wise he becomes a fool. Though he has mounted to high place by what he looks upon as subtle prudence, it is, before God, ignorance and folly. God hath rebuked the wisdom of the wise, and approves the humility of babes to whom his secrets are revealed, for His spirit exalteth the lowly and meek. The wise men crucified their God and opposed His divine teaching. All the good deeds of the seven sages, Brutus, Cato, Tully, of all the Greeks and of all the Romans who had the world in their hands, being without faith, bear no fruit but to the glory of the doers and self-love. Saint Paul, who is a faithful witness, says that he lived by the law without blame of men, not knowing Christ, and when he knew what came of faith, he found that his labour without it had been vain. Why? because it had been for his own glory as the doer, and for self-love. When Clement Marot wrote this he was receiving and enjoying a high reputation as a poet. He had faith also in his genius, but his life and writings fairly read show that his heart was set on higher aims than his own praise.

Marot, recovered from his sickness, thanked each of his doctors in a few gay lines of epigram. They had, upon consultation, put off his cure till the spring, but he got well during the winter (1531-2), for he congratulated Dr. Braillon upon having cured him in frosty weather, without aid of the fine season. Dr. Akakia was Doctor Martin Sansmalice, native of Chalons, who was the first to transform into odder Greek his odd French family name, and transmit it

so altered to all his descendants. The other doctors were Brailon, Le Coq, and Amy, the cock and friend who did not mind having their names played upon. There were scraps of verse also to his friend Vuyart and others. Marot was about again and full of kindness. His epigrams were highly esteemed, and where they want point at the close, as many do, there is diffused brightness of thought with his usual ease of expression. But many of them are indecent. Marot never overloads a sentence or strains for an epithet. His words always come in the most natural order. Labour begat ease. He paraphrased many of his epigrams from Martial, and took pains to excel in the short metrical expression of a compliment or jest, as steadily as he took pains with all his other work.

While Marot had been ill at Paris, in 1531, King Francis maintained orthodoxy with that hesitating goodwill towards the reformers which his sister Marguerite had sought in vain to strengthen. He would be tempted to hear them, now and then; was haunted by doubt whether their doctrines did not undermine the fabric of society; was ready to accept extravagant misstatements against them, and then he could be induced to hear the other side. It was this in the king which, in 1531, caused him to go and hear the curé Lecoq preach at St. Eustache, and which gave Clement Marot a high definite object in the attempt to show him, through the verses he esteemed, what really was the faith of the reformers, with its spirit of entire obedience to the authority of kings.

The year 1532 is the date not only of the first published book of Clement Marot's, but also of the first published book by Calvin, who then Latinized upon its title-page into Calvinus his name of Chauvin. While it shows the influence of the revived study of the classics, it had obvious reference to the repression of free thought by a harsh use of authority, being a commentary upon Seneca's treatise on Clemency. Marot's age was about thirty-six, and Calvin's twenty-three. Marot not only published this year the poems of his adolescence, and collected the verse of his father, he also edited, in 1532, the works of François Villon; his purpose being, as a man who loved his art, to maintain the fame of the most natural and genuine—the one who most distinctly represents individual genius and the free breath of true literature—among the poets who preceded him. He rescued Villon's verse from the great confusion made in it by careless printers, and endeavoured, as he had done with that older piece of literature, *The Romaunt of the Rose*, to give it new life for the generation to which he belonged.

Francis I. was, in 1532, at odds with the pope, and now inclining to the influence of his friend Du Bellay, now to that of his friend Du Prat. The new bent towards an independent study of the Bible was as much a part of the great intellectual revival as the bent towards Seneca or Plato. Clement Marot might often have hoped, in times like this, that he could fix the mind of his master. But Francis was a despotic sovereign. Marot's task would have been easier if the

king's mind could have been set quite at rest as to the political influence of the Christian's perfect law of liberty. As it was, the reformers could only get now and then a passing benefit out of the state of his majesty's political relations with the pope.

In 1532 Henry VIII. was also at odds with his holiness. He had been seeking divorce from Queen Catherine, and warning the pope of ruin to his authority over Englishmen if there were once an open breach declared between himself and their king. But Henry, meanwhile, was even more ready than Francis to repress the energies of the reformers. In England in August, 1531, Thomas Bilney had been burnt for his faith at Norwich. A few weeks later Richard Byfield had been burnt in Smithfield, John Tewksbury was burnt also in Smithfield, William Baynham was burnt in Smithfield with two others in May, 1532, Valentine Treest was burnt also in Yorkshire, and a countryman named Traxnel in Wiltshire. Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, made in exile, had reached England as a forbidden book at the close of 1525, and he had added to this in 1531 a translation of the Pentateuch. No more was yet published, and no one had yet dared to print an English Bible in England. King Henry's quarrel with the pope was simply personal. The court of Rome had not yet pronounced for his divorce with Queen Catherine, and he was in a hurry to be married to Anne Boleyn, who had once been attached to the court of the French king's sister, Marguerite. Anne, newly made Marchioness

of Pembroke, came with him to Calais in October, 1532.

The two kings spent four days together in the abbot's palace at Boulogne as friends to each other and no friends to pope and emperor. Henry returned, and soon afterwards, without waiting for the pope's divorce, was married privately to Anne Boleyn. The Archbishopric of Canterbury was then vacant, and was offered to Cranmer, simply because he had been active on the king's side in the matter of the divorce, and could be relied on for stout help in the completion of it. Francis, strong in a treaty with England for union of arms, sent by two French cardinals his threats to the pope of what he might expect if France and England should separate themselves from him, as Germany had done, and send no more money to Rome. He threatened war, and was again preparing it.

And what was it that Germany had done? The name of Protestant was then but three years old. In 1529 a diet at Spires had agreed that those states of the empire which had hitherto obeyed the decree against Luther, issued at Worms in 1524, should be bound by it; and that the other states should attempt no farther innovation in religion, and especially should not do away with the mass before the meeting of a general council. Against this decree the Elector of Saxony, the Marquis of Brandenburg, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Duke of Lunenberg, the Prince of Anhalt, and the deputies of fourteen cities solemnly protested, and also ineffectually laid their protest before Charles,

who was then in close league with the pope. Their cause became known as the cause of the Protestants. In 1530, when Charles himself came to the Diet of Augsburg, he found the representatives of the Protestant cause careful to avoid giving offence, but very strong. They had intrusted to a man as temperate as he was learned, the task of drawing up a summary of their opinions read on the 25th of June before the Diet, and this confession of faith, written by Melancthon, became known as the Confession of Augsburg. It was examined by the orthodox; an answer to it was read on the 3rd of August, and it was declared to have been confuted. Compromise was unattainable; and now that the line of division was defined, and a distinct body of opinion was set forth as held by the German Protestants, their power became more compact and effective. The Diet of Augsburg condemned most of their tenets, imposed penalties on innovation, and proposed to apply to the pope for a general council which might quiet the disturbance in the church. The Protestant chiefs being threatened, met at Smalkalde, and formed a league for mutual defence against aggression. When Charles procured (in 1531) the election of his brother Ferdinand as King of the Romans this was looked upon as a step towards the establishment of a hereditary empire, an encroachment, therefore, on the political rights of German sovereigns. At the same time religious persecutions were begun. The Protestant princes, driven into complete antagonism, again met at Smalkalde, and made offers of alliance to the kings of

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France and England. Thus they forced Charles to give way, and he agreed at Nuremberg to terms of peace with them, which were ratified in a diet at Ratisbon. Charles conceded toleration, and the Protestants promised to help the emperor against the Turks who, in 1532, came into Hungary three hundred thousand strong. Charles led in person a large Christian force, and in the autumn Solyman marched back to Constantinople. Having done, for a time, with the Turks, Charles went next into personal consultation with the pope. Clement VII. had made up his mind not to call the council upon church affairs, which had more than once been promised on his behalf; but he could temporize. The menaces of France and England were more serious matters for the consideration of both pope and emperor. A league was formed of all Italian states, excepting Venice, to resist invasion. That settled, his majesty passed on to Spain.

These were the chief public events which, at the outset of the year 1533, affected the position and prospects of the body of French reformers with whom Clement Marot was in sympathy. Marot, knowing his master, must have hailed the return of peace with more of hope than of expectation that it would last long. Francis only meant to remain bound by the peace of Cambray until he felt that he was strong enough to break it. He had, indeed, at the time of signing, indulged his conscience with solemn but profoundly secret protests, like those which accompanied the Treaty of Madrid. He had especially made secret

protest against the renunciation of Milan, as injurious to his heirs, and, therefore, invalid. When the ratification of the Treaty of Cambray was registered in the Parliament of Paris, he commanded that a secret protest should be also entered on his behalf by one of the Crown lawyers. And so for another war with Charles the clouds were gathering, but the storm was not yet to break. France still had an unstable peace. After the carnival in 1533 King Francis went to Picardy. His sister Marguerite remained in Paris with her husband, and the friend of the reformers became strong to help. As the Sorbonne would not allow her chaplain, Gerard Roussel, to preach during Lent in the churches of Paris, she invited him to preach before herself and her court in the Louvre.

Gerard Roussel answered to Marot's idea of a good pastor. Of about Marot's own age, and born near Amiens, he had studied at Paris as the friend and pupil of Jacques le Fevre, the first translator of the Scriptures into French. When Le Fevre, accused in 1521 of heresy, took refuge with Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, Roussel and other pupils went with him. Roussel was driven afterwards to Strasburg, but recalled in 1526 by King Francis, at the instance of his sister Marguerite, who then made him her chaplain. He was in advance of the more combatant reformers of his time, inasmuch as he laid utmost stress upon the attainment of the Christian way of life; and was content, if men would take the Scriptures as their sole authority, Christ as the only mediator between God and man,

and live so as to show the works of faith, that the old church should retain its old form and old worshippers, believing that dispute over forms hindered the growth of the true Christian temper. So thought also Queen Marguerite; so thought also Clement Marot.

After her marriage with the King of Navarre, Gerard Roussel lived in the household of Marguerite as her confessor. In 1530—the year in which Le Fevre's translation of the Bible first appeared as a complete volume—she had given to Roussel the rich abbey of Clairac, by the river Lot. His merit in her eyes was, that with all his soul he exhorted rich and poor to take the Bible as their only rule of faith. But the Bible could then only be known to the world through faithful preachers. The poor could not read; and it was part of Roussel's labour in life to extend education, that men's minds might be less narrow, and the way to truth more open. If they could read, the only Bible in their language was a forbidden book. It was originally published in six parts, which were so rigidly suppressed, that copies of them are now very rare indeed. Le Fevre began by printing a translation of the New Testament at Paris in 1523. This brought on him the censure of parliament; his translations were interdicted, and he was driven to the press of Antwerp, from which he issued the Pentateuch in 1528, and other books of the Old Testament. The whole was then issued as the first complete French Bible in 1530. Roussel preached in the Louvre daily during the Lent of the year 1533, and drew to his preachings

four or five thousand people of all ranks. His sermons were like those of Marot's good pastor, and the good pastor's flock was no longer a little one crouched in the shade, but a large one gathered where it was most seen.

Queen Marguerite, like Marot a reformer, like Marot a poet, gave to Clement, as to all the men of genius and worth whom she gathered about her, not a disdainful patronage but honest friendship. He honoured her in his verse, and called her sister. She learnt much of his verse by heart,¹ and sometimes capped verse of his with verse of hers. Her own genius entitled her to his appreciation, but the friendship was based especially upon a sense that they were fellow-workers, less for overthrow or setting up of doctrines in theology, than for the quickening of France with a more spiritual sense of Christian duty, for battle against the vices brought into the church, as wealth and idleness increased.

But Beda, quite as true to his own faith in the "excellence of tripes," sent delegates of the Sorbonne to

¹ *De Marguerite d'Alençon, sa sœur d'alliance.*

*Un chascun qui me fuit requeste
D'avoir œuvres de ma façon
Voise tout chercher en la teste
De Marguerite d'Alençon.
Je ne fais Dixain ne Chanson,
Chant Royal, Ballade, n'Epistre
Qu'en sa teste elle ne registre
Fidelement, correct et seur :
Ce sera mon petit registre,
Elle n'aura plus nom ma sœur.*

denounce Roussel to King Francis. They were referred to the bishop. But who was he? In the preceding year the bishopric of Paris had been given to the liberal scholar Jean du Bellay.

Jean du Bellay was but a year younger than his brother Guillaume, who was one of the best soldiers of the time, and a shrewd ambassador for France to foreign courts. It was he who, in speaking of the magnificence of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, said that many a French gentleman went there with his mills, fields, and forests on his back. Jean du Bellay was diplomatist and churchman, even something of a soldier too. He had been sent as an ambassador to London in 1527, and had been Bishop of Bayonne before he was made, in 1532, Bishop of Paris. He was, like his brother, a man of bright intellect, and his liberal regard for good literature was shown by the aid he gave to the founding of the College Royal. Rabelais, who in 1533 was at Lyons, writing medical tracts and even almanacs (his almanac for 1533 containing many pious reflections and citations from the Bible), and who was acting also as physician to the Hôtel-Dieu at Lyons, became three years later physician to this Jean du Bellay, then an ambassador for France at Rome, and a man by whose liberality of mind, good temper, and tact, the pope was better served than by the bigots then imperilling his power. Du Bellay had, in fact, increased the grief of the Sorbonne; for a licence to himself to appoint preachers in his diocese had been obtained for him by Marguerite from the king, and he had placed a couple

of "good pastors" in two of the Paris pulpits. He only laughed at the Sorbonne's protest against Roussel.

The Sorbonne then organised passionate agitation. The king's political hostility to the pope was probably, the doctors said to themselves, affecting his own attitude upon the question, encouragement of church reform being a menace to Rome; the king, therefore, did not escape signs of hostility from the monks, who formed a papal army in his realm. The Sorbonne published and condemned a series of propositions described as the Heresies of Roussel. On the other side complaint was made of the Sedition of Beda.

The king, when appealed to, silenced both sides. Pending inquiry he put under arrest Noel Beda, and other leaders of his party, as well as Roussel and the two other reforming preachers. Each person under this arrest was ordered to stay within his house.

Such equal treatment was regarded as an outrage by the orthodox. Beda, defying the command, came out into Paris. Francis then ordered inquiry against the seditious clergy, and reserved to himself the investigation of the charge of heresy. But that investigation, said a deputation of the Sorbonne doctors, is not the business of the prince, but of the church, it is the prerogative of our theological faculty. The king would listen to no such reason, and when the doctors, growing loud and angry, threatened the king with the terrors of the pope—at the very time when he was intent on making the pope recognise the terrors of the

king—he rose at them, called them Asses, and drove them away.

Chancellor Du Prat too, deep in the king's counsels and sharing his war policy, was ready to help the design of making the pope dread lest France, as well as Germany, should cease to pay him tribute. Du Prat could suspend for a time his action against heresy, and set roughly to work at sedition against the King of France among the French doctors and friars. Beda and two other chief authors of the tumult were arrested, brought in May, 1533, before the parliament, and sentenced, upon pain of death, to quit Paris within twenty-four hours. They might go where they pleased, provided they were distant from one another, and that each was at least thirty leagues from Paris; and they were not to preach again without the king's permission.

To this sentence of parliament, the king added his own cancelling of proceedings against Roussel. Francis told the Sorbonne that if it had any complaint against Roussel it must be brought before the lawful tribunal. Here then was the King of France claiming supremacy over the Church of France. One old doctor of the Sorbonne, having lived to see it come to this, went mad.¹

In England, Cranmer had in the preceding February been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by papal bull—being the last English archbishop so appointed,

¹ The detail of these movements has been given by Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, in his *History of the Reformation in Europe in the time of Calvin*.

and in taking the oath of obedience to the pope, he had added a provision that it did not restrain him from any duty to God, king, or country. The defiance of Rome by Henry's secret marriage with Anne Boleyn had become known, and in the same month of May, 1533, when Francis was fluttering the pope's legions in Paris, Cranmer's English ecclesiastical court had, without waiting for authority from Rome, decreed Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine. At about the same time also the English parliament forbade the carrying of appeals from England to the See of Rome, and its preamble declared the king's "plenary, whole, and entire power, pre-eminence, authority, prerogative, and jurisdiction, to render and yield justice and final determination to all manner of folk." The kings of France and England were in a treaty together, which involved the maintenance of the same attitude towards the pope; and thus we find King Francis in the conspicuous person of Dr. Noel Beda asserting "plenary, whole, and entire power" over the Sorbonne. On the 27th of May, four days after Cranmer had pronounced at Dunstable, in spite of the pope, Henry's divorce from Catherine, the four leading supporters of the pope in the Sorbonne were marched by the king's archers out of Paris.

Among the placarded papers with which the Parisians expressed on either side the general excitement of the contest was one, by a friend of the Sorbonne, which had currency so wide, that Clement Marot answered it on behalf of the reformers. As the upholder of the

Pope's authority cried "Heresy," Marot it will be observed responds with the other cry, "Sedition." This is the orthodox rondeau, but some of the rhymes in the original are so bad as to be past recognition. Perhaps anger instead of making verses made in this case a forgetfulness of rhymes.

To the fire! to the fire! these heresies
That wound us day and night.
Can you endure their spite
Of Holy Writ and its decrees?
Will you banish perfect science
To breed Lutheran disease?
Fear you God? Have you reliance
That perdition will not seize
And slay you?

Paris! Paris! noblest flower!
Set law against their spite,
Or thunder and storm alight
Upon you! Dread their power!
Pray we all the Heavenly King
That confusion He will bring,
And his wrath will justly fix
Upon these damned heretics,
That memory of them may know
No more than of the rotten bones.
To the fire! to the fire! for that atones
With justice, God permits that it do so.¹

Whereto Marot replied:²

The water, the water for foolish sedition,
For men who in place of the Word of the Lord
Preach a merely monopolist mass of tradition,
To break with contention the common accord.

¹ *Vers affichez à Paris quand Beda fut forbanny voulans esmouvoir le peuple a Sédition contre le Roy.*

² *Response de Clement Marot à l'escripteau cy-dessus.*

A little too kind is the king's admonition :
Why didn't he duck their wild heads for reward
In the water ?

They do so delight in the pleasure of wine,
That the tavern may fairly take rank as their school ;
But their fat and hot necks it would cheer us to cool
With the drop they would very distinctly decline
In the water.

Marot added a dizain on the same subject to the effect that earth, air, fire, or water were welcome to the foolish preachers who stir up sedition between the people and their good instructors. They had for too long a time been throwing the world into confusion, but God of His grace has willed that the king should see to the bottom of their sophistries, and by his law he has dismissed them to their fire or water, earth or air.

Marot rejoiced in the hope of a day, but the end was not then, and is not now ; though many now, of all creeds, understand that God's worst enemy is the theologian who wars against his neighbour.

Francis opposed the pope because he was reckoned upon in the plans of Charles. If Clement VII. could by menace or persuasion be kept out of the Italian league against France, the foolish preacher would again have the king's power in his fist. Francis, while he was claiming to be absolute at home, and also showing the pope what loss of revenues he might have to fear by alienating France, was also flattering his holiness, and seeking to establish a fresh claim upon Italian soil. This he did by proposing marriage of his

second son, Henry, Duke of Orleans, into the pope's family.

Catherine de' Medici was then a girl of fourteen. Her father had been made by his uncle, Pope Leo X., Duke of Urbino. He died three years afterwards, in the year of his daughter's birth, and his dukedom reverted to Leo. Catherine had, therefore, no inheritance. But her dowry was to be the pope's active support to Francis in recovery of Milan and Genoa with addition of Florence, Parma, Pisa, Leghorn, Modena, Urbino, and Reggio. Words are cheap in the uttering, and Pope Giulio de' Medici was proud to think that his family should rise to an alliance with the royal house of France. What are the hopes, where is the wisdom of a poet who knows only the eternal face of truth, and cannot rise to a perception of the wit of kings? At the very time when Marot judged from the disgrace of Noel Beda that the flocks fed from the Word of God, no longer small and huddled in the shade, would multiply and spread over the fields of France, the king's wisdom went down the turning that led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, was sent by Francis to his ally in London, to explain the proposal of an Italian marriage, and to use his skill as a diplomatist to prevent Henry from immediately breaking with the pope. Jean du Bellay was so far successful that Henry agreed to change his intention if the pope put aside his threat to excommunicate him, and would give him time to defend himself by attorney at the court of Rome.

Having obtained that concession, the Bishop of Paris set off at once to Rome, and got the pope's assent to the proposed arrangement. Then a courier was sent to London, and the pope waited to hear the proposed pleading by attorney. But the courier did not come back. On the 7th of September, 1533, Henry's new wife became the mother of the future Queen Elizabeth.

While, in England, the laws against heresy were enforced and even strengthened, speaking against the pope or his decrees was declared not to be heresy; and, in December, 1533, a minute of Council required preachers at Paul's Cross to teach that the pope was only Bishop of Rome, and had "no more authority and jurisdiction, by God's law, within this realm, than any other foreign bishop hath, which is nothing at all." In France the ripening of the king's project for marriage of a son of his with the pope's niece had influence upon his manner of showing the resolve that in his own realm he would be master, and that the pope should not usurp his right to be supreme alike in church and state.

In the autumn of 1533, King Francis went to meet the Pope at Marseilles. The King and Queen of Navarre went with their court to Blois, and Clement Marot went with them.

In Paris the wrath of the Sorbonne was being poured out on Queen Marguerite. Her *Mirror of a Sinful Soul* had been reprinted there at the beginning of the year. The Sorbonne, after Beda's banishment, attacked it vehemently, and seized all the copies because they

had been reprinted without submission to its censorship. The volume was placed on the index of prohibited books. In October the scholars of the College of Navarre caricatured Marguerite in a play. Marguerite required through her brother that the condemnation of her book by the Sorbonne be rescinded, and that the students be called to account. The university formally cancelled the censure and apologised. The students were duly scared by the appearance of a company of the king's archers.

The king was then with Jean du Bellay at Marseilles, whither he had gone to meet the pope, who brought with him, ready prepared, a bull against all heretics. The bull was published; the girl-bride was sent for and arrived from Nice; Pope Clement blessed the marriage of Catherine de' Medici, aged 14, to Henry, Duke of Orleans, aged 15, and Francis promised to himself great things from the success of his diplomacy.

New energy was at once given to the action against heretics. Nicholas Cop, son to the king's physician, Guillaume Cop, was a professor in the College of St. Barbe, who in the preceding year had been elected Rector of the University. He was no theologian, but a reformer, and he preached officially, in November, 1533, a sermon written for him by his friend Calvin. He was cited to appear before the parliament to meet a charge of heresy, and, being warned that his life was in danger, fled from Paris. The parliament offered a reward of three hundred crowns to any one who should bring him back, dead or alive. Young Calvin also was looked for,

but he escaped from Paris, disguised as a vine-dresser, with a hoe on his shoulder.

The king's encouragement of persecution was somewhat enfeebled after the pope's departure by the next turn of his policy, which led him to back German Protestants, who threatened to be troublesome to Charles. But the reformers were forbidden to preach in the churches. They held private meetings, which were watched and dispersed by Lieutenant-Criminal Morin. Beda and his friends were brought back from exile, and at once led an attack upon the liberal professors of the Collège Royal, Danès, Vatable, and others, who were to be forbidden to interpret Scripture. To the fire! to the fire! was again the cry. An edict of the parliament of Paris early in 1534 condemned to the fire every person convicted of Lutheranism on the testimony of two witnesses. Three hundred persons were imprisoned for their faith, among them Gerard Roussel and his fellow labourers. Somebody then put in the king's way a book written by Beda on the part of himself and his friends during their exile. It spoke violently of King Francis. At once, therefore, his majesty caused them also to be clapped in prison. In March he set the reformers at liberty, leaving Noel Beda and his busy friends locked up.

In the same month the pope pronounced against Henry's divorce of Queen Catherine, excommunicated Henry, and put England under interdict. The result was immediate loss of the allegiance of England to the Papal see. Henry's answer, not long delayed, was the

Act of Supremacy, which made himself pope for the Church of England.

At Easter in 1534, Clement Marot returned with Queen Marguerite to Paris. She obtained leave to place Gerard Roussel in the pulpit of the cathedral. But at this time, at Lyons, a preaching friar, one of those Dominicans whose order was founded for the support of orthodox theology, preached in the spirit of the reformers, and was condemned to death. The Dominicans claimed this man of their own order, Alexander Canus, of Evreux. He suffered inquiry by torture, and was soon afterwards burnt alive before the Parisians in the Place Maubert. That morsel might be spared as a sop to Cerberus, but Francis was still planning annoyance to Charles, by aid to the Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, who was about to strike a blow for the restoration of a Protestant prince in Wurtemberg. There was also a half-sincere assent in Francis to the desire of his sister, of Gerard Roussel, of Guillaume du Bellay, and others, for an attempt to fuse the discordant elements of controversy into one tranquil church of Christ with the old form and the new spirit. In June, 1534, Francis was told that the Protestant army was victorious in Wurtemberg and threatening Vienna. But Austria was left untouched. Wurtemberg was thrown open to the reformers.

A physician, Ulric Chelius, was now sent from France to discuss with the chief German reformers plans for restoring concord to the church. In September, 1534, Chelius returned with opinions of Melancthon, Bucer,

and others, contributed towards the plan of a church in which really religious men of the contending factions might unite. A united church of Europe, if that could be formed, would win one more advantage over Charles.

A modified scheme of the proposed grounds of church union was prepared for King Francis by the Bellays and others, and submitted to the pope and the Sorbonne. The relations of the King of France with Rome forbade an exact imitation of the defiant course taken by the King of England, but he was on the whole inclined to give the pope and the Sorbonne some trouble. The Sorbonne maintained obedience to authority; but then this had proved to be obedience to a rival authority, and against himself it had incurred charges of sedition. The reformers, he was told, simply believed that they were to render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. A very proper state of mind, if Cæsar could rely upon it, as sometimes he thought he could.

But in October, 1534, the extreme party of theological reformers took alarm at the strong efforts made to blend the reform movement with the offices of the established church. The pope they utterly repudiated; ceremonies first designed to reach the soul of the ignorant through his senses, were simply denounced as idolatrous; and there was no sympathy with those who were disposed to retain forms grown familiar and dear to the untaught multitude, while making utmost effort to raise the multitude by education of their minds and hearts to a true spiritual sense of religion, to a new

sense of what Christians should mean by the Peace of God. Such people as Marguerite of Navarre, Melancthon, or Clement Marot, were temporizers in the opinion of men like the impetuous Guillaume Farel.

Farel sent into Paris a fiery protest, which was to be printed in placards and tracts, was to be published on the walls and in the streets of Paris, and of every town in France. In the eyes of zealots it was cowardice to warn against the storm that would bring down ruin on the cause which had begun to prosper. The placards were posted on the night of the 24th of October, 1534, and some were even stuck on the walls of the Louvre. They attacked in violent terms "the horrible, great, and unbearable abuses of the Popish Mass," by which the world was in danger of being "totally desolated, ruined, lost, and undone;" they denounced it as a "terrible and damnable heresy," and said to the opponents of reformed opinion, "Kindle, yes, kindle your faggots, but let it be to burn and roast yourselves." In odd contrast with this tone is the statement that the Holy Supper, rightly understood, "rejoices the believer's soul in all humility, and imparts to him all gentle kindness and loving charity." Wherefore the writer proceeds to call those who do not rejoice with him, "false witnesses, traitors, robbers of the honour of God, and more hateful than the devils themselves." King Francis was at Blois, and not only were copies of the placard pasted about the walls of that city, but one was affixed, within the castle, to the door of the king's chamber. The wild intemperance of this paper came

before Francis in the morning when his anger had been thus roused by a personal affront.

Then came a good time for Rhadamanthus of the Châtelet. Every man suspected of Lutheranism was to be hunted down. Lieutenant-Criminal Morin had his salary increased by six hundred livres a year in consideration of the extra work henceforward to be imposed upon him. But Beda was again among the prisoners, because in his own fury he attacked the credit of the king. He was not set free again, but died a prisoner in the abbey of St. Michael. The prisons were filled; accusers received a fourth part of the property of their convicted victims. Clement Marot was at Blois, but the attendants upon Rhadamanthus were sent to break open his house in Paris, and to seize his papers. On the 10th of November seven men, of whom one was paralytic, were condemned by the court of the Châtelet to confiscation of their goods, penance and death by fire—by slow fire. Other like executions followed. There was a general flight from Paris of endangered persons, nobles, and gentlemen of the court, reformed priests, and professors in the university, printers, booksellers who had printed or issued suspected writings. Marot's familiar friend, Lyon Jamet of Sansay, in Poitou, to whom he wrote his *Coq à L'Asne* letters, and to whom he had written for help when himself, formerly imprisoned, was a clerk in the Treasury. Lyon Jamet fled from Paris and from France. Clement Marot did not return to Paris, and was dissuaded from a design of seeking the pro-

tection of the king. His little home, in which the last-born child was an infant in his wife's arms, must be broken up, and he must go as an exile to the court of Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara.

On the 21st of January, 1535, there was a solemn expiatory procession through Paris, in which the king walked bareheaded as a penitent. It was followed by executions in the presence of King Francis at two scaffolds, one in the Rue St. Honoré, the other in the Halles. At each there were three reformers burnt by the strappado, a contrivance for dipping them alive into the fire, hauling them out, and dipping them again, to aggravate the torment and thereby strike greater terror in the people.

On the 25th of January seventy-three persons accused of Lutheranism, one of them being Clement Marot, were cited by sound of trumpet at all crossways to appear in person. In default thereof their goods were confiscated, and they were condemned to be burnt if they returned to France.

A metrical letter written by Marot from Ferrara to a friend, the Seigneur du Pavillon, whose guest he had been while quitting France,¹ tells that the Queen of Navarre supplied the ruined poet with means for his journey, and had retained the best pledge he could leave with her, by taking his son as a page into her household. This was his son Michel; but he left with his wife a daughter, or daughters, and an infant boy

¹ *Lettre de Clement Marot, par luy envoyée de Ferrare, à son ami Antoine Couillart, Seigneur de Pavillon les Lorris en Gastinois.*

who must have died, for he speaks presently of Michel as his only son. Though it is in cheerful strain that he writes to his friend, there is a quiver of tenderness in the poet's passage from the thought of Marguerite as the protectress of his son, to lines of blessing on her daughter. And as the Seigneur du Pavillon knows the boy, if he should see him, will he encourage him to spare no pains to walk in his father's way, and not be mute? As Jean Marot had trained his only son Clement to the love of letters and the life of song, so Clement sought also to train his only son Michel.

Because he was a poet and loved truth, and was not mute, Clement Marot was stripped of his little all, exiled, condemned to the stake. But as he yearned in exile towards his little son, his message to the friend who could speak with him was only, Encourage Michel, that he walk in his father's way and be not mute.

END OF VOL. I.

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